

SCREENLAND★

February

15c



Robert Taylor's Mother Talks!
Why Dietrich Waited for Donat
Sensational Forecasts for the Stars



LISTERINE SAYS "Hurry-up" to Nature's Healing Process

Feel chilly? ... Uneasy? ... With just a hint of rawness and tickle in the throat?

Do something about it, quick! before there is actual pain in swallowing. Prompt action may prevent much needless suffering. Or hasten the healing process. Thus ending the cold or sore throat sooner.

Don't Treat Symptoms Get At the Cause

The irritated throat-surface is usually the result of infection by germs. Help the system in its fight to repel these germs by gargling with Listerine Antiseptic.

Every one of these surface germs which it reaches is almost instantly killed by full-strength Listerine. It destroys not only one type of germ, or two; but any and all kinds which are associated with the Common Cold and Simple Sore Throat. And there are literally millions of such germs in the mouth.

The effect of Listerine is definitely *antiseptic*—NOT *anesthetic*. It doesn't lull you into a feeling of false security by merely dulling the irritation in the throat. Listerine acts to check the infection, and so gives Nature a helping hand.

Additional precautions? Certainly. The Common Cold calls for common sense hygiene; plenty of fresh air, rest, and sleep; and regular elimination.

But gargle frequently with Listerine Antiseptic, several times a day at least. Many users report best results with gargling every hour. If the inflammation still persists, it is advisable to consult your doctor.

Fewer, Less Severe Colds Proved in Clinical Tests

Four years of carefully supervised medical tests established the clear-cut finding that those who gargled regularly with Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds . . . and got rid of them faster . . . than non-garglers.

This winter, why not make a test of your own case? Get a bottle of Listerine, *the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste*. Keep it handy in the medicine cabinet. Use it regularly.

Then see if your experience doesn't check with that of millions who never accept anything but Listerine when they buy an antiseptic mouth-wash.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri



Even in the throats of healthy persons, disease-producing germs are found at all times. X-ray photographs of garglers indicate how Listerine Antiseptic, used as a gargle, reaches the germs on throat-surfaces.



Now a finer Cough Drop
by LISTERINE

Wisely Medicated



Finger Wave, Manicure and Facial yet she overlooks tender, ailing gums

—ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING



How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... help keep your gums healthy with Ipana and Massage.

SHE'LL sit by the hour for the latest finger wave, spend dollar after dollar on beauty aids, and fret and worry over the first sign of a skin blemish. But her friends and even strangers seldom notice these things. They only see her smile—a disappointing smile—a smile that is *dull, dingy* and *unsightly*—a smile that shocks instead of thrills!

Yet her smile *still* could be attractive—with teeth sparkling, white and brilliant. But not until she does something about her tender, ailing gums—not until she knows the *meaning* of that warning tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush.

Heed that Tinge of "Pink"

When you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*go to your dentist*. You may not be in for serious trouble—but *let him decide*. More than likely, however, he will lay the blame to our modern menus—to the soft foods that rob our gums of necessary work. And

usually he will suggest more work for those lazy, tender gums and the healthy stimulation of Ipana and massage.

If he does, start with Ipana and massage today. Use it faithfully. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Gradually you'll notice a new life and firmness as circulation quickens in the gums.

Then with whiter teeth, healthier gums, how appealing your smile will be; how *brilliant, sparkling*. Start with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage today, and help make your smile the lovely, attractive thing it ought to be.

Remember

a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.



I P A N A
Tooth Paste

SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

"We— Want— Gable!"

Very well, you shall have him! Actors may come and actors may go—and how they go!—but Clark Gable, apparently, goes on forever. And now he goes on SCREENLAND's next cover, in such a portrait, and against such a background, as will charm not only the confirmed Gable addicts, but will please everyone who enjoys good pictures.

Gable is not only on the cover, but features in a revelatory article which is what you've been wanting, and watching, and waiting for in the way of new, fresh, and authoritative information about the one and only Clark. In addition, we're giving you the only exclusive complete fiction version of the next Gable film, in which he co-stars with Myrna Loy.

But if you think the next, the March issue of SCREENLAND is to be an "All-Gable" number, we'll prove you're wrong by hinting of the other fine things in store for you. Prominent among unusual stories will be "The Unknown Girls Who Really Matter in the Lives of Famous Actors." Here's a subject never before even remotely touched upon, and you're going to like it, even though it may mean the lift of an eyebrow or two. Then, we'll give you the gayest story you've ever read about "Bed Habits of the Stars"—yes, we mean it. Watch for *this* one! A certain very popular actor in Hollywood has a daughter whom he adores, and before he knew it the other day we'd wrangled a story out of him called "I'll Tell My Daughter Plenty." Of course there's more to our menu; you'd better reserve your copy now.

Remember—all these treats and more, in the March issue of SCREENLAND, on sale February 3rd.

February, 1937

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Spotlight Cover Portrait of Claudette Colbert by Marland Stone.

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The fragrance of
her camellias intoxi-
cated his senses . . .



"Crush me in your arms
until the breath is gone
from my body!"

She had known many kinds of
love, but *his* kisses filled her with
longings she had never felt be-
fore . . . The glamorous Garbo—
handsome Robert Taylor—to-
gether in a love story that will
awaken your innermost emotions
with its soul-stabbing drama!

Greta **GARBO**
Robert **TAYLOR**
LOVES

IN

CAMILLE

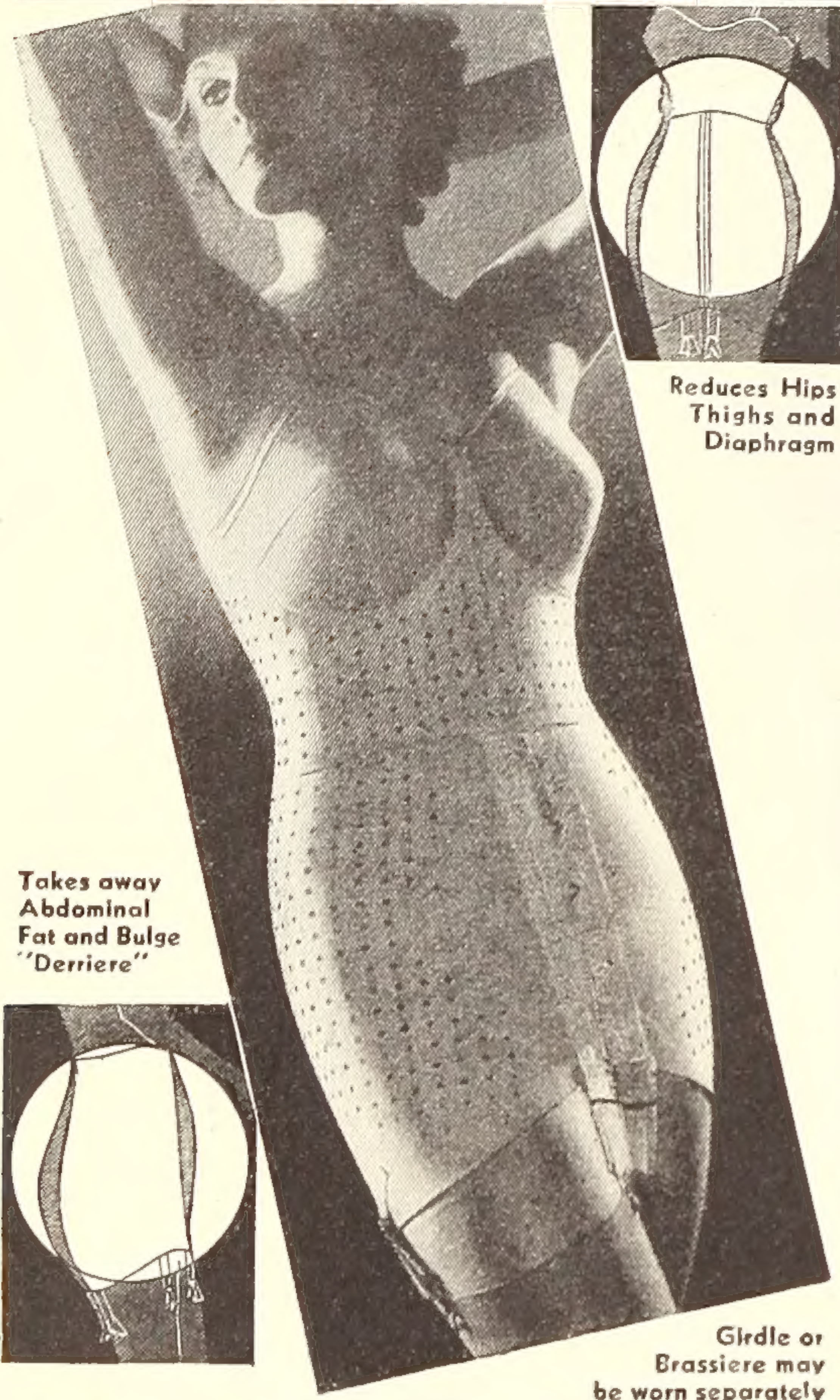
with LIONEL BARRYMORE
ELIZABETH ALLAN • JESSIE RALPH
HENRY DANIELL • LENORE ULRIC
LAURA HOPE CREWS

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture, based on play and novel
"La Dame aux Camélias" (Lady of the Camélias) by Alexandre
Dumas. Directed by George Cukor



Quickly...

Correct These Figure Faults
Perfolastic Not Only Confines,
It Removes Ugly Bulges!



Takes away
Abdominal
Fat and Bulge
"Derriere"

Reduces Hips
Thighs and
Diaphragm

Girdle or
Brassiere may
be worn separately

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**PERFOLASTIC REDUCES SAFELY... QUICKLY
WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!**

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks... safely... and quickly!

You risk nothing... why not mail coupon NOW!

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Postcard



Salutes and Snubs

It's a record. Doris Nolan is voted to the honor niche by letter writers—making her one of a very few to win such distinction with one important screen rôle. We salute a welcome new screen beauty and charmer.

10 LOVELIEST LOVELIES?

In my estimation these are the ten most beautiful Hollywood women:

Dolores Del Rio; Anita Louise; Merle Oberon; Loretta Young; Irene Dunne; Claudette Colbert; Olivia de Havilland; Madge Evans; Gertrude Michael; Luise Rainer.

Virginia King,
625 6th Ave., So.,
Clinton, Ia.

HAIR-SPLITTING DISCUSSION

I thoroughly agree with what Harriet Bell said about Dick Powell's moustache in her letter to this department, and I go further and wish Errol Flynn would join Dick in getting rid of his, too!

Helen Hicks,
4 Dogwood Lane,
Manhasset, L. I.

"GUESS AGAIN" TITLES

Surely misleading titles must be bad for the box office. For example, "Desire" suggested sex-drama full of heavy love-making, instead of a soufflé-light sophisticated comedy. Obviously those who went looking for purple passion drew a blank; while those who enjoy a good laugh probably were repelled by a suggestive title.

Barbara Fletcher
205 Dickson Road,
Blackpool, England.

GREET'S DORIS NOLAN

Greetings to a most welcome new screen personality who possesses both beauty and great talent. Doris Nolan's screen début in "The Man I Marry" is an event. She is superb and we want more of her.

Madeline Nueske,
1521 East 96th St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

OOP! AN ARGUMENT

That crack about a milk-toast to Fred MacMurray by Ann Aventure in Salutes

and Snubs, burns me up. Fred can take any rôle from playboy to hard-riding Westerner and make you love it. So I would say: give the wine toast to Fred and the milk to Clark Gable, Miss Aventure.

Jeanette Balser,
370 Park Ave.,
Arlington, Mass.

MAKE WAY FOR TREVOR

They work hard, and for all I know to the contrary they may be very good to their families, but I'm snubbing the producers, nevertheless. And because they are not putting Claire Trevor in the kind of pictures she deserves. After seeing Claire in "Star for a Night" I'm surer than ever that she deserves the best.

Barbara Torrance,
Rock Island, Ill.

You're Talking! Hollywood's Listening

You'll find many interesting ideas expressed in these letters. Whether you agree or disagree with the viewpoints of the writers, you must admit there's food for thought here. And now we've mentioned it, just which letter here expresses your own thoughts, and which conflicts with your own ideas? Why not tell us, in a letter of your own, how you feel about it; whether you think you know precisely the best rôle for your screen favorite; how much you liked or didn't like a recent film or performance? Your ideas are welcome. Send letters to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

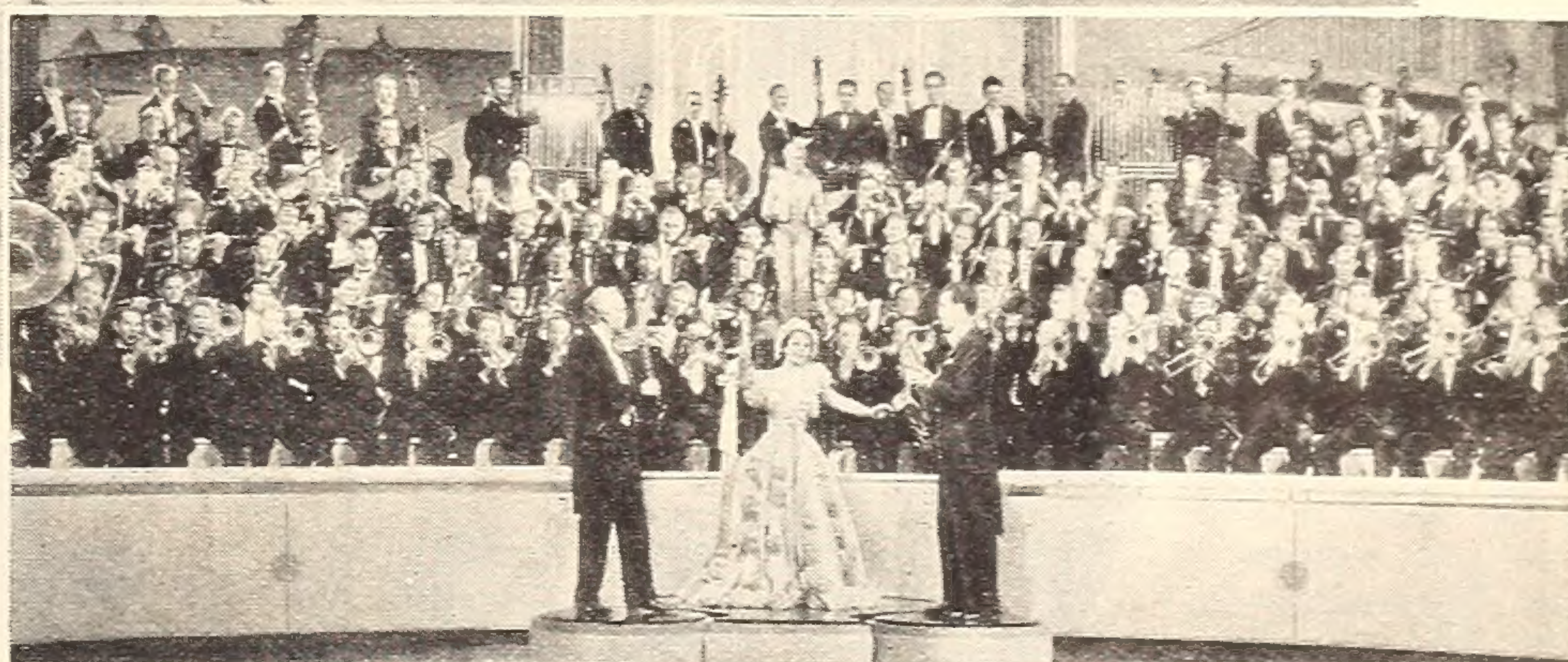
Gladys and Fred go to town in handsome style



The thrilling romance team of "Champagne Waltz" take time off from work to tour Hollywood in a hansom cab. (By the way, the critics all tell us "Champagne Waltz" is the best picture either one of these stars has ever made)



S. R. O.—Vivienne Osborne stands up a few of the boys



The biggest band that ever went to town on that grand old tune "The Blue Danube"



Veloz & Yolanda step out in a little Tyrolean number



Gladys Swarthout
and Fred MacMurray
in
"CHAMPAGNE WALTZ"

A Paramount Picture with

Jack Oakie • Veloz & Yolanda
Herman Bing • Vivienne Osborne • Frank
Forest • Benny Baker • Ernest Cossart

Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

Gladys and Fred take a few pointers on ball room dancing from the greatest dance team in the world . . . Veloz and Yolanda

WHAT AN AWFUL HEADACHE!

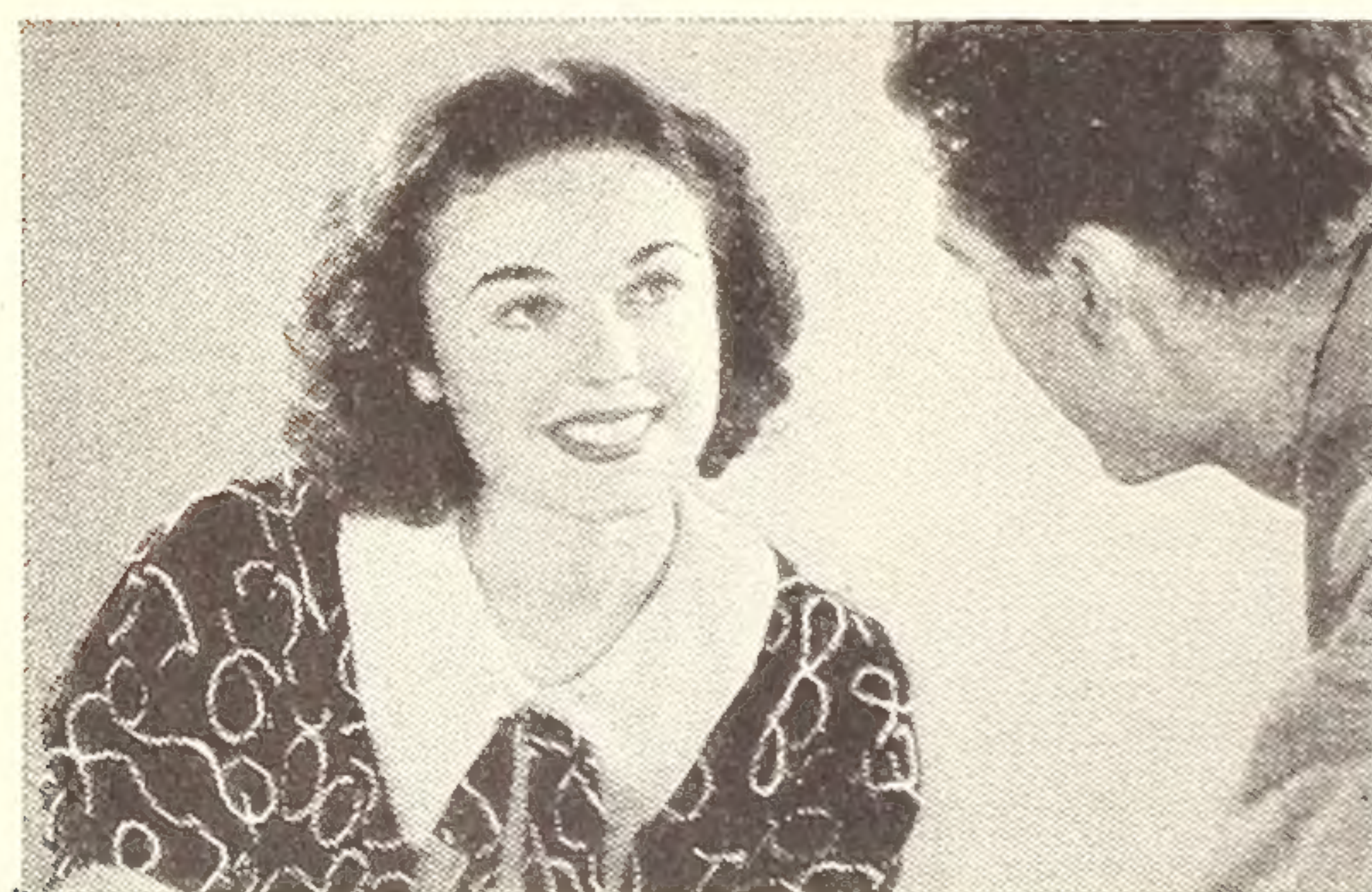


● Splitting headaches made me feel miserable. I can't tell you how I was suffering! I knew the trouble all too well—constipation, a clogged-up condition. I'd heard FEEN-A-MINT well spoken of. So I stopped at the drug store on the way home, got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, and chewed a tablet before going to bed.



**THE 3
MINUTE WAY!**
Three minutes
of chewing
make the
difference

● FEEN-A-MINT is the modern laxative that comes in delicious mint-flavored chewing gum. Chew a tablet for 3 minutes, or longer, for its pleasant taste. The chewing, according to scientific research, helps make FEEN-A-MINT more thorough—more dependable and reliable.



● Next morning—headache gone—full of life and pep again! All accomplished so easily too. No griping or nausea. Try FEEN-A-MINT the next time you have a headache caused by constipation. Learn why this laxative is a favorite with 16 million people—young and old.

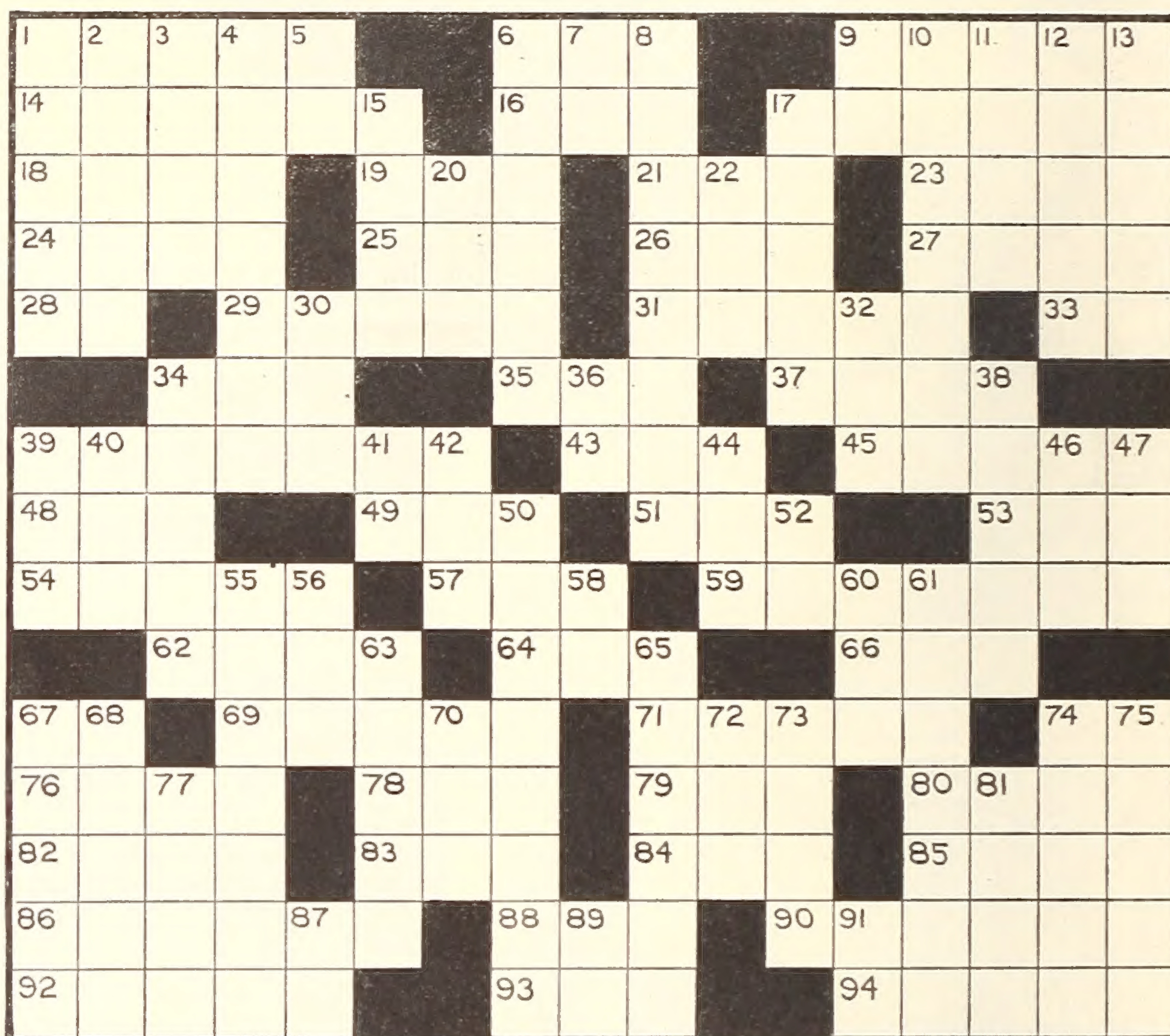


**Family-
sized boxes
only
15c & 25c**

Slightly higher in Canada.

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

1. Star of "Camille"
6. Automobile
9. Fastener
14. Co-star of "Beloved Enemy"
16. Past
17. Star of "The Plainsman"
18. His most famous rôle was "Dracula"
19. Household pet
21. Exclamation of scorn
23. Girl's name
24. Puts down
25. Noise
26. Leading lady, "The Gay Desperado"
27. An unpleasant child.
28. Co-star, "Girl On the Front Page" (nickname)
29. Vogue
31. The screen's great Juliet
33. The, in a French version
34. The M-G-M lion
35. A yes-man's favorite word
37. Female horse
39. Leading actor, "The Plough and the Stars"
43. Negative
45. Comic star of "Strike Me Pink"
48. Uncooked
49. Male sheep
51. Short sleep
53. Merry
54. Think
57. Flying mammal
59. Star of "The Garden of Allah"

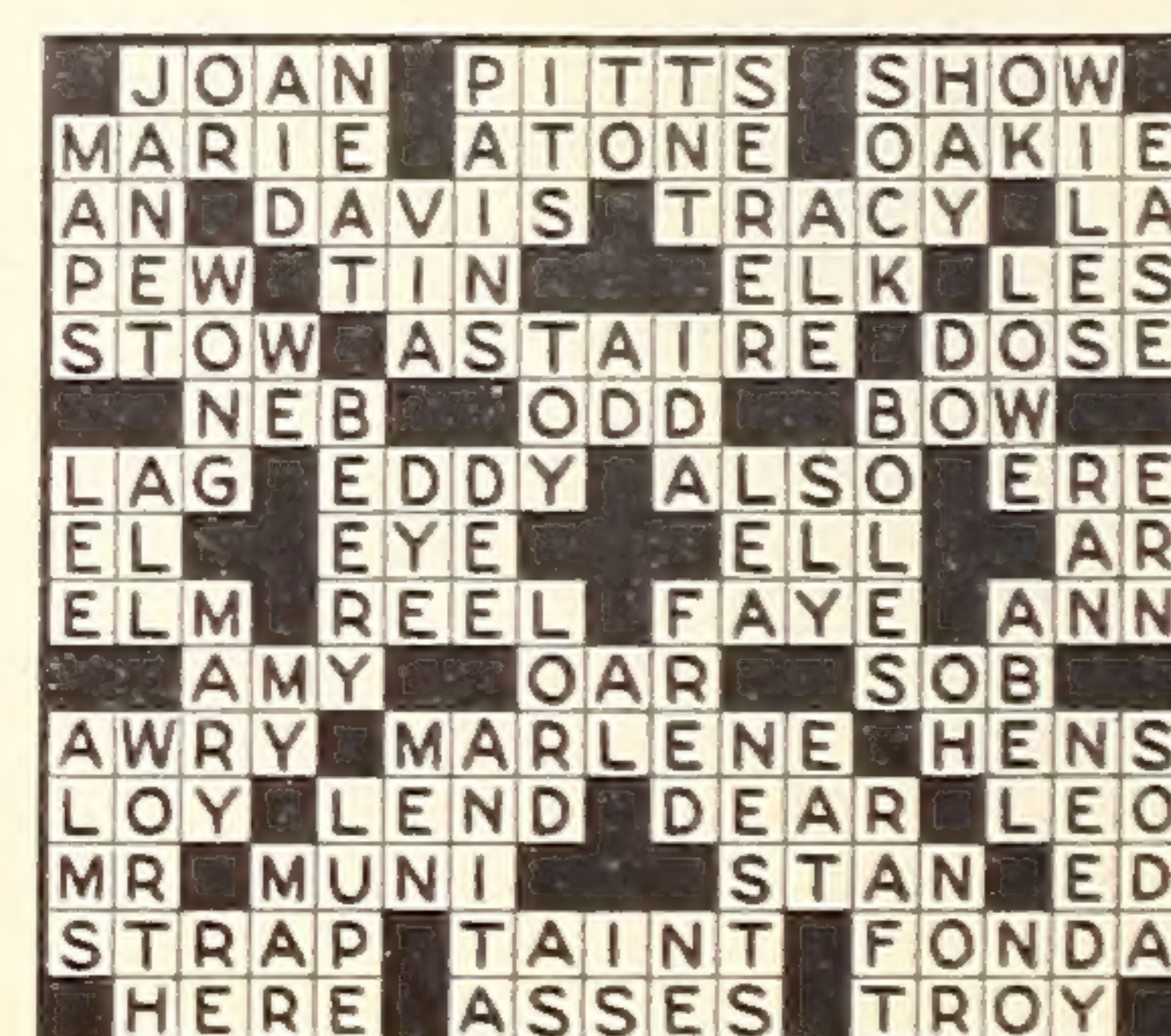
62. Seeds
64. Line or tier
66. Help
67. Elder (abbrev.)
69. Goddess of love
71. To arrange in rows
74. Note of the scale
76. Musical term
78. Kind of tree
79. Lip-stick color
80. Soon
82. To state

DOWN

83. Vegetable
84. Born
85. Sort
86. Acquires knowledge
88. Caustic substance
90. To exact satisfaction
92. Mistake
93. Conducted
94. Peevish
1. Co-star, "Love on the Run"
2. Forward
3. To depend upon
4. Group of instruments in an orchestra
5. Upon
6. He returns to the screen in "Great Guy"
7. Chemical symbol for silver
8. Featured actor in "Bullets or Ballots"
9. Business firm (abbrev.)
10. The former Mrs. Bill Powell
11. Imitator
12. Are
13. To prattle
15. Co-star, "Maytime"
17. Allure
20. Greasy fluid
22. Fuss
30. Small child
32. Her current film is "Go West Young Man"
24. The father in "Don't Turn 'Em Loose"
36. Printers' measure
38. Sharpened
39. In favor of
40. To knock
41. Either
42. To seize
44. Cap
46. Leading man, "The Devil Is a Sissy"
47. What you see a movie with
50. Co-star, "A Woman Rebels"

52. Ma's husband
55. Former Mexican film star ("The Pagan")
56. Female Sheep
58. Toward
60. Tatter
61. Heroine, "The Girl from Mandalay"
63. Breaks suddenly
65. Cautioned
67. Weighing instrument
68. Wanderer
70. To employ
72. Mrs. Bing Crosby
73. A thought
74. Years
75. South American mountains
77. Beloved
81. Singing star, "The Gay Desperado"
87. Near (abbrev.)
89. Biblical pronoun
91. Victoria Cross (abbrev.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle





JAMES MELTON

★
THE

PICTURE OF THE MONTH



PATRICIA ELLIS ★

Lyrics

—Again Warner Bros. steal the film spotlight with a screamlined musical as smart as the "Queen Mary"—as modern as the "China Clipper"—returning radio's romantic rave to the screen in a rollicking riot of rhythm and roars.



ZASU PITTS

Laughter

—It's like a holiday in a mad-house—with the craziest comedy cast ever corralled in a single straight-jacket running wild on all eighteen floors and the bargain basement of a big city department store!



ALLEN JENKINS

Lunatics

—Zasu as the last rose of leap year and Hughie as the Hammerschlag quadruplets (pronounced Cuckoo Cuckoo) are only two of the milder cases in this nuthouse set to music—by Harry Warren and Al Dubin.



HUGH HERBERT

Love

—Ask any lovely lady if Patricia isn't striking a real bargain when she sells her heart for a song—as Jimmy pours vocal magic into the rhythmic hit, "The Little House That Love Built."



WALTER CATLETT ★

"SING ME A LOVE SONG"

Plus These Other Stars—

NAT PENDLETON

ANN SHERIDAN • HOBART CAVANAUGH

And These Other Songs—

"THAT'S THE LEAST YOU CAN DO FOR A LADY"

"SUMMER NIGHT" • "YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO"

Lyrics and Music by HARRY WARREN & AL DUBIN

A Cosmopolitan Production • A First National Picture

Directed by RAYMOND ENRIGHT

For this joyous entertainment that so easily romps away with picture honors this month—thanks are due to

Warner Bros.



SYLVIA SIDNEY

in her most dramatic role!



The HIDDEN POWER



... A great story by
JOSEPH CONRAD ...
masterly direction by
ALFRED HITCHCOCK
of "39 Steps" fame ...
a brilliant cast with
SYLVIA SIDNEY
OSCAR HOMOLKA
JOHN LODER and
DESMOND TESTER

**A REMARKABLE PICTURE THAT
NO ONE CAN AFFORD TO MISS**

Coming to your favorite theatre

A  *Production*

*Sylvia Sidney through the courtesy of Walter Wanger Productions, Inc.

TAGGING the Talkies

**Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52 and 53**

Banjo
on My
Knee
20th
Century-
Fox



This homey revelation of Mississippi River folk is splendid entertainment. Although it is a co-starring vehicle for Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck (both excellent in their parts), it really develops into a personal triumph for Walter Brennan. It's the tale of a "river boy" who marries a "land girl," leaves her on their wedding night, and later becomes reconciled. Buddy Ebsen's drollery and dancing, great.

Smart
Blonde
Warners



Fast-moving mystery drama with the attractive Glenda Farrell as *Torchy Blane*, that smart little newspaper gal who helps her boy friend, "Detective" Barton MacLane, unravel a couple of puzzling murders. You see a new find in petite Jane Wyman, who does a delightful bit in the picture. Glenda is gay and perky as ever, but MacLane seems too boorish. Addison Richards and Winifred Shaw show to advantage.

The
Plot
Thickens
RKO-
Radio



A snappy little play that will be relished especially by those who like their mystery with a dash of comedy. It deals with the theft of a famous Cellini cup from a large museum, and there are so many clues and intricate complications, we defy you to pick the criminal before the film reaches the last reel. ZaSu Pitts and James Gleason make a marvelous comedy team. Owen Davis, Jr., and Louise Latimer are pleasing.



Pennies
from
Heaven
Columbia

Thoroughly enjoyable little comedy-drama concerning a wandering troubadour, Bing Crosby, and his friendship for a little girl, Edith Fellows. Your favorite crooner has never looked better and he will delight you with a crop of clever songs. Madge Evans as a social welfare worker is lovely, and Donald Meek as Edith's grandfather contributes a fine characterization. Louis Armstrong's band will wow you. See it.



Gold
Diggers
of 1937
Warners

The best part afforded Dick Powell since "Thanks a Million," and with Mrs. Powell at his side, he and wife Joan Blondell go to town with a company of clever companion players in a fast-moving comedy built around a meeting that occurs when a salesman's convention and a stranded show troupe show up in the same town. Lee Dixon's dancing, Victor Moore's swell comedy make it a jolly, jaunty show.



Go West,
Young
Man
Paramount

Amusing situations and an abundance of Westian gag-lines have been assembled from the stage play, "Personal Appearance," to make this newest Mae West vehicle something that is certain to please the star's more ardent admirers. It concerns the consequences to a small-town boarding house when a very glamorous star and her press agent become guests there. Warren William and Randy Scott are in the cast.



Charlie
Chan
at the
Opera
20th
Century-
Fox

Another excellent mystery show in the perennially popular *Chan* series. Warner Oland is at his best here, while Boris Karloff, as a crazed opera singer, scores heavily for his acting and reveals a fine baritone voice. There are sufficient thrills to keep you engrossed in this story of two murders committed back-stage in a large opera house, and the cleverness of *Charlie* and his son, Key Luke, in solving them. Good!



Love on
the Run
M-G-M

Joan Crawford,* Clark Gable, and Franchot Tone, urged on by Director W. S. Van Dyke, shoot straight for laughs, whether they lurk in a neatly-timed comic tumble or a wise-cracking line. Result: a rapid fire of sure chuckles and big laughs as a society girl and two reporters, latter two each bent on a beat for rival papers, scamper from London to Paris in a mad scramble of excitement. You'll have fun.



Rainbow
on the
River
RKO-
Radio

Bobby Breen, aged eight, proving he has one of the most extraordinary voices the screen has to offer us. The story has a distinctly melodramatic flavor, but good work by Benita Hume, May Robson, Charles Butterworth, Allan Mowbray, Louise Beavers, and the rest, plus Bobby's inimitable singing, make it a picture that will please just about everybody. Go see and hear it, for this makes fine entertainment.



Career
Woman
20th
Century-
Fox

If you're not a Michael Whalen fan now, you will be after seeing him as the hare-brained young attorney who journeys to a small town to lend a hand to the girl of his dreams in trying her first case after leaving law school. It's an excellent part, and this is a delightful comedy-drama. As the girl you have Claire Trevor proving again her loveliness and right to bigger and better screen opportunities. It's good.



Mad
Holiday
M-G-M

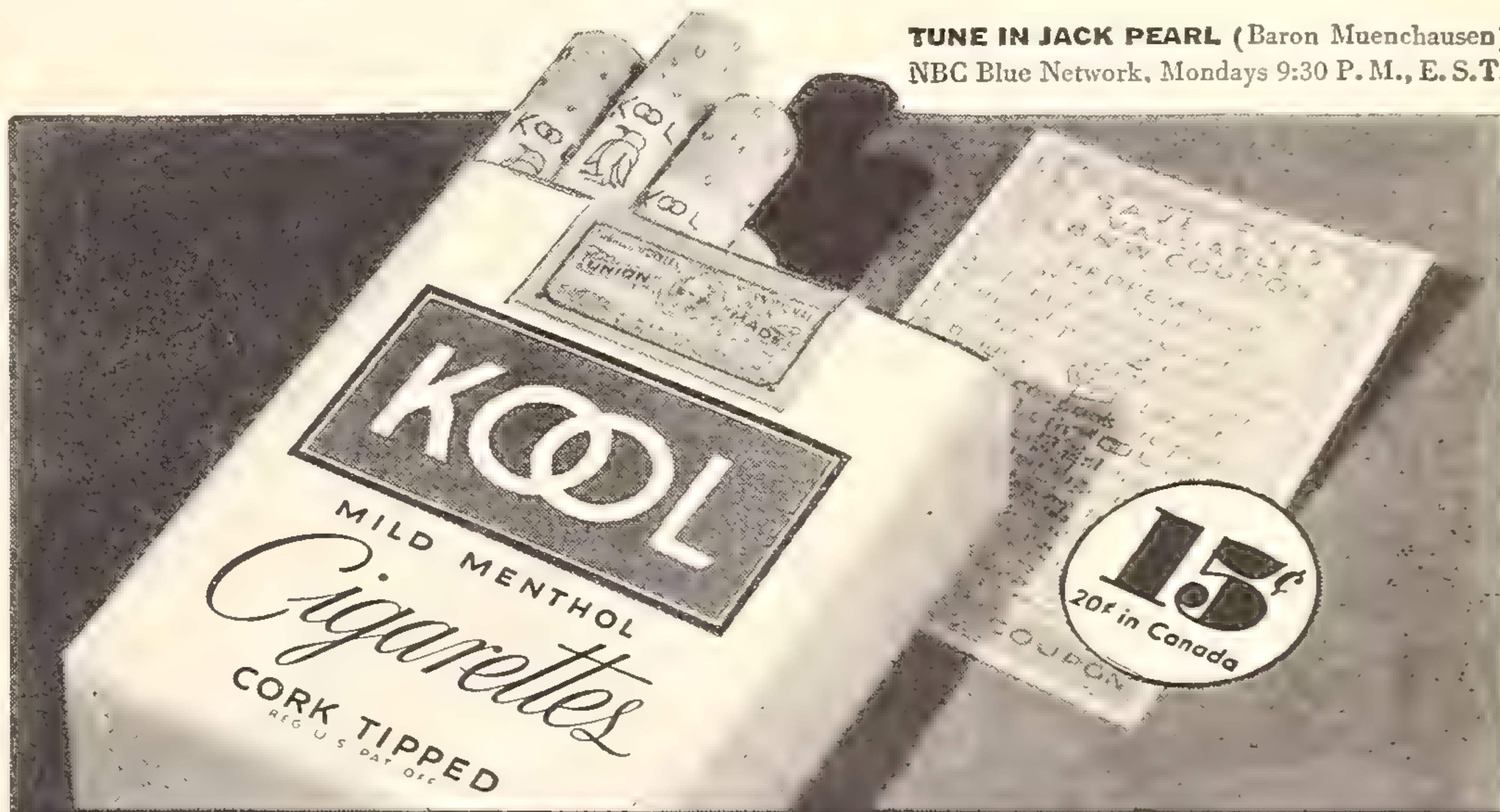
Starting out as a satire on the life of a movie detective and the authoress of his screen stories, this picture proves to be a real life murder mystery. There are corpses galore, a few laughs, and some splendid acting by Elissa Landi, Edmund Lowe, ZaSu Pitts, and Edmund Gwenn. Things keep happening fast enough, but at times it gets pretty confusing. You're never quite sure whether to laugh or be thrilled.

I SHOULD HAVE STUCK TO KOOLS



WHEN you're in hot water, my friend, you'd better switch to KOOLS quickly. Their touch of menthol will soothe and cool that raw, hot throat. But in every refreshing puff the grand tobacco flavor stands out unspoiled because KOOLS are so *mildly* mentholated. With every pack a valuable B & W coupon...start saving them for handsome premiums. (Offer good U.S.A. only.) Easy on your throat, men...get KOOLS. They're better for you. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P.O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (Baron Muenchausen)
NBC Blue Network, Mondays 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.



SAVE COUPONS... MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



Julep Cups—Heavy silver plate, 14 oz. capacity. Set of two . . . 175 coupons



FREE. Write for illustrated 28-page B & W premium booklet, No. 13



Glassware—latest banded. 6 highball, or 6 tea, or 6 old fashioned—100 coup.

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

Inside the Stars' Homes

By Betty Boone

THE white door of Josephine Hutchinson's Beverly Hills home opens into the living room, so that the first thing you see is the fire leaping in the fireplace. "I'm mad about fires!" said my hostess, and who would wonder when she's so becoming to them? Firelight in that red hair, reflected in those brown eyes. Yellow, flame, brown, wood tones—the colors in the hearth are the colors in her living-room—all flattering to Josephine.

"A fire in a grate makes things seem festive at an informal party," she commented. "Jimmy and I (James Townsend is her husband)—seldom have big affairs. This house isn't large enough for one thing, and for another we like groups small enough so that we can look after everyone without too much effort. We like to enjoy our own parties.

"The nicest kind of informal party is the sort we have after moonlight rides. You could do the same thing after a skating party or skiing or sleighing party, if you happen to live in a colder climate; or after a theatre party in any climate. Out here, I ride.

"I rode in a casual fashion before I came to California, but after I got here I found that unless I exercised regularly I became sodden, if you know what I mean. I felt lazy and worn-out; it was too much trouble to do anything. I said to myself: 'This won't do!' So I took up riding in earnest. I had lessons and went at it seriously. But I ride for fun, too, when I have a chance.

"When I was up at Del Monte, I rode in the early morning, but at home it's hard to get up early enough to manage a ride before going to the studio, so I take moonlight rides or starlight rides, if there isn't a moon, with the young crowd. It's delightful and different. Everyone comes back feeling the edge of hunger, which always helps a party, whatever it may do for the figure.

"I usually serve one hot dish, a salad, sandwiches, cheese, coffee—or tea, for those who can't drink coffee at night.

"A delicious hot dish is *Welsh Rarebit*. I serve it sometimes, but I haven't dared taste it for years, not since I was at school and had unlimited courage. Nothing could happen to me in those days. But today, what with worry about waistlines—!"

Josephine Hutchinson has the gift of giving grand informal parties that are always fun. Here she confides pet dishes from rarebits to desserts!



Scotty Welbourne

The brown-eyed, red-haired Miss Hutchinson loves an open fire, and her guests enjoy her informal get-togethers around her fireplace, particularly after a moonlight ride, or even a brisk daytime canter. Below, Josephine is one of the few Hollywood actresses who owns her own horse and is training him for horse shows.

WELSH RAREBIT

To each pound of soft American cheese allow one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 6 tablespoons ale or beer, 1 saltspoon of salt, a dash of red pepper, 1 saltspoon white pepper, 1 teaspoon horseradish, 1 clove of garlic.

Chop or grate the cheese; add to this the beaten yolks of 2 eggs.

Rub saucepan with the garlic. Mix all the seasoning with the cheese.

Put the ale or beer into the saucepan; as soon as it is hot and boiling, throw in the cheese and stir constantly and continuously until smooth and creamy. Towards the last, beat rapidly.

Turn it on to a very hot platter that has been nicely covered with toasted bread.

"I like to have a tray of different kinds of cheese—Swiss and Cheddar and Roquefort and so on, and of course a plate of crackers to go with it—*Crax Butter Wafers* or something plain.

"If the salad isn't a simple green salad, I like to have a gelatine one. Ever try Tomato Soup Salad?"

TOMATO SOUP SALAD

1 cup *Campbell's* tomato soup
½ cup cold water
½ teaspoon onion juice
1 cup *Best Foods* mayonnaise
2 tablespoons *Knox* gelatin
Pinch salt

1½ lb. pimiento cheese
1½ cups chopped celery
½ cup stuffed olives

After heating the soup, add gelatin, which should first be soaked in cold water. To this add the salt, onion juice and cheese, which has been put through a sieve. Stir this mixture until it is smooth. After being cooled, add the mayonnaise and chopped celery. Around the bottom of a ring mold, place the sliced stuffed olives, pour in the mix-

RUSSELL PATTERSON'S
MONTHLY HIT PARADE



\$2,000,000 is the rumored sum Columbia spent to film the fanciful magnificence of this world-famous book. This gorgeous reproduction of the lamasery of Shangri-La (above) seems to confirm this estimate.

Capra Captures Top Screen Honors With "LOST HORIZON"

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

THAT man Capra has done it again! And when I say "again" I don't mean that his new Columbia picture is just as good as "Mr. Deeds", "It Happened One Night", etc. I mean it's better! "Lost Horizon" is so magnificent artistically and so gripping dramatically that it stands practically alone on my private and unofficial recommended list for the month. I know you've heard about this famous James Hilton best-seller and its unique story of a secret romantic paradise on the roof of the world. So I don't have to tell you what a stupendous job it was to reproduce this fabulous Oriental "hideout" on the screen, and to portray the amazing romance that takes place within its walls. But Columbia, Capra and Colman have done it—done it so superbly that for my money "Lost Horizon" is going to be one of those talked-about pictures that everybody just *has* to see. The star rôle is the best thing I've seen Ronald Colman do and the supporting efforts of Edward Everett Horton, Margo, H. B. Warner, Jane Wyatt and thousands of others, plus Robert Riskin's exciting adaptation, all go to make "Lost Horizon" a big picture in every sense of the word. I'm telling you—don't miss it!



FASCINATING FACTS ABOUT "LOST HORIZON"

- It was two years in the making
- The cast numbers 1150
- Two complete towns were erected for the production
- One set alone took 150 men two months to build
- Book translated in 14 languages

PRISONER in a barbaric paradise, Conway is torn between the bonds of civilization and love of his fascinating captor.

DEATH waits outside the mystery plane grounded in a secret corner of the earth from which no man has ever escaped.

KIDNAPING an unknown lover (Ronald Colman) from the other side of the earth, Sondra (Jane Wyatt) imprisons him in her fabulous Oriental "hide-out" on the roof of the world.

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GEPPERT STUDIOS

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ture and allow to chill until firm. Serve with crab salad in the center. "I can't get used to having salad served as a first course," observed Josephine. "When I first came to California, and the waitress brought the salad right away, I thought she had made a mistake and set it to one side, thinking I wouldn't embarrass her. But after it had happened to me three times, I began to realize that it wasn't an error, it was a custom. But I still like my salad after the meat course."

It is nice to have a variety of sandwiches for a party of this kind, so Josephine usually has open-faced and toasted as well as the regular ones. A good cheese spread is this one:

CHEESE SPREAD

To 2 cups *Kraft's* American cheese, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped stuffed olives, a dash of pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup *Pet* milk. Mix in slowly and spread on toast.

For an unusual sandwich filling that can be used in open faced sandwiches, chop olives, green peppers, onions and cooled *Beechnut* bacon; mix with French dressing and mayonnaise.

"We serve the usual tiny sausages on toothpicks—oh yes, and you can get tiny Frankfurters in cans that are excellent." (*Hormel* brand is delicious.)

"A delicious sweet sandwich is usually enjoyed by the men of the party," commented Josephine. "You quarter and core apples, but don't peel them. They should have rosy skins, but don't let that stop you. Slice very thin and put between buttered slices of whole wheat bread. Raisin bread or nut bread can be used.

"I notice that men order desserts much more often than women do. Perhaps that's because they don't bother about their figures, or it may be that they have a sweeter tooth!

"If you aren't serving a regular dessert, it's just as well to have some cake sandwiches to give a finish to the meal, if there are any men in the party. We sometimes have a good plain cake, cut very thin into fancy shapes with a cookie cutter and filled with fudge frosting. If you put chocolate

'shot' into a white frosting, or mint flavoring and green coloring into a marshmallow frosting, they are tempting.

"People usually have fruitcake in winter-time. If you cut this thin and put it together with a butter frosting, it's marvelous.

"Lorna Doone biscuits with this thick butter frosting between are also good."

An informal party at Josephine's usually spreads out, if the weather is fine, into the patio, which opens from the living-room and is enclosed by the house on three sides, with a high wall at the end through the iron gate of which can be seen a vista of trees and an enticing path. There's a pond with water lilies, roses climbing over the wall, and a veritable army of rubber trees crowding the patio.

"My migrating rubber trees," smiled Josephine. "I got them when I first came to Hollywood and everywhere that I go, they go, too. That first house had an open garden. When I sat in it to get a little of the advertised sunshine, people came and looked at me. It was embarrassing. So I got the trees and made a hedge of them, in their pots, to shut off the view. When I moved, I took them along. At one time, when I had a house sold under me and it was hard to find another, I wrote Mother that it looked as if the trees and I would have to rent a vacant lot!

"I hope to buy a house, but I want to get my furniture first. I'd like a house of white brick, or brick painted white, made perhaps in Monterey style. I hate Spanish things—they're so heavy and dark. I feel best in early American or the Directoire period.

"However, before I look for the house, I'm going to get the furniture. If you have a house, you simply have to buy furniture, and often you get things you don't want, or don't even like, because you must have a bed or a table in a certain room; ever afterwards you loathe whatever it is because it's a substitute, and yet too expensive to throw away.

"Once I did weaving. I had two looms, one hand-loom and one foot-loom, and I



From Texas to Hollywood went pretty, society-girl sculptress Electra W. Bowman, to model the bust of Victor McLaglen shown with the star and the artist above.

enjoyed the work so much. I remember I made hangings and covers and towels and so on for my mother's house. I'd like to make my own, if I find the right house."

Josephine has some Laguna pottery pieces that any girl would like. There is a huge flat plate with a tulip bowl to match. You fill the bowl, in which a glass container has been set, to the petal tips with crushed ice. In the container you serve fruit or avocado or caviar or melon balls. Josephine's are creamy yellow, but you can get these in a variety of colors.

"Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale, his wife, are among our most frequent guests," observed my hostess. "We seldom have more than six to dinner as that's all we can care for in so small a house. Sometimes Jimmy and three others play bridge, but I never try. I'm not good at it, and what's so annoying as an indifferent partner? Usually we sit and talk.

"It's important to select your guests with care, choosing those who are congenial. Nothing is more dreadful than a poorly mixed group—I remember one hostess who made a frightful mistake. She invited a group of celebrities to her party. There was no one to listen! They all went home bored and angry. So I make it a rule to have one 'lion' at a time—at the very most, two!

"I love informal affairs, like these moonlight rides. I used to enjoy parties after a show in New York, or after the opening of a play, when it had gone well and everyone was on top of the world and ready to talk. It was such a relief to have it over successfully that we were all ready to play. We were always hungry because we had been too nervous to eat dinner, and it was so much fun!

"I don't think you can plan informal affairs very well, because spontaneity is the spice of the successful ones."

If you wish to serve a heartier dessert than the cake sandwiches suggested, perhaps you will like these two, which Josephine thinks are slightly out of the ordinary. "Although," she adds, "these are too fattening for a movie aspirant!"

BAVARIAN LAYER PIE

Beat 6 tablespoons butter to cream with 1 cup sugar; add 2 well-beaten eggs; beat 3 minutes. Sift $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour with salt and $2\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoons *Royal* baking powder. Add flour to first mixture, alternately with $\frac{1}{3}$ cup water and grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon; beat 3 minutes.

Bake in 3 thin layers, cool, spread between the layers $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups stiff whipped cream mixed with 1 cup crushed berries and $\frac{1}{3}$ cup powdered sugar. Sprinkle top with powdered sugar, and decorate with whole berries dipped in sugar.

If you can't get fresh berries, use preserves.

SPANISH CHOCOLATE CREAM

1 tablespoon *Royal* gelatin
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water
1 teaspoon *Burnett's* vanilla
6 egg yolks
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups scalded milk
 $\frac{3}{4}$ pint chilled cream
3 ounces unsweetened powdered chocolate

Dissolve gelatin. While beating eggs, gradually add sugar, milk and vanilla. Set pan in hot water, and while beating add gelatin and cook without boiling until it masks spoon. Strain and add more vanilla.

Set custard to cool and as it begins to thicken fold in, over and over, the cream whipped stiff. Arrange in mold lined with lady fingers and chill.



When Pores Become Clogged They Become Little "Dirt Pockets" and Produce Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Muddy Skin and Other Blemishes!

By *Lady Esther*

When you do not cleanse your skin properly, every pore becomes a tiny "dirt pocket." The dirt keeps on accumulating and the pore becomes larger and larger and blackheads and muddy skin and other blemishes follow.

"But," you say, "it is impossible for 'dirt pockets' to form in my skin. I clean my skin every morning and every night." But, are you sure you *really* cleanse your skin, or do you only go through the motions?

Surface Cleansing Not Enough

Some methods, as much faith as you have in them, only give your skin a "lick-and-a-promise." They don't "houseclean" your skin, which is what is necessary.

What you want is *deep* cleansing! Many methods only "clean off" the skin. They do not clean it *out*! Any good housekeeper knows the difference.

What you want is a cream that does more than "grease" the surface of your skin. You want a cream that *penetrates the pores*! Such a cream, distinctly, is Lady Esther Face Cream. It is a cream that gets below the surface—into the pores.

Dissolves the Waxy Dirt

Gently and soothingly, it penetrates the tiny openings. There, it goes to work on

the accumulated waxy dirt. It breaks up this grimy dirt—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. *All* the dirt comes out, not just part of it!

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaly patches and keeps the skin soft and smooth. So smooth, in fact, does it make the skin, that the skin takes powder perfectly without any preliminary "greasing."

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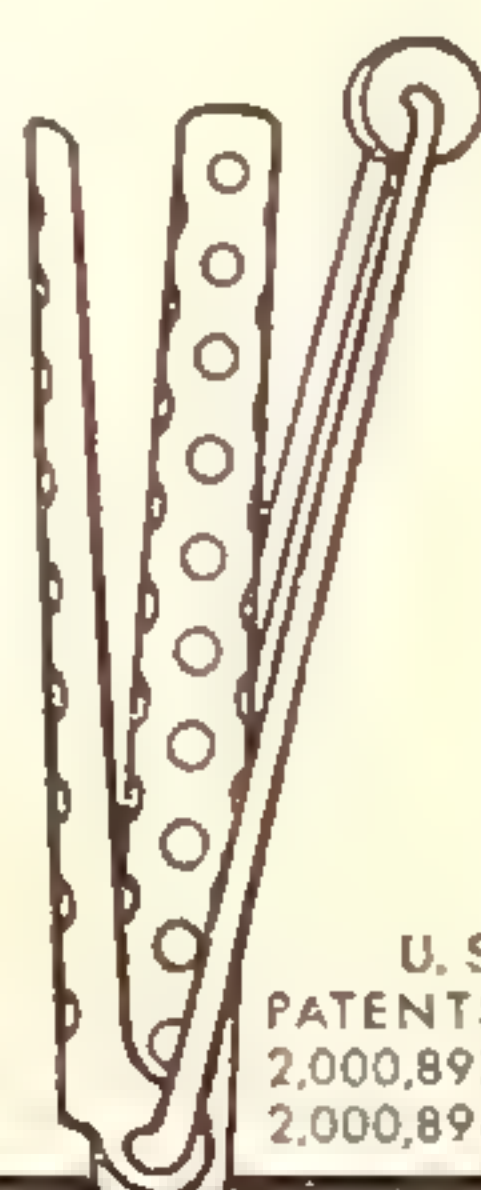
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ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

F. M. L. I agree with you, Melvyn Douglas was swell in "The Gorgeous Hussy." And now for the information. He was born in Macon, Ga., in 1901. Six feet 1½ inches tall, has light brown hair and brown eyes, and weighs 180 pounds. He is married to Helen Gahagan, and they have one child, a boy. He had considerable stage experience before his film career. Here are some of the pictures in which he has appeared: "The Lone Wolf Returns," "She Married Her Boss," "Annie Oakley," "People's Enemy," "Mary Burns, Fugitive," and "Theodora Goes Wild," with Irene Dunne, which is his latest picture. We'll see what can be done about a picture of Sonnie Hale. Must it be taken with Jessie Matthews? Not that we'd object, for Jessie is tops with us; and she likes posing for pictures with her clever husband.

Elaine B. You'll have to see the stage play, "Reflected Glory," Tallulah Bankhead's current stage hit, if you long to see your favorite, Philip Reed, as he is not appearing in pictures right now. Cheer up, you were not alone in waiting for the new Tarzan picture; "Tarzan Escapes" is the title, it is already released, and Maureen O'Sullivan again plays opposite Johnny Weissmuller. Simone Simon has light brown hair and blue eyes. Light brown hair, depending on the lighting during the filming, often seems to be blonde. Yes, it was Alice Terry who played the part of *Domini* in the silent version of "The Garden of Allah," and Ivan Petrovich played opposite her. Be sure to see the glamorous Marlene and Charles Boyer in the new Technicolor version.

Eleanor K. So you want to know Jean Parker's measurements—all right, here they are: 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 109 pounds, and just for good measure, I'll tell you that she has brown hair and hazel eyes. Yes, Henry Wilcoxon of course makes you want to know all about him! But didn't you know that he recently married Sheila Browning, a young actress? If you are still interested as to his private and professional life, it's like this. Born in the West Indies in 1905, educated in England, appeared on London stage, brought to America by DeMille, played a leading rôle in "The Crusades," and in "Cleopatra," and more recently one of the leads in "The Last of the Mohicans." And we'll see what can be done about that picture of him, also. You're very welcome, come again.

Margaret Ann. Glad to hear from you. Harry Ellerde played the part of Margaret Sullavan's brother in "So Red the Rose." Douglass Montgomery's English picture was "Everything is Thunder," in which he portrayed the rôle of a prisoner of war, opposite Constance Bennett. Douglass recently returned to this country and you'll be seeing him in new American movies.

Doris N. James Stewart was born in Indiana, Pa. Now be sure you get that right! Jimmy is still a bachelor, but he's much in demand in Hollywood, so don't be too surprised if he follows his pal Henry Fonda into the ranks of the Benedicts.



Kay Francis said she had no wedding plans to discuss as she waved bye-bye to cameraman who took this shot of the star sailing for an extended vacation in Europe.

Lucile L. Righto! It was Charles Laughton who played the part of the bookkeeper in "If I Had a Million." If you are a Laughton fan, why not see him in "Rembrandt"? And bring yourself up-to-date on his pictures. Elsa Lanchester is Mrs. Laughton, and plays opposite her husband in "Rembrandt."

Maryan P. The lovely music played at the beginning and end of "Magnificent Obsession" is called "The French Waltz," and is an original composition by Franz Waxman. Robert Taylor appeared in shorts—the celluloid kind—before he was discovered by M-G-M; "Handy Andy" for Fox; and for Universal, "There's Always Tomorrow" and "Magnificent Obsession."

Ida D. Your favorite, Fredric March, was born in Racine, Wis. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. He was educated in the Racine High School, and the University of Wisconsin. His first appearance on the stage was in "Deburau," produced by David Belasco, in 1920. He was very successful on the stage and never appeared in pictures until 1928, when he played an important rôle in "The Royal Family." His recent pictures have been "Anthony Adverse," "The Road to Glory," and "Mary of Scotland." Florence Eldridge, who is Mrs. Fredric March in private life, played the rôle of Queen Elizabeth in "Mary of Scotland"; the Earl of Bothwell was the part played by Fredric March. Any other questions about the Fredric March family? Oh, yes—they have two adopted children.

Ruby Keeler Fan. Ruby Keeler was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, August 25. When she was three years old, her family came to New York. She appeared on the New York stage in the chorus of a musical show when she was thirteen. She had always danced, was one of those who are "born to dance" so naturally she was successful at once. She was signed in Ziegfeld's "Whoopee" as chief tap dancer. She met and married Al Jolson. Soon after her marriage, she was offered the leading feminine rôle in "42nd Street," which firmly established her as a screen "hit." She has brown hair and blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall, and weighs 105 pounds. Devoted to her

home and husband. She will shortly be seen in "Ready, Willing, and Able" with Ross Alexander as her leading man. Anything more?

Miss O. K. Sorry, but we do not inquire into the religions of the stars, so it is impossible to give you information on your question.

F. McM. Fan. Are you sure you wish only a "thumb-nail" sketch of your favorite? Don't smile, for Fred MacMurray was really born in Kankakee! And as to his height, it's 6 feet 3 inches, weight, 185 pounds, dark brown hair and brown eyes. He plays the saxophone, made his screen debut in 1934, and has a long-term contract with Paramount. Oh, yes, he is married. His two latest pictures: "Champagne Waltz," with Gladys Swarthout, and "Maid of Salem," with Claudette Colbert. Your guess is as good as mine; the cut does very much resemble Robert Taylor!

Eleanor W. You have the same thought as thousands of others about Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald. They do make a swell team! And judging from their smiling faces, they do like previews! Now about your questions as to hobbies, dates of birth, etc. Mr. Eddy was born in Providence, Rhode Island. Both his father and mother were excellent singers, so it was natural that young Nelson should make his vocal debut early in life as boy soprano in one of the leading churches in Providence. His hobby has always been music; as a matter of fact it is pretty grand when one's hobby and profession happen to be the same thing. As for sports, he is fond of swimming, riding, and tennis. Watch out for "Maytime," the next picture in which he and Jeanette MacDonald appear together. It



The talk gets too fast for Henry Armetta when Gregory Ratoff and Hugh Herbert become very communicative in this scene from a new screen comedy.

is a screen version of Sigmund Romberg's tuneful and romantic operetta produced on the stage some seasons back, and remembered as a notable Broadway success.

Lucy D. Don Ameche has made a success in three fields: stage, radio, and screen. His second picture was "Ramona," which followed "Sins of Man." Previous to his film work, he played in stock on the legitimate stage, and starred in "Grand Hotel" and "The First Nighter" in radio. He is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. Yes—he's married.

Harry Ralph Coppola. Thanks for the bouquets. And now I'll toss a little information at you! Ralph Bellamy was born in

Chicago, June 17, 1905. He is 6 feet, ½ inch tall, has light brown hair, blue eyes and is married. Had stage experience, also much screen experience previous to signing a long-term contract with Fox in 1931. Brian Donlevy made his debut as the heavy in "Barbary Coast," also appeared in "It Happened in Hollywood," among other films.

Adele Frush. And you want to know the titles of Henry Wilcoxon's English pictures? All right, here goes: "The Perfect Lady," "Two Way Street," "Self-made Lady," "Flying Squad," "Taxi to Paradise," and "Princess Charming." Henry seems very popular right now—can it be a fan club?

"HONEY—I DON'T MEAN TO STEAL YOUR MEN"

HELEN WAS JEALOUS OF HER ROOMMATE UNTIL—

HELEN, IT'S NOT MY FAULT. SEE HERE, DON'T GET MAD IF I SAY SOMETHING PERSONAL...

BUT YOU DO TAKE MY MEN — THEY DATE ME ONCE. THEN NEXT TIME GO OUT WITH YOU

I'M GLAD RUTH WAS FRANK AND I'LL NEVER TAKE CHANCES WITH PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS AGAIN. SHE SAYS LUX TAKES IT ALL AWAY, SAVES COLOR, TOO

SOON HELEN HAD DATES GALORE!

OH, SAY—CAN'T I SEE YOU BEFORE NEXT WEEK?

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SCREENLAND

Honor Page



To Tyrone Power, who in "Lloyds of London" proves himself the great new romantic actor of the screen

Here is, we predict, the great movie idol of tomorrow, Tyrone Power, until lately called "Jr." Left, a close-up. Right, below, a full-length portrait as the young hero of "Lloyds of London." In scenes below with, "the villain of the piece," George Sanders, and with the fresh and lovely Virginia Field.

IT IS a heart-warming occasion, the award of this Honor Page to Tyrone Power! Here is a very young man, the son of a fine actor of a former day, who in one picture assumes important stature as an amazing romantic figure, second to none in screen remembrance. Oh, we have had our overnight idols, our sudden sensations; but seldom before have we acknowledged a youth who, following a great tradition, emerges in his first real rôle of consequence a full-fledged star, an unfailing artiste, a personality not only warmly romantic, but possessed of natural nobility. "Lloyds of London" is a "big" picture in the grand manner, and Tyrone Power, its actual if unbilled star, is an actor in the true grand manner.



The Editor's Page



An Open Letter to Gladys Swarthout

DEAR Miss Swarthout:
Congratulations!

You're the luckiest young woman in motion pictures right now, and I wonder if you know it? Why?

Well, being just an old attention-caller, I'll remind you. It isn't every gal, every day, who is invited to follow in the footsteps of Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Fiske, Ethel Barrymore, Mary Pickford, and Gloria Swanson—all Glamor Girls of other days and other ways, but all big-time. Now here's a chance for us to go all red-eyed and reminiscent over Mr. Adolph Zukor's 25th year of making movies, but I'm going to fool you on that. It seems that a quarter of a century's service to the screen is a pretty solemn thing, and so is being a Metropolitan Opera prima donna; but since Mr. Zukor himself is taking all this Silver Jubilee business in his stride, I think we can skip the solemnity. Of course Mr. Z., on January 7th, his own 64th birthday, will press a button and release your and his new picture, "Champagne Waltz;" he will smile, and he will mean it; but what, I ask, will *you* be doing? Having a good time, too, like Mr. Zukor? Maybe even sipping a little champagne? No, Miss Swarthout; I expect you'll be taking deep-breathing exercises, or practicing your scales, or something rather serious like that.

Now Mr. Z., having been so long a showman and a good one, knows that there must be an element of fun and suspense in making movies. When he was sponsor-

ing the Divine Sarah in her first and only film; or Valentino; or Pickford; or later Gary Cooper, Dietrich, Carole Lombard—he never let it get him down. He always seemed to enjoy making movies. And so have all the other really big people in "show business." Hard work and heartaches, yes; but thrills, too, and always excitement. Hollywood has never been very dull, though there have been times when the wholesale importation of stage actors and opera singers, saving your presence, Miss Swarthout, threatened to make it dull. But now the good old circus spirit is back; Silver Jubilees and such—and a musical movie to celebrate. As the star of that movie, you should be rather proud, and I hope you are.

Imagine the feelings of some of the home-grown Hollywood stars when little Upstart Swarthout emerged as the bright, particular luminary of the Jubilee picture! It's nice that you're pleasant, and charming, and modest; it helps. Now if you could only work yourself up to enjoying your movie job, and showing it! After all, a few pictures and a lot of publicity never yet made a real movie idol. Mr. Zukor knows that. It takes much more than years of experience, or beauty, or a lovely voice. It takes tang, and zest, and verve, and all the other wonderful things that are fun. So suppose you forget your scales and just have a good time. If necessary, sample some of that "Champagne."

Delight Evans

A toast, top, by Fred MacMurray and Gladys Swarthout to "Champagne Waltz." Right, Adolph Zukor of Paramount talks over his "Silver Jubilee" picture with the star, Miss Swarthout, and her husband. Read the Open Letter to learn why Gladys Swarthout is called "the luckiest girl in pictures."





What does the future hold for your film favorites? Norvell, Hollywood's leading astrologer, makes some astonishing predictions

Norvell, top, is a handsome young man whose uncanny ability to interpret the "message of the stars" to the stars has startled Hollywood. Now read what he says is in store for cinema celebrities in 1937. On this page Norvell is pictured with Michael Whalen, for whom he was first to predict success; Claudette Colbert, James Stewart, Joan Crawford, and Robert Taylor—all of whom are discussed in our story.

Sensational Forecasts for the Stars

As told to Edward Nagle

IN YOUR town when a citizen falls in love, has a baby, or a cold, or a brain storm, takes a flyer in the market or a wife, he undoubtedly sends for a doctor, minister, psychiatrist, or a broker, but out here in Hollywood they usually call in an astrologer.

Until his death last October, Cheiro was the leader in this profession. Now there is Norvell, who is young, handsome, socially popular.

Such importance is attached to Norvell's reading of the planets, that each New Year's morning the Associated Press syndicates his predictions for the year. Last year he predicted great tragedy for Norma Shearer, marriages for Dick Powell and Myrna Loy, and separation for Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres.

Hollywood, reading this, thought he was taking very long chances, since none of these things was foreshadowed at that time.

"Lucky Norvell!" they call him, and luck certainly seems a friend of his because he drives one of the most elaborate cars in town, lives in one of the gaudiest houses, on one of the highest hills; has three Filipino boys and four secretaries. What he earns must be considerable, because he recently turned down an offer of \$500 a week to make personal appearances, saying at the time that it was not enough money, "and besides, Hollywood is the most likely spot in America to receive the psychic vibra-



Last year Norvell predicted accurately for Norma Shearer, Dick Powell, Myrna Loy, and Ginger Rogers, among others. SCREENLAND presents here the Norvell outlook for 1937. See him on this page pictured with Eleanor Powell, Lloyd Nolan, and Fred MacMurray. Then don't miss what he has to say about these stars. He's frank!

tions upon which my work depends." A fact, no doubt, the Chamber of Commerce has overlooked!

Norvell has come a long way since he first arrived in Hollywood about six years ago, an ambitious adolescent, who worked as an extra, until he found a job in an obscure tea room telling fortunes. Mary Pickford first discovered him and he is now "Astrological Adviser" of practically every star in the business.

Since this is the case I thought perhaps I'd pass along his predictions for 1937 to you, all in the spirit of good, clean fun, of course.

Norvell sees a year of great change for Hollywood, with the old guard fading out and comparatively new players taking top places.

Tragedy too, with death, accident, divorce, and probably an earthquake taking their toll. Uranus is in affliction, says Norvell, ominously, and Hollywood had better look out. But there is happiness in store for the lucky ones whose stars are right.

Robert Taylor, for whom Norvell predicted a brilliant future when he was unknown to the general public, can relax, for his destiny is indeed fortunate. He was born, says Norvell, in the Sign of Leo, which brings fame and success that endures for years. About forty of our most successful players were born in this Sign, including William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Norma Shearer. Hollywood is ruled by the Sign of Leo. Taylor is not a flash in the pan but will continue to improve and gain in popularity.

"Marriage will come to him within two years, if he looks to his stars, for certainly the influence of a woman is shown in his horoscope during 1937, so strongly that it could indicate marriage. For business reasons, however, the powers that be may find it advisable to curb such matrimonial ventures. But if Bob listens to the promptings of his stars, he will most assuredly be married within two years.

"Nelson Eddy will be even more successful in 1937 than heretofore. A marriage is shown for him, but it will not last very long.

"Jeanette MacDonald, Eddy's partner in song, will marry Gene Raymond soon, and theirs will be a long and happy union, for their stars blend happily.

"Ruth Chatterton will marry again this year, for the last time. She will find happiness in love, but should be careful of accidents. I urgently advise her to give up airplanes, at least until the end of 1937.

"Mary Astor also is due for another trip down the bridal trail this year; this time compatibly. She comes into the best years of her life, romantically and professionally. Her star, long eclipsed, shines brightly for her future."

Norvell says that Madge Evans' horoscope reveals that she is already married, and that this fact will be made public in 1937, which will be a splendid year for



her. She will emerge from the semi-obscurity in which she has been lost, and become a vitally important player. Great personal happiness is in store for her.

"Virginia Bruce faces another happier marriage this year. Great success is noted in the stars for Miss Bruce, and matrimonially, she will come into her own. She was born in Libra, the Sign that is ruled by Venus the Love Planet. Men will always be in love with Virginia Bruce."

Norvell says that Clark Gable's star is still on the ascendant and he will continue successfully on the screen. "His Planets incline him to another marriage. A union with Carole Lombard would prove more than successful from an astrological standpoint.

"Another marriage is indicated for Jean Harlow. Her Sign is emotionally attracted to Bill Powell, but a marriage to each other would be a rash venture and would spell disaster to both. Here we have again the fatal combination of fire and water, which brought Bill's marriage to Carole Lombard to ashes. Bill is fire; Jean, water.

"Eleanor Powell, the sensational dancing star, was born in Scorpio. Her chart reveals amazing events for her entire future. She will remain a success in pictures, but the future holds a thrilling romance that will sweep her off her feet into a marriage of lasting happiness. I advise Eleanor to wait until the end of 1938 for this marriage, although the stars show she is a little impatient. Eleanor Powell should be able to combine both a career and marriage, for she has a brilliant mind and an exciting future Destiny.

"Tom Brown will also strut to the altar." (Deo Gratia, says I, speaking for all Hollywood bachelors).

"That ought to keep Yuma busy, now what about Reno?" I asked. Norvell again went into his trance. He emerged looking dejected. "I can definitely predict divorce only for Jack Oakie; there are others, but they are vague just now.

"Despite the fact that Joan (Continued on page 71)



He's the "new boy in town," who arrived after one of those struggles that warm the heart to read about

Whalen, in the big picture at right, smiles at success. Right, with the moustache he acquired for "Woman-Wise." Say it isn't permanent, Mike! Above, with his sister. Top, with a doggy fan.



Make Way for Michael Whalen!

By Belle Kanter

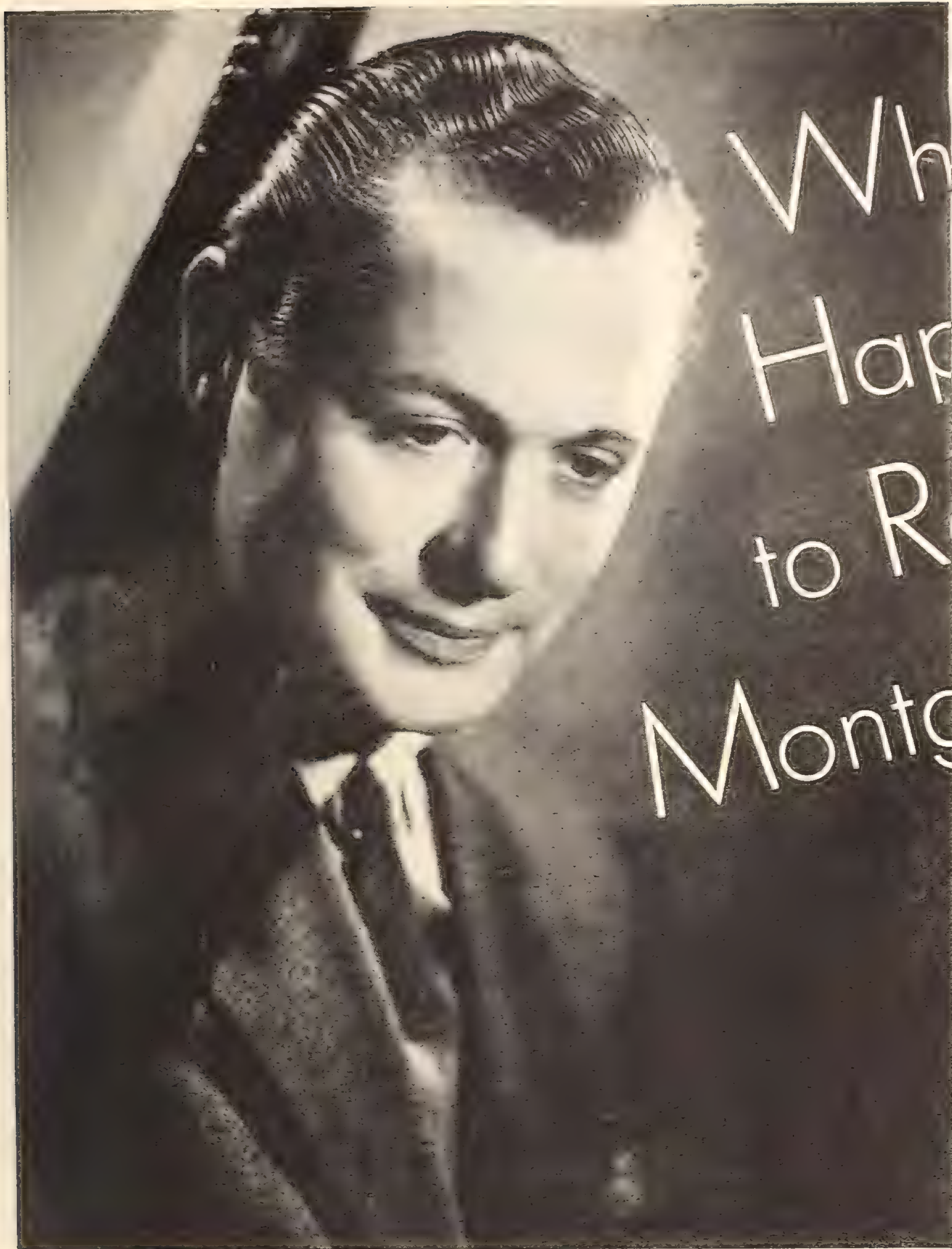
"YOU have a great deal of talent and you work hard. You're handsome, too. But it all means nothing, dear boy, because you don't know what living really is. You must learn something about life. Go out and live!"

Eva LeGallienne, great lady of the stage and founder of the Civic Repertory Theatre in New York, was speaking to Michael Whalen, a young and promising member of her company for whom she had a great affection.

Michael Whalen was then twenty-three years old, had never smoked or taken a drink of hard liquor, or racked around, as young men the world over claim it is their inalienable right to do.

As he tells about it now, five years later, he says: "You see, I always wanted to be an actor. I had always wanted it with all my heart, and I had some mistaken notion that I must do nothing else with my body and my energy. I hoarded it for the only thing I thought worth while—acting. I didn't see that I was going through life like a blind puppy, that I didn't know what made people tick, and that at twenty-three I was no further along the road of understanding what life really meant than I had been at sixteen. 'Go out and get hurt, let living do things to you,' Miss LeGallienne told me. 'You will be a better actor and a greater man when you come through.' And so I followed her advice."

He learned from vicissitude, hunger, and disappointment how young and strong and hard he was; he laughed and cried and loved and hated and lost and won and lost again; but today Michael Whalen is a mature, sympathetic, understanding person, and an actor of no mean ability, moving further towards *(Continued on page 84)*



What's Happened to Robert Montgomery?

Let him tell you in his own pungent and well-chosen words. Here's a truly exclusive interview with the usually elusive Bob

By
Malcolm Oettinger

BOB MONTGOMERY is probably the only actor in Hollywood who is not satisfied with his own performances. Any number of the lads will say "No, my last picture wasn't up to my usual standard" or "Don't judge me by this one: it was a quickie," but none of them will say "I've never done a job on the screen that I point to with pride." None except Bob Montgomery.

In addition to being conscientious about his didoes before the camera, he is the sort of fellow hostesses dream of snaring for week-end parties; he is tall, handsome in a pleasant, informal way, well-turned-out but not studied in his style. Most actors dress to the hilt when they dress; not Mr. Montgomery. He has achieved the fine art of being casual. His manner is ingratiating. His charm robs him of none of his virility.

He likes oysters, good actors, duck shooting, and for his picture *vis a vis*, Madge Evans. He dislikes egg plant, rainy days, phony artists in any medium, and insincerity *per se*. The last time I saw him he was in New York busily arranging to have a print of "Piccadilly Jim" sent to the Pawling School, which he once attended. He was going to show it to the boys himself,

and tell them about the laughs everybody had making it.

Bob lives on his own farm three months a year, every year. That stipulation was ironclad in his contract with Metro. Most pacts call for forty weeks' work annually, at the pleasure of the producer, which means the actor sneaks a week here or three days there between pictures, ducking off to Palm Springs or Laguna, always within call of the studio siren, dinner pail packed ready to start for work on an hour's notice. Montgomery's contract, (and it is a fattish sort of document netting him some \$135,000 a year), stipulates that he is to have his twelve weeks in a lump, far from the dictates or demands of his employers. He chooses to go as far as roads will carry him, to the opposite side of the continent, where he has a fully stocked farm in Connecticut. There he hunts, rides, fishes and swims; he lets his beard grow, eats more than he should, and laughs a great deal with his wife, Betty. Then he returns to Hollywood to make pictures, according to contract.

He regrets that he is a comedian. He would like to get a crack at more parts like the one he had in "The Big House" True, he enjoyed (Continued on page 80)



Above: Scenes played by Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray and Harvey Stephens.

Maid of Salem



Secret trysts between Barbara Blake (Claudette Colbert), and the handsome fugitive, Roger Covernan (Fred MacMurray), lead to distorted stories and fanatical frenzy.

IT WAS no bonnet for a Puritan maid, all quilted and silken as it was with its perky ribbons tied in a bow making a heart of a girl's face.

A slow smile came to Doctor John's face as he watched. Barbara had always been different from the other maids of Salem Village. Even when he had known her as just a little maid she had been different. Always dancing where other children walked. Always with that questing eagerness in her eyes and the dimple darting around her smile.

Yes, she was different! Different from all of them. Even from Martha, the wife he loved as he loved no other woman. This feeling he had for Barbara was apart from that. It was the feeling he had for beauty and for music and for poetry, and for all other lovely things he had to keep locked in his heart in this stern community. The same feeling he had had for her as a child.

No less than that and no more.

Only on that last trip to Boston when Barbara's aunt had entrusted him with the purchase of a new bonnet for her, it was the silken one he had chosen rather than the sober woolen ones the women of his faith clung to.

"It was the prettiest one in Boston," John chuckled, "and will cost your Aunt Ellen only six shillings"

Barbara pushed away the basket of candles she had put on his desk to see herself the better in





The star, above, and in dramatic scene at right; and at far right, her leading man.

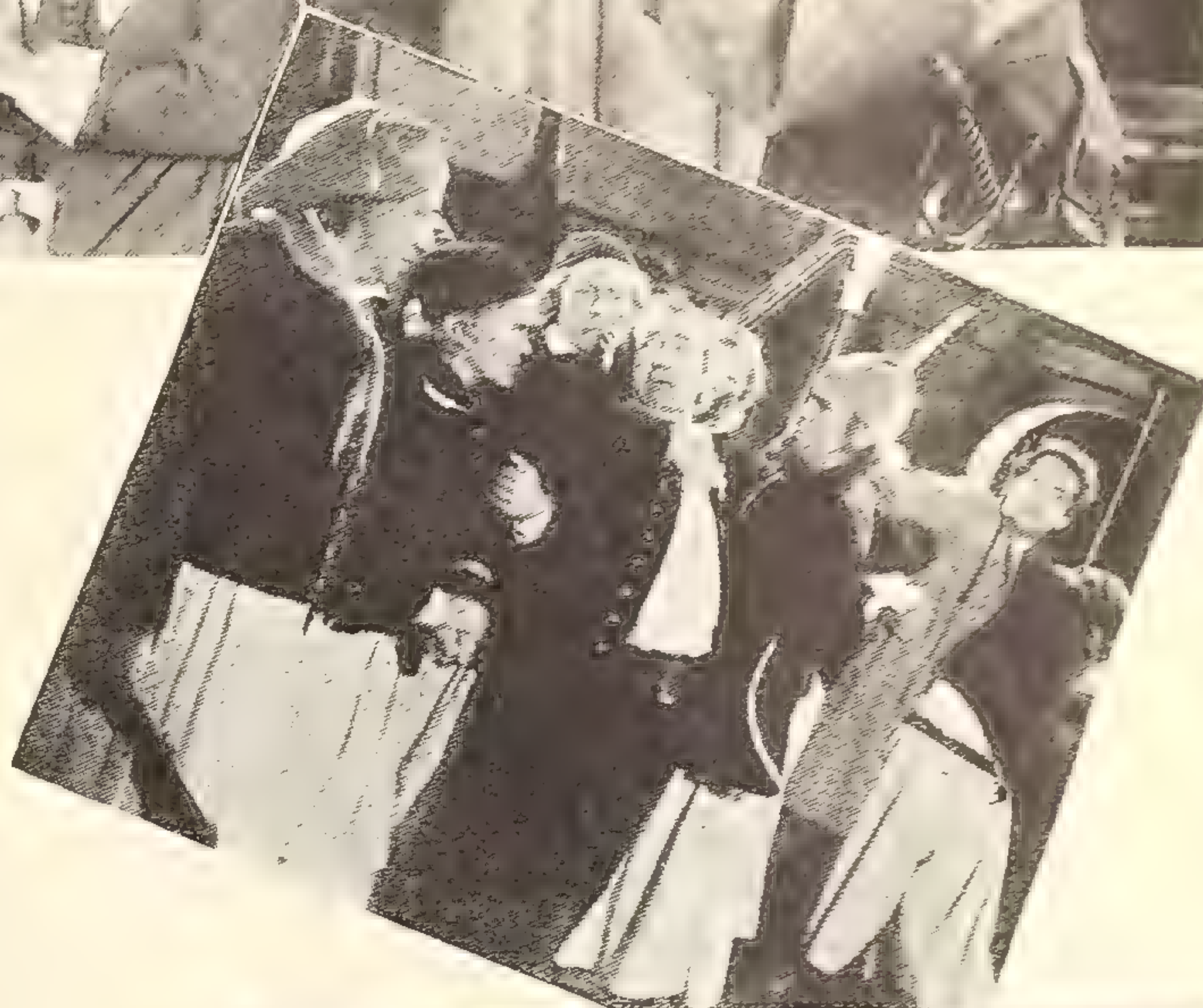


A heart-stirring romance unfolds before the colorful background of one of the most exciting chapters in American history

Fictionized by

Elizabeth B. Petersen

Please See Page 88 for Complete Cast and Credits.



the large medicine bottle in front of her, and the doctor's smile deepened as the door opened and his wife came into the room, for always he wanted to share everything that was rare and lovely with her.

"Oh, Martha, isn't it lovely and gay?" Barbara's smile began in her eyes and rippled down to her lips.

"Very gay." Martha clipped her words sharply and the girl looked at her in dismay.

"Too gay, think you?" she asked in sudden consternation.

"Nonsense!" John broke in. "There's enough wearing of sombre clothing around here. 'Twill be good to have a change."

"If Elder Goode sees it before the Sabbath meeting, he'll forbid the wearing." Martha could not help that small, triumphant smile.

"Oh!" Barbara looked at her basket of candles. "I'm just on my way to his house."

"Why not leave it here?" John suggested, and he smiled again as the girl reluctantly took off her pretty bonnet and kissed it before putting it back in its box.

Martha barely waited for the door to close behind the girl's slim figure before she turned on her husband.

"I wish you hadn't bought that bonnet for Barbara!" her voice came tensely. "You shouldn't encourage her
(Cont. on page 88)



Wild imaginings of the few, and their hysterical cries for vindication, and a victim, of their mad belief in witchcraft, menace the innocent. Left, the lovers' moment of triumph.

Why Dietrich Waited for Donat

"DO YOU like Robert Donat without his moustache?" That's the first question when film folks meet in London these days. Certainly Robert looks much younger now and his smile has gained an added frankness very charming, but on the other hand he seems to have lost something of that whimsical debonairness along with the adornment of his upper lip.

He shaved to play with Marlene Dietrich in "Knight Without Armor" because his glamorous fellow-star has a firm objection to acting in passionate love-scenes with a moustache—she says it scratches her face and spoils the proper dramatic effect of her kisses! And handsome brown-eyed Robert is so intensely grateful to Marlene I'm sure he would promptly shave off all his hair as well if she told him she preferred her screen lovers to be bald.

For behind Robert's appearance in Korda's new film lies an amazing story of comedy and tragedy—never told until now—in which he has had a part far more poignant than any rôle he could mime before the cameras. Twelve

The amazing story of how glamorous Marlene's patience and courage helped the popular male star when illness threatened his career

By Hettie Grimstead

Dietrich, lower left, in an imperious pose such as she took in demanding Robert Donat play the part he portrays in close-up at lower center. Just below, Dietrich in a semi-closeup and in a still from the new picture.



months ago Donat was the first male name in British screenland, the thirty-year-old star on the crest of the wave with his fine portrayal in "The Ghost Goes West," and producers in London and Hollywood alike bidding eagerly for his services. Irving Thalberg offered him three hundred thousand dollars to play *Romeo* to Norma Shearer's *Juliet* but Robert refused because he wanted to return to the stage again for a time.

So he put on a sombre intellectual play with his own money and at the dress-rehearsal he dropped his little make-up mirror and smashed it to fragments. "Pooh! I'm not superstitious!" he laughed; but the piece proved a lamentable failure just the same and standing in the draughty wings one night, Robert caught a chill. He was ill for weeks, finally returning to the studios with a persistent cough. He arranged to film as *Hamlet* but after several postponements, production was



The new, exciting romantic team in close-up, above. Lower right, Dietrich in a character pose for "Knight Without Armor."

shelved. He signed a contract to appear with Sylvia Sidney in her Gaumont-British picture "Sabotage" and then failed to appear on the set because his illness had developed into a painful throat trouble accompanied by asthma so that often he had literally to fight for breath. Thinking Californian sunshine would prove beneficial, he agreed to go to Hollywood and star for Paramount but the doctors warned him he might never survive the long journey—already he was so weak he passed most of his days in bed.

With the mild summer weather, Robert found some relief and thought he might summon sufficient strength to fulfill his long-standing promise to his old friend Alexander Korda, the man who gave him his first chance, to play with Marlene Dietrich in her British film. He attended Marlene's reception party with his throat specially treated with cocaine and sucking medicated lozenges, but his enemy struck again and the day he should have enacted his first scene with the lovely star he was once more lying helpless at his North London home unable to eat or sleep, gasping agonisingly for air.

Regretfully Korda suggested the story of "Knight Without Armor" be altered for Dietrich to star alone with a leading man but characteristically definite, Marlene refused to agree. "I know there are plenty of good-looking actors," she said, "but Donat has that necessary something that comes down from the screen to the audience. As soon as he enters a scene you are keenly conscious of him. I want him in my picture. Let us wait a while and see how he progresses"

While King Edward's own physician was attending (Continued on page 74)



Five

II. "The Private Wife"

Mrs. Ian Hunter



The happy Hunters! You won't find a more delightful and devoted couple in all Hollywood than Ian and his chic little wife. Above, at the beach house they prefer to an elaborate home in Beverly Hills. Right, portrait of a fine actor.



SCREENLAND'S unusual and exclusive series continues with the warmly human revelations of a popular actor's wife and how she faces and solves her everyday problems

By Dorothy Manners

THE slender English girl in the navy blue slacks, who seemed more like a "new face" actress than the mother of two strapping boys, Jolyon and Robin Hunter, aged ten and seven, respectively, looked at me quizzically. I had been exactly two weeks convincing Casha Pringle Hunter, (Mrs. Ian Hunter, to the few who know her in Hollywood), that she should give us this story of being a "private wife" in Hollywood.

Even now she was not sure—but her sense of humor was helping a lot concerning this first interview she has granted since her British husband swept up so rapidly to the heights in American movie favor. There was a glimmer of amusement back of her expression, in her clear eyes, and lurking around the unrouged smile in a face scrupulously devoid of make-up. She looked as though she had just blown in from a stiff game of tennis, or perhaps from a swim in the gray Pacific that was all you could see outside the enormous windows of the Hunter home on the Santa Monica cliffs.

Here is a wife who has never been photographed entering a night club with her husband. Here is a wife too absorbed in her home to be any part of the movie married set that begins its day at cocktail luncheons and ends it in orchids and ermines at some popular night spot. Here is a wife who has visited her husband at his

studio but once in two years and who has met only one of the glamorous leading stars with whom he portrays ardent love scenes before the cameras: Kay Francis. In short, Casha Hunter is the most completely "private wife" I know in Hollywood!

"There is nothing mysterious about my reluctance to give interviews or to be photographed with Ian in our home," she said in her soft English accent that is neither clipped nor abrupt, but very dramatically musical. "It is only that I believe a 'private wife' should remain just that—private.

"In giving you this story about our home life, I'm really violating a promise I made myself when Ian and the boys and I came to Hollywood from England over two years ago. At that time I made up my mind to be the silent partner in Ian's career, to stay outside the rays of the spotlight that pries into the private life of actors here in America, and seems so terrifying to us Britishers.

"No," she replied in answer to an unspoken but obvious question on my lips, "it isn't because I believe actors are more romantic to their fans if their wives scuttle comfortably into the corners, and leave them romantic figures in the dreams of their feminine fans. The really intelligent fans may safely be trusted with

Hollywood Wives

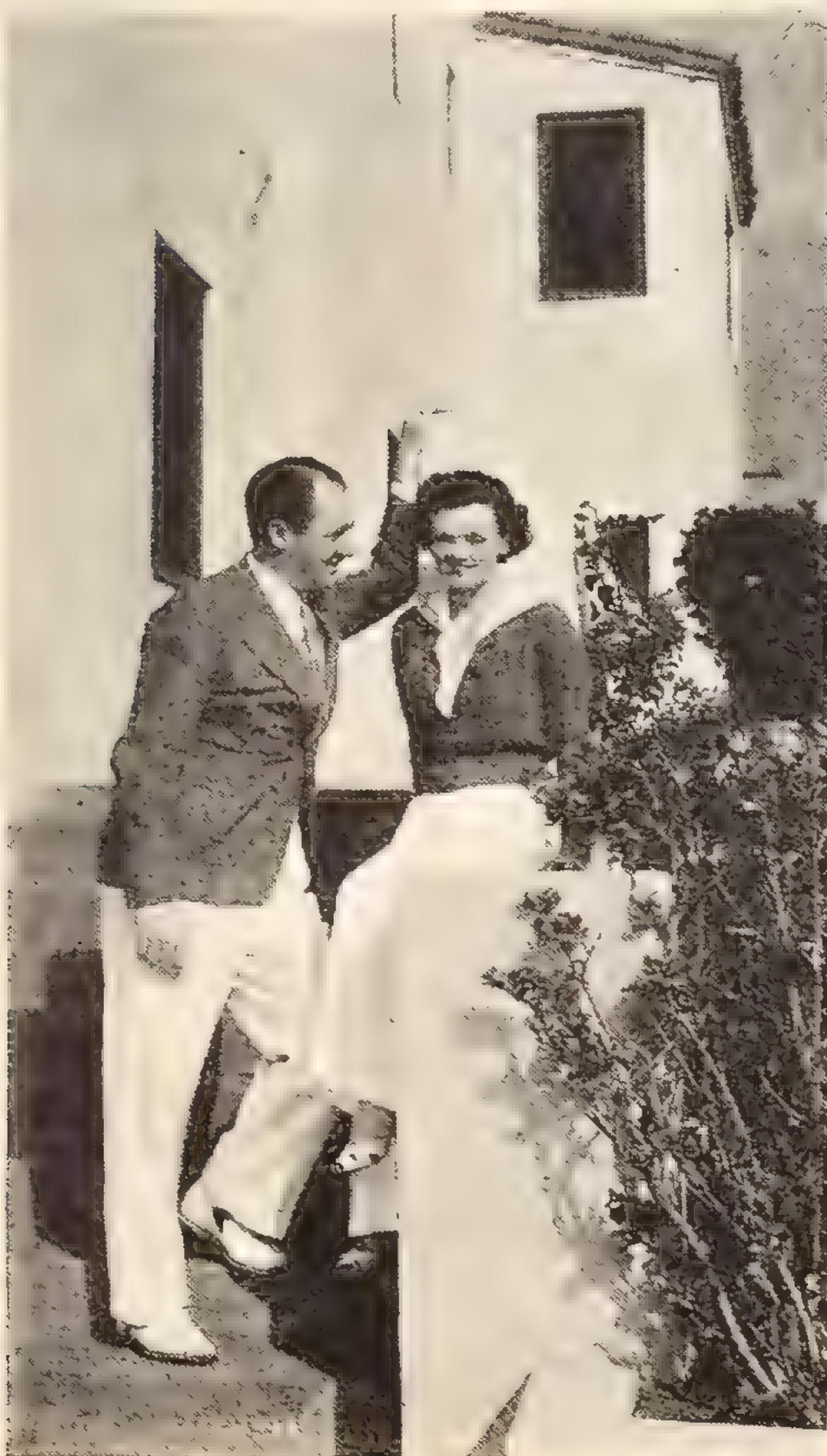
EDITOR'S NOTE:

This is the second of our series of intimate home and private-life problems of Five Hollywood Wives, with many never-before-told details of their establishments and the problems they face uncommon to the lives of other women. Last month, Joan Bennett told you the trials and triumphs of being an actress-wife. This month, we have prevailed upon Mrs. Ian Hunter, who has never previously granted an interview, to tell of the hurdles and highlights of being the "non-professional wife" of a current screen idol. Next month, another "Hollywood Wife" speaks.

D. E.



Yes, Mrs. Ian Hunter has watched her husband make love to Kay Francis, above; in fact, Kay is the only one of Ian's screen sweethearts she has ever met! Below and right, two more exclusive pictures of the Hunters at home. Sorry we can't show you their two sons, but the boys were at school!



Photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Ian Hunter at home made by M. Marigold.

the information that an actor is married without losing interest in him—and the others hardly matter, do they?

"And then—by refusing to give out interviews I have spared myself that long list of printed sob stories that begins with 'No, I Am Not Jealous of My Husband' and ends with 'How It Feels To Be Married To a Man Who Makes Screen Love To The World's Beauties.' I would be a disappointment on those subjects anyway. Considering that my husband and the boys and I are always together when he is not working, I have never had the slightest occasion to become jealous; and so far as I have been able to find out, being married to a man who is constantly associated with lovely women is no different from being married to a man who 'tends a store where beautiful women might shop, or works in a bank where charming women make money deposits. I can't see where the risk is any greater.

"Would it sound quite too selfish to say I have chosen my rôle of the unseen wife purely for my own peace of mind and because I am far happier going my way unmolested by any glamor from Ian's celebrity that might rub off on me if I
(Continued on page 70)

3 Girls on a Match

The drama, the romance, but most of all the human interest of Hollywood life as mirrored in the struggles of 3 girls for screen recognition

By *Rene Brown*

See Page 81 for Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

PAT headed for home.

Marathon Street—Melrose Boulevard—the movie studio—all of it lay behind her in a heap of ashes like a city that had been razed to the ground. Olga had snubbed her. Eddie had broken his date. And Bud had driven away in a huff.

Her eyes filled with tears. They coursed down her cheeks that were still thick with make-up. Powder and paint and make-believe—that was Hollywood for you. Headache and heartache and pocket-book ache—that was the movies for you. If Bud would have her, she decided irrevocably, she would gladly go back to Tallahassee. She saw herself happily married—fed and housed and loved, with all this turmoil of living no longer able to touch her.

"Pat, darling. Oh, Pat." It was Olga. This time, the blonde had appropriated the Rolls-Royce to add to her collection. Olga was alone, riding abreast at the wheel. "Slow up, Honey. Got something to tell you."

"Don't want to hear it." Pat forged steadily forward.

"Don't be mad at me," wheedled Olga.

"I'm not mad at you," declared Pat.

"I know I cut you on the set. But I had to do it. It means curtains if a star is seen talking to an extra. But, listen, Honey, you're not going to be an extra much longer. I've got big plans for you. I—"

"Thanks, Olga," interrupted Pat in a husky voice. "But I'm through—through for good."

"You listen to me. You're just starting. You leave it to me. I'll fix it. Haven't done so bad by Olga, have I?" Then she pretended to be hurt. She demanded to be mollified. "Aren't you going

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGIA
WARREN





to congratulate me? I signed a contract. Two hundred per."

Pat forced a smile. "I'm awfully glad, Olga."

The little car chugged and the big car purred as they rolled along side by side.

"Didn't I tell you I'd make good? You know Olga two hundred per or nothing—and two hundred it is!"

A red light halted the traffic.

The little car came to a stop. It stood there panting audibly. The big car rolled up gracefully. It stood there purring softly.

Olga leaned out of the window. "Notice anything new?"

Pat managed a glance. "You're wearing a new hat—"

"Got half a dozen new hats. Take another look."

"That's a new bag—"

"Got a dozen new bags. But lamp these sables, kid."

She preened. "Mr. Magnin took them right out of the window and Dickie wrapped them right around my neck."

"They're stunning, Olga." Pat fingered her borrowed foxes.

"You can keep the old cats." Olga was magnanimous. "You and Ann can have the whole works, Honey. You can have all my clothes and my share of the bus—and the rest of the week in the bed."

"Mean to say you aren't coming home?"

"To the old dump on Willow Street? That was good enough for Olga. But Miss Dupont's moved to the Garden of Allah. Come up and see me some time." She mimicked a well-known star. "Anytime!"

The traffic started again. Pat turned right. The big car turned too.

Olga philosophized: "You've got to know the ropes to get to first base in this racket. I drew a contract—and all it cost me was a kiss—and that's all Dickie's going to get. Oh, I know, I jumped in the pool—but I've still to collect for that little stunt. Dickie's coming across in a big way only he don't know it—that is—not yet. He will—before the night is over!" Olga flipped open a gold cigarette case. "Like it?"

"It's a beauty."

"That ain't all I'm getting," she boasted lightly. "I priced a perfectly stunning brooch—only a grand—and I saw a ducky bracelet—knocked down to two—and tomorrow's my birthday—that makes three—"

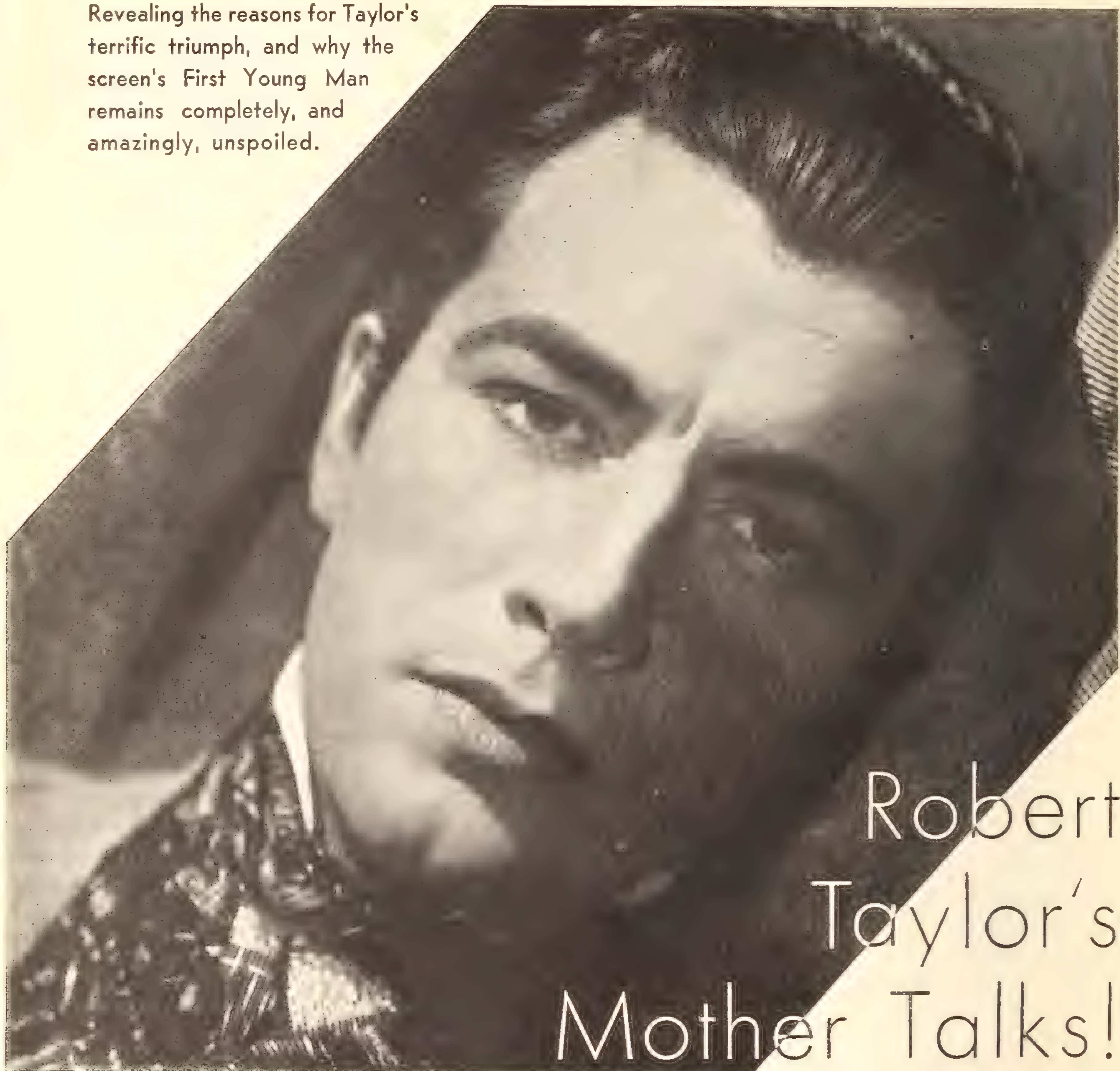
"Your birthday? I almost forgot!"

"You forget it, Honey. I've been trying to forget it myself. But there are times—" she blew a smoke ring carelessly into the air—"times when a birthday's good for something—and this is one of them."

(Cont. on page 81)

Teitelbaum was laughing uproariously, the guests were laughing, too, as Pat, wet and humiliated, emerged from the pool. Shivering with cold, shaking with anger, she vehemently denounced them, and left the party at which she was told she would meet the "important people."

Revealing the reasons for Taylor's terrific triumph, and why the screen's First Young Man remains completely, and amazingly, unspoiled.



Robert Taylor's Mother Talks!

By Lillian C. Genn

IT'S NO longer surprising to me why Bob Taylor is still a level-headed person in spite of his dizzy jump to fame.

It all became very clear and simple after I had met his mother, Mrs. Ruth Brugh. I had gone to see her for the purpose of getting a story on Bob and thought all would be clear sailing. *Of course* she'd talk about Bob! What mother wouldn't?

But I spent several hours with her, accepted her invitation for a drive, and lunched with her at the Brown Derby. We talked about the usual feminine things—clothes and household affairs, and about the California climate which has greatly benefited Mrs. Brugh's health. There was no mention of Bob, except that he was taking her to a dance that evening and she wondered what frock she ought to wear.

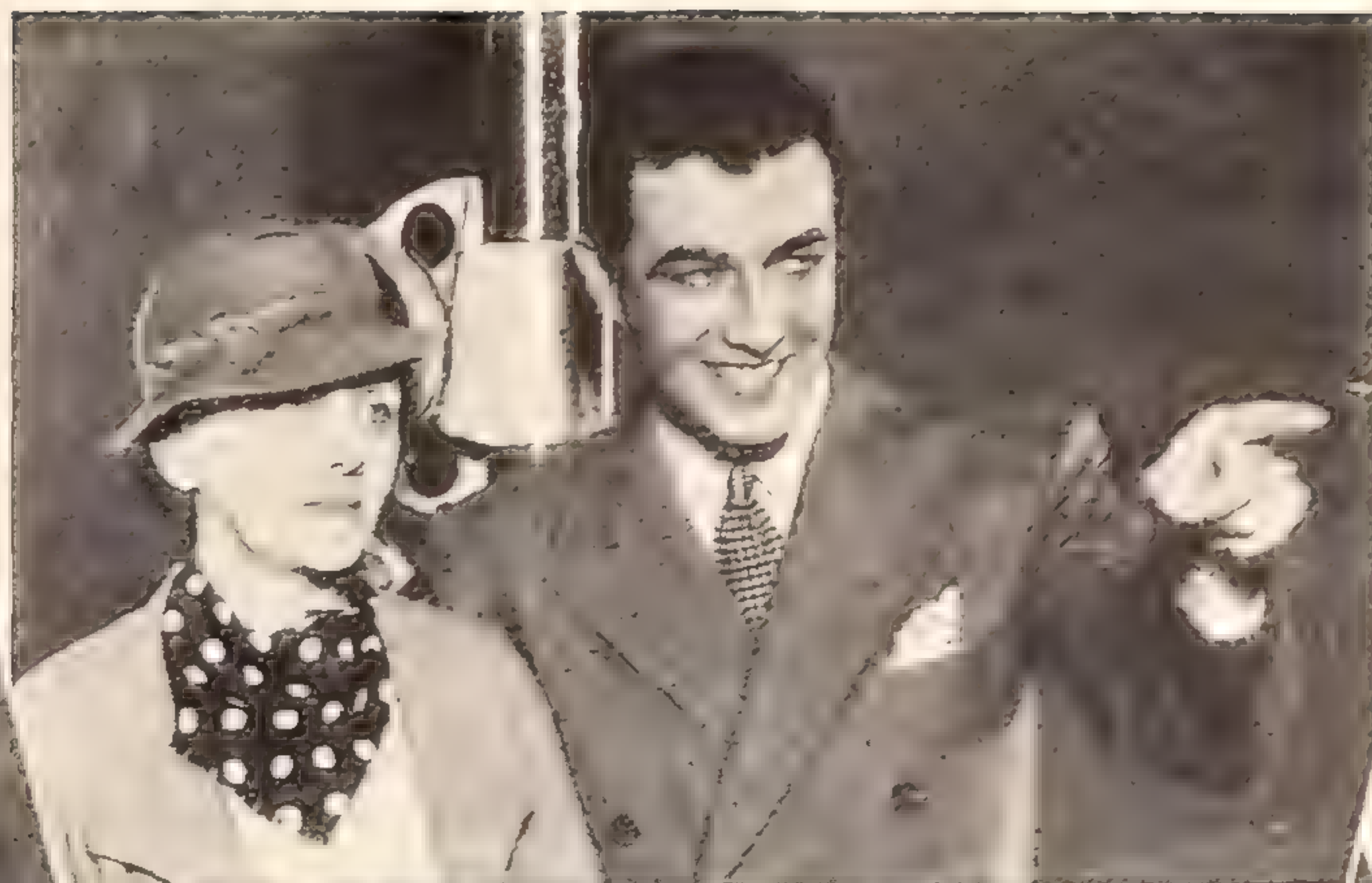
I began to realize I was meeting a very unusual mother—one who was unaffected by the accolade the world was giving her son. She was taking it in a very

calm, matter-of-fact way, and having met doting mothers in Hollywood and elsewhere, I can say that Mrs. Brugh's own attitude toward the tremendous popularity that has come to her son, is one of the reasons for Bob's level-headed reaction.

When many hours had flitted by in Mrs. Brugh's pleasant company, I finally decided to take the bull by the horns, or I'd never get on the subject of Bob.

So when we were in her cozy sitting room again, and Mrs. Brugh had picked up a quilt she was making, I mentioned that everyone finds Bob so unspoiled. The fact that you hear it everywhere shows it's not a usual thing in Hollywood town.

"Well," she told me with a twinkle in her eyes, "the only thing that would surprise me would be if Bob *did* act spoiled!"



Above, Bob the collegian—pretty much the same famous face of today, except for those obstinate eyebrows! Above, center, he escorts his mother, Mrs. Ruth Brugh, through the studio. Perhaps, too, he's pointing at the album classic of himself with his mother, over to the right.

Today's idol, Robert Taylor, is co-starred with Garbo in "Camille," thus bolstering the smouldering Swede's box-office appeal. Left, a Garbo-Taylor clinch of the kind that Metro hopes will induce Standing Room Only in Leo's theatres. The full-length figure is, of course, Armand Taylor.

"You know the old saying," she smilingly went on, "'as the twig is bent, so grows the tree.' If you train a child properly the first seven years of his life, you needn't worry what he'll be like when he reaches maturity, whether he becomes a movie star or a millionaire or anything else. Those early years are important in his life. He never forgets them.

"Bob was an only child and it certainly would have been very easy to spoil him. Dr. Brugh and I had been married eight years and we had given up all hope of having children. We had even been on the verge of adopting two little boys and had everything prepared for it. Then we found our dream would come true and we'd have a child of our own.

"You can imagine how thrilled the doctor and I were. It was the greatest event in our lives. We used to spend hours planning how we'd bring him up.

"After Bob's arrival, we were told we couldn't have another child. But this didn't change our determination not to spoil him. We made up our minds to discipline him and give him a sense of responsibility. Whatever wisdom the doctor and I had gained from life, we were going to share with him.

"Many people used to tell me I was too strict with Bob. I'd slap his fingers when he was only six months old. But I believed it was better to do it at that age than later. There's nothing more pitiful



to me than to have a mother say, 'I can't do a thing with my child.' And he's all of three years! I wonder what she'll do when he's sixteen?

"Bob was taught to obey his parents. And if he didn't obey, he was spanked. The doctor accepted no excuses.

"Fortunately we rarely had to punish Bob. He was a quiet, thoughtful child and we could always reason with him. He'd listen to our views and do as we asked. But if he ever made up his mind to do something his own way, he'd give so many reasons for it that he'd floor me," laughed Mrs. Brugh.

"Usually we put Bob on his honor and we disciplined him to be a man of his word. In this way we were able to give him a great deal of freedom to go where he pleased and do what he wanted. We knew we could trust him to behave, even if we weren't around.

"For instance, we put him on his honor not to smoke or drink. His father was opposed to these habits. Of course, Bob could have done these things outside of the house, but he never did. To me it was a beautiful instance of courtesy and respect of one gentleman for another.

"As Bob grew older, we'd let him make his own decisions. He could do what he wanted, but we always made it clear to him that he'd have to accept the responsibility for (Continued on page 76)

THE GIRL IN A MILLION GLORIFYING THE SHOW IN A MILLION!

A revelation in entertainment!

Scene upon scene of beauty
and splendor!

Glittering with luminaries from five
show-worlds!

Romance and fun! Melody and
drama!

AND SOMETHING EXHIL-
ATINGLY NEW AND EXCITING
TO THRILL YOU!...

100 glamorous girls dancing on skates
in dazzling ice-revels of breath-taking
beauty!

'One in a Million'

introducing to the screen
the lovely queen of the silvery skates!

SONJA HENIE

with

ADOLPHE MENJOU

JEAN HERSHOLT

NED SPARKS

DON AMECHE

RITZ BROTHERS

ARLINE JUDGE

BORRAH MINEVITCH

and his gang

DIXIE DUNBAR

LEAH RAY

SHIRLEY DEANE

Directed by Sidney Lanfield

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith

1937'S
SPECTACULAR
MUSICAL SMASH...
SONGS YOU'LL REMEMBER
AS THE HITS OF THE YEAR!...
"One in a Million" "Who's
Afraid of Love?" "The Moon-
lit Waltz" "We're Back
in Circulation Again"
"Lovely Lady in
White"

*You've never seen anything like it before! And if you live to
be a million . . . you'll never see anything like it again!*

**20th
CENTURY
FOX**
DARRYL F.
ZANUCK
in charge of
production

Hollywood Is Madeleine Carroll Conscious!



The case of Miss Carroll is practically unique in unique Hollywood! There are other blondes, other Britons, other beauties; but none with her very feminine charm and acting talents. Result, she's the leading lady in "Lloyds of London," sharing honors with the new wonder boy, Tyrone Power, above; and she's also Dick Powell's screen sweetheart, left, in the big new Irving Berlin musical, "On the Avenue."



If the blonde British beauty were quintuplets the demand for "More Madeleine" would still exceed the supply, for producers, directors, leading men all cry, "We want Carroll!"

Luscious Lombard



JUST A LOVELY NATURE-LOVER!

Carole the captivating is one important star who still will pose perfectly naturally in shorts for sports, thus making Hollywood cameramen and everybody else happy. Here she is, a pet with pets, pictured with her amazing collection. Left, below, and right, you'll find Carole with Pushface, her famous Pekingese; Fritz, the dachshund; Smoky, the spaniel; Josephine, the cat; Queenie, another dachshund; Edmund, the rooster, and Jessie, the hen. What's more, when Carole calls 'em they come running—as who wouldn't?



William Walling

For it's always fair weather in Southern California—if you don't believe it, ask the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, or better still, ask Clark Gable, who chooses to use his between-pictures spare time to cruise on Allan Jones' schooner, "Alrene." "Love on the Run" was Clark's last picture, but that title has nothing to do with the Gable private life, because between pictures and cruises he is still seen about with the gorgeous beauty on our opposite page.



GABLE GOES NAUTICAL!



Clark
on a
Cruise

Best Dressed Best Actresses!



Richly does Joan Crawford deserve her rank as a foremost lady of fashion, but she hasn't won that distinction at sacrifice of acting as an art. Study the close-up of Joan for details of her beauty; the full-length portrait, center, for the glamor of her Adrian-created ensemble; and picture at right, showing her in a one-piece traveling suit.

Hurrell

Joan Crawford and Miriam Hopkins provide a feast for the eyes of the fashion-minded, yet they never fail to make clothes express definite dramatic character values in harmony with the rôles they play



Turnbridge



Miriam Hopkins can make daringly smart clothes fairly vibrate with sparkle and distinction; example: the portrait in center in an all-black costume with silver fox collar. But Miriam can be equally convincing in simple clothes. Left—it somewhat reminds of her part in "These Three," and in two poses above, Miriam as she appears in her new picture, "Men Are Not Gods."



Mr. and Mrs. Leif Erikson, right—she's Frances Farmer, you know—are still very bride-and-groomish. Left, Leif cuts up for the camera with his studio heart, Marsha Hunt, for "College Holiday." The circle shows Leif in a close-up with Marsha, while directly below is a very new portrait of the fascinating Farmerette, and a new portrait study of her good-looking husband.



"A Fine Romance!"

Don English



Frances Farmer, new sensation, soars to stardom and her handsome husband, Leif Erikson, forges ahead by making movie love to other screen lovelies. But that's Hollywood, and they're happy



William Walling



Ruby Returns

And about time, too. We've missed you, Miss Keeler. But all is forgiven for your timely taps, your Irish eyes and the way they look at Ross Alexander



Longworth



Elmer Fryer



Ed Stone

"Ready, Willing, and Able"—isn't that a good title for the new Keeler-Alexander show? Above, they're proving it, are Ruby and Ross, in their tender close-up. Below, Ruby goes into her song and dance for the "Handy with Your Feet" number with the chorus. Left, two new portraits showing the new Keeler coiffure—like it?



Swing your eye around the circle on this page, and find, at bottom in center, Clark Gable; next, Gary Cooper; and reading on up: Burgess Meredith; Edward Arnold giving Andrea Leeds a ride; Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper, and Freddie Bartholomew—Freddie taking it easy on the handle bars of Jackie's bike; Karen Morley, balancing act!

Free=Wheeling All Over Hollywood





Movie stars circle about from set to dressing-room, from town to country, on cycles these days, getting plenty of knee action as they ride a new hobby—a bike no less



Here's a movie with a moral. At top, Merle Oberon decides she'll ride a bike. Brian Aherne helps; next, more help needed to get Merle started down hill; next, everything fine, until Merle calls Brian's attention to some pretty scenery—and, left, now see what happens. Top center, Virginia Bruce.



Evolution of an Opera Singer Into A Screen Star

Smartening up Lily Pons
for her new picture



Fred A. Parrish



A melting voice isn't enough for Hollywood; no—the possessor of that voice, famous though she may be at the New York's Metropolitan Opera House, must be transformed into a movie beauty, a dazzling actress, and a clever comedienne. So Lily Pons learns! Above, reading down from top picture: in the hands of the make-up girls; discussing the next scene, on location, with her director and her musical conductor, Andre Kostelanetz; submitting to the hairdresser and Jack Oakie's crooning; with her diction coach on the set; and, left, Lily with leading man Gene Raymond and producer Pan Berman. Top, left, extra added accomplishment. Right, a movie beauty!

Hepburn, Hollywood's stormiest petrel, relishes her new rôle in the picturization of Sir James M. Barrie's "Quality Street." Perhaps the quaint character she plays has influenced her. Whatever the reason, Katharine has charmed her director and fellow-workers, as a glance at our picture gallery will show you. Far right, a calm discussion with her director, George Stevens. Right, reading down: the star smiles; she asks her director's advice about her gown; she coaches the children on the set; she's gracious to that grand trouper, Fay Bainter from Broadway; she shares a big close-up with Franchot Tone; and finally, with Lee Tracy, who wanders over from his own set to meet her, and, wonder of wonders, is greeted sweetly instead of being snubbed!



Alex Kahle



Is Hepburn More Human?

Or is this Kate's new act? Anyway, her current mood in work and play for "Quality Street" is warmer, friendlier. Can it be the Barrie touch?



It Can Happen In California

Snow Stuff! Hollywood goes
=but not far=for it!



Helen Wood hits the toboggan, top left; and at upper right, with June Lang, shows how to dress for it. Left, Ella Logan seems a bit resentful because her snow shoes tripped her up. Right, Helen Burgess swears by a sled. Above, center, Margory Gage.



Why even the climate is versatile out where movies are made! And maybe the lassies and lads who travel the whole globe while making fiction live on the screen, don't love the real-life transitions from snow to sun sports!

Alex Kahle

Fair and warmer! Yesterday the thrills of speeding down snowy slopes at Arrowhead. Today, a swim and sun bathing at Santa Monica. Just as Jack Dunn does with a cutie companion at top left and right; and at left with two of 'em: Lynn Gilbert and Phillis Dobson. Right, Hollywood charm takes its play in the sun.



Two hearts that beat as one—at the director's bidding! Left, Kay Francis and Errol Flynn in "Another Dawn." Right, Don Ameche sparking Sonja Henie for "One in a Million."



Melvyn Douglas regrets he has only one heart to give to his art, so he scorns Leona Maricle, above, and selects Virginia Bruce, left, above, one of the two "Women of Glamor" in his new picture of that tentative title. "Skeets" Gallagher, left with Helen Lynd, belies the title, "Hats Off." Just below, Barbara Stanwyck and Tony Martin. Far left, Henry Fonda, and fonder, of Sylvia Sidney for "You Only Live Once." Far left below, Claire Trevor in Michael Whalen's arms for "Career Woman."



Hearts in Swing Time





Above, Jean Arthur in a heart-to-heart scene with George Brent for "More than a Secretary." Left above, Dolores Del Rio teasing Chester Morris in "Devil's Playground." St. Valentine, we are here!



That's Johnny Downs more or less disguised as Cupid, shooting at hearts while Eleanore Whitney assists. Across the bottom of our two pages, Carol Hughes and Lee Dixon in their own little movie inspired by the title of the new picture in which they appear: "Ready, Willing, and Able."

Every day is St. Valentine's Day in screenland, with lovers lurking and Cupid working





The beauty of the big trees silhouetted against the sky, the grandeur of mountain views, and the human drama of a girl fighting for love against this gorgeous natural background—make for audience interest in "Mountain Justice," a forthcoming film in which Josephine Hutchinson and George Brent are co-starred. At the right, our selection among many for our "Most Beautiful Still" honor. Above, Miss Hutchinson as the frank, free, fearless mountain maid. Below, Josephine and George Brent, who form a new romantic team of rather unusual appeal.

Homer Van Pelt Warner Bros.



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

George Brent and Josephine Hutchinson
in "Mountain Justice"

Madge Goes Mad

A story that lets you share the gay excitement that brought joy and happiness to Madge Evans

By Liz Williams



When Madge's career took a turn for the better, the girl, whose beauty and talent have brightened many a picture, went delightfully mad. She wears a smile always now, and smartly gay new clothes that reflect her merrier mood.



LIKE Mrs. Elvsted, that silly bird-brain out of Ibsen, Madge Evans kept saying to herself the night of the preview of "Piccadilly Jim," "Hedda, Hedda, what will come of this?" People

were actually laughing in the right places! Amazing. Why, people were actually applauding after her scenes! "It can't be my picture," said Madge giving herself a hearty pinch. "People don't do such things."

The preview was tossed at the Westwood Village Theatre where the college crowd hangs out, and if you can please that snooty "make-me-laugh" UCLA bunch, say the producers, the picture's terrific, it's *sensational*! As "Piccadilly Jim" unreeled itself that night the Alphas and the Betas and the embryo Einsteins made no bones about showing their pleasure—when Madge said, "The son of a butler," they howled; when she slipped on her caneta they shrieked; and when she collided with Montgomery on the gangplank for the final fade-out they rose in a body and fell upon her in a merry autograph scrimmage. There is nothing so satisfying to the tortured soul of a movie star as a hit picture. It's like a check from Mr. Mayer. In fact it is a check from Mr. Mayer. Madge uncrossed her finger, powdered away the beads of perspiration from her forehead, applied lipstick to her lips where she had done a fine bit of biting, relaxed, and murmured, "What will come of this?"

If you have followed Madge's career through the last year or so you will readily understand just how much that preview night in Westwood Village meant to her. There was a dreary thing called "Paris Interlude," and a little number called "Calm Yourself," and "Death on the (Continued on page 94)



WINTERSET—RKO-Radio



A PICTURE to see, to praise, to ponder, to see again. Most of all, a picture to be proud of. The stage play, "Winterset," by Maxwell Anderson, has been so lovingly, almost reverently translated to the screen that it far exceeds the original in appeal and effectiveness. Moreover, although enacted by practically the same stage cast, its performances outshine the Broadway production's—uncannily, the camera has caught depths and moods evaded by the stage play; and the cinema audience is the gainer once again. It is a turbulent, complex tale the drama tells, of *Mio*, the boy whose father was falsely executed, and his consecrated quest to clear his father's name. A strange story, but never sordid, "Winterset" follows the boy on his search, through his meeting with the girl, *Miriamne*, whose brother holds the key to the case, to the final tense struggle in which *Mio* wins the coveted word that frees him from the obsession which haunted him. Few will quarrel with the "happy ending" which marks the scenario's chief deviation from the play. Burgess Meredith and Margo bring terrific power and pathos to their difficult rôles. Paul Guilfoyle, Eduardo Ciannelli, and others furnish able support.



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



CHAMPAGNE WALTZ—Paramount



SUPPOSEDLY a co-starring vehicle for Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray; but Jack Oakie is in it, and it becomes a triple-star film in no time. Mr. Oakie is the only artiste in Hollywood who doesn't count calories: all he thinks of, apparently, is his public, and giving a Performance for dear old Paramount. There's a great deal of Mr. Oakie in "Champagne Waltz," but I happen to have a high regard for his peculiar talents, so it's all right with me; but I warn you, he runs rampant. And perhaps it's just as well, for without the Oakie brand of comedy, this romance of an American band leader and a Viennese songbird would tend to drag at times. As it is, "Champagne Waltz" has charm, it has several lovely scenes of that dear Wien, and it supplies sufficient "swing" for the determined moderns to whom a waltz is still a little indecent. You see, Miss Swarthout, the gentle lark whose grandfather's fine orchestra is dated by MacMurray's so vulgar jazz, falls in love with Fred in one of those cases of mistaken identity which takes so long to clear up—in movies. Eventually there is a mating of jazz and waltz and everybody's happy.



BORN TO DANCE—M-G-M



THE latest mammoth musical, with Eleanor Powell, that miracle of rhythmical motion, cutting up touches with James Stewart, that nonchalant and elongated threat to Taylor—and having fun doing it, and giving us the same. "Born to Dance" is a big and dazzling show, all about two "Lonely Hearts Club" gals and quite a few assorted sailors; with dances in Central Park and aboard battleships, with only one scene missing—a rowboat in Central Park. Tut-tut, Leo: you're slipping. The Powell girl is more at ease than in her first picture, last year's "Broadway Melody"; she *can't* dance better or faster, but she can, and does, exhibit even more good humor and gaiety, this time spontaneous; and her "big number," the finale of the show and the film, is simply terrific. A Gilbert-and-Sullivan touch occurs when that droll fellow, Raymond Walburn, as captain of a cruiser in the Hudson, receives the reigning musical comedy queen, Virginia Bruce, and her Pekingese aboard ship—that's hilarious, maties. Miss Bruce will wow you with her beauty, and the added attraction of a potently husky singing voice. Una Merkel and Sid Silvers help a lot.

TRIUMPH!

Burgess Meredith and Margo
in "Winterset"

SENSATION!

Tyrone Power in "Lloyds of
London"

DISCOVERY!

Virginia Field in "Lloyds of
London"

SURPRISES!

Virginia Bruce's voice in
"Born to Dance"

Jimmy Stewart's dancing in
"Born to Dance"

REVERSION TO TYPE:

Gary Cooper in "The Plains-
man"



LLOYDS OF LONDON—20th Century-Fox



THIS picture is notable chiefly for two merits: Tyrone Power in his first outstanding part, and the most beautiful and expert photography seen in any film in months. In fact, the first reels of "Lloyds of London" present such meltingly lovely camera work that every scene is breathtaking; the only disadvantage being that the later scenes necessarily suffer by comparison. But that's carping; for photographically here is a truly amazing achievement. The jolly old plot falls far short of the photography and the performances. It's a grandiose mixture of high adventure, intrigue, history, love, and the Battle of Trafalgar, and accordingly confusing. I wouldn't know about the intrigue, the history, or the battle; and I'm still pretty confused about the rest as well. Surely, though, the harassed hero, whether Freddie Bartholomew or, grown-up, as played by Tyrone Power, will hold your interest as he did mine; you'll enjoy his struggles from boyhood through a phenomenal rise at Lloyds to financial power, though you may wince at the love scene in the English Channel, which must be seen not to be believed. Madeleine Carroll is rather pallidly disappointing. Virginia Field, Sir Guy Standing and George Sanders are superb.



REMBRANDT—Korda-United Artists



CHARLES LAUGHTON adds to his distinguished cinema gallery a life-size portrait of the great painter and leaves a lasting impression of power and importance. "Rembrandt" is the most controversial current photoplay—certain to be compared to "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth," it falls short of "Henry's" bawdy lustiness; and it is curiously stylized in its treatment of backgrounds, particularly the outdoor scenes which are almost amateurish after our magnificent Hollywood conceptions. But—"Rembrandt" is Laughton, and Laughton is unique; and his latest must be seen. Episodically related, the life of the painter unfolds from the death of his beloved wife and favorite model, *Saska*, through his commercial downfall and his eventual happiness with the former kitchen maid who is his last love. There are fine scenes in which Laughton rises to heights of noble feeling; there are two recitative passages that ring superbly in the ear; and always there is the quality of greatness, not always achieved but invariably suggested, that make us stop, look, and listen patiently to Laughton. Elsa Lancaster, Gertrude Lawrence, and Roger Livesey are excellent.



THE PLAINSMAN—Paramount



THE super-deluxe "Western" of all time! Cecil B. DeMille, the former bathtub king and crusade tycoon, smartly turns to the American West for fresh inspiration, and the result is a stirring, resourceful, and always interesting screenplay. Shrewd showmanship, to cast Gary Cooper, that elegantly lanky Montana man, as *Wild Bill Hickok* out of history; and shrewder still to direct, cast, and generally treat a "Western" as lavishly and carefully as a medieval spectacle. Mr. DeMille has derived genuine thrills from his legitimate story of *Wild Bill* of the old West, with the rugged background of frontier life, Indian fights, and a wild and woolly romance involving *Bill* and *Calamity Jane*, the hard-boiled heroine who "could get every man but *Wild Bill*." Jean Arthur plays as perfectly opposite Mr. Cooper here as she did in "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town," although the two pictures are as far apart as *Wild Bill* and his enemies. Director DeMille has maintained integrity throughout the telling of his adventurous tale, even to the extent of showing the death of *Wild Bill*—shot in the back. James Ellison and Helen Burgess lend good support.

What's Wrong with Your Pictures?

Stuart Erwin, Wally Beery, and ace cameraman Clarence Bull tell you their secrets for successful kodak shots

By Ruth Tildesley



Stuart Erwin gets serious in his own amusing way and lets you in on the methods by which he made these pictures with the small camera he flourishes so proudly at the far left. That pretty girl, at left, is Mrs. Erwin, the former June Collyer; below, Gary Crosby, Bing's son; center, Stuart Erwin, Jr., and June Dorothea Erwin.



Above, Hollywood kiddie party—second from the left is Susan Ann Gilbert, Virginia Bruce's little daughter; and at extreme right is Gary Crosby, again. Right, a Stuart Erwin scenic view; next, a study of Lionel Barrymore on location.

"I'D LIKE to take candid camera shots," said Rosalind Russell, picking up her miniature camera and eyeing it ruefully, "but mine are always poor. I don't seem to know how to use this thing."

Clarence Sinclair Bull, expert head of M-G-M's still camera department, took the camera from her and squinted at the lens. Then he nodded at me.

"Just as I was telling you," he said. "Miss Russell can't get clear pictures because there is a thumb mark on her lens. That fogs the print. It's the commonest reason for amateur failures."

"But I never have any luck," sighed Rosalind, "and surely my lens must be clean *once* in a while!"

Mr. Bull smiled. "You probably push down the shutter on your camera very swiftly so that you bob the camera down with the movement and blur the picture. When you take pictures, hold the camera firmly and push the shutter carefully, or else use a tripod. Remember to hold your breath if you have the camera pressed against yourself, or your breathing will blur the shot."

"Perhaps in your case, your camera is too expensive a make for an amateur. You see, with these affairs that cost three and four hundred dollars, you have a great deal to learn about focus and timing and so on. For the beginner, I'd recommend an Argus camera, or one of the candid cameras in the low-priced field because there's no worry about focus. After you've learned to make really good shots with this you can go into the more complicated things."

If you are determined to overcome the difficulties you experience in the matter of focus and timing, you can do so by practice and more practice; plus the application of a few simple rules that make improvement really easy.

"Amateurs make the same mistakes," he explained to me later, when we were in the studio art gallery. "They remove their films or plates in the light, or where the light can reach them, so that the film is fogged or the plate ruined. Try to remember to take them out in the dark."

"If you do your own developing, follow the instructions given you. Most amateurs flip their fingers from

one solution to another, forgetting that these solutions don't mix, and then wonder why their films are fogged. "A good rule to remember when taking pictures is this: expose for shadows and develop for high lights, letting the shadows take care of themselves."

"The universal rule used to be that you must have the sun over your shoulder. That's no longer necessary. You can take an excellent picture if you are careful to see that the sun doesn't enter the lens. Have a shield over the lens—you can make one from a small box or have a friend hold a thick paper over the top while you shoot. In that way you can let the sun act as a back-light for your subject."

Studio cameramen have reflectors of gold or silver to throw additional light on their subjects, whether indoors or out. These are flat or hinged boards large enough to catch and reflect the sun or arc light.

"But you can make your own reflectors," Mr. Bull pointed out. "Take a piece of board—compo board, part of a box, whatever you can get—paint it with aluminum paint or cover it with aluminum paper and there you are! At a pinch, you can save the silver paper that comes wrapped around your films and paste this on your board. It makes a satisfactory reflector."

"If you want a softer reflector, try gold paint or frosted silver paper."

"You can use your reflector to throw light on the dark side of a face, to take away an unbecoming shadow under a chin, or to backlight a fair head. Sometimes you can use it to throw light into a doorway that would otherwise give you a flat effect."

One great advantage in having your own candid camera is the pictures you can take of your children.

"If you take your child to a professional photographer, he is apt to be scared or shy or curious or self-conscious," said Mr. Bull, "but if you take his picture at home, when he is interested in something or unaware of you, you have a real likeness."

"That's right," observed Wally Beery, who had wandered in for a moment. "Carol Ann is so used to my camera, she doesn't notice (Continued on page 78)"

Wally Beery's tip on how to get good pictures of children is: "Get them accustomed to your camera, and they won't be self-conscious." Wally, far right, makes a close-up of his daughter and pal, Carol Ann. Right, a candid shot of Wally's pride and joy. Below, Stu Erwin's pet picture of his pet dogs.



They Have the Most Fun



Meet the merry minority of stars who refuse to let the worries and annoyances of Hollywood celebrity interfere with their enjoyment of life and liberty

By
Elizabeth Wilson

RECENTLY I have been going quietly mad with pure envy. Envy I suppose is to be expected in a town where star sapphires are almost as common as boll weevils in the land I come from. But honestly now, believe me, it isn't the money and success with which I am constantly surrounded that fills my little soul with bitterness—why, I can wade knee-deep in chinchilla any day and be as detached as a cloud—but just show me people who have *joi de vivre* and I am consumed with a maddening envy. I do not covet Connie Bennett's Rolls with the special steel body, or Claudette Colbert's Monet, or Mary Pickford's diamonds, (well, maybe I covet just a little Carole Lombard's Clark Gable), no, they can keep their little *bijoux* for all I care, comes the Revolution or comes the dawn; but what I do covet, and how I covet, is Miriam Hopkins' knack of having fun.

To a moody and despondent person like myself this knack of having fun, of being able to give life and its petty annoyances a debonair shrug, is the most blessed gift in the world. Miriam Hopkins, more than anyone I know among the celluloid celebrities, has somehow or other captured the secret of living casually and successfully. She has more fun in a month than most of us have in a lifetime. I do not consider it quite cricket of Miriam to have so much fun. She ought to worry about *something*.



A game of tennis, or a trip around the world—it's all one to Miriam Hopkins, up there at top of page—it's something to be done if she thinks she'll enjoy doing it. Fredric March, above, with Janet Gaynor and Director Wellman, shows work doesn't worry him; and at right, that he likes to dress up and step out.



Now you'd think that in a place like Hollywood where even your best friends have telephone number salaries, where the wolf at the door is an obsolete figure of speech, that you'd find a whole slue of merry, carefree people hell-bent on getting the most fun out of life. But no! In Hollywood there is more worrying to the square inch than any other place in the world. When a Glamor Girl finishes her picture, instead of relaxing and being gay she begins to worry over her next picture, and if she's slipping, and that nasty review in the *New Yorker*, and the box-office poll in the trade papers, and that blonde hussy on the lot who's getting more money than she is and who doesn't know the first thing about acting! Contracts, agents, options, producers, scripts, clothes, "Gone With the Wind," publicity, popularity, radio, television, technicolor, Simone Simon, pictures, pictures—there're a million things to worry about and the boys and girls of cinema-land don't miss a one of them. With the world as their glorious playground they'd rather sit at home and grouch. Of course there are a few exceptions, glory be; there are a few demented souls who refuse to believe that careers and pictures are the most important things in life. Yes, I know at least four crazy people who scoff at sacred Hollywood traditions: Miriam Hopkins, Irene Dunne, Clark Gable, and Freddie March.

Miriam, Irene, Clark, and Freddie without a doubt have more fun than any of the stars in Hollywood; they have reduced worry to its lowest common denominator; they have learned the secret of successful living; they have caused me to bite my nails in silent envy. While all the other constellations are sitting about on their *derrieres*, (as we say in Paddis), grouching and sulking, those four have the nerve to go cavorting around having fun. They are the charter members of the *Hedda Gabler* "vine-leaves-in-his-hair" club. I resent them bitterly.

Now of course this matter of having fun has all kinds of angles. Woody Van Dyke, the popular director of hit pictures, recently gave out an interview in which he said, "After I accumulate another hundred grand in the bank I'll work only enough to earn as much money as I am able to spend. I'll throw parties, and push ladies in mink coats into swimming pools if I feel like it, and buy them new coats to



Irene Dunne, above, hops a train for New York, and has the time of her life in the social whirl, leaving others to their morose mooning over contract and picture problems, between films. Left, below, Gable steps into his sports car and steps on it to make speed for some fun when he's not needed at the studio.



replace the ones I ruined. And I'll break up pianos if I feel like it, and replace them too. In fact, I'll have fun!"

Now pushing ladies in mink coats into swimming pools may not be your idea of fun; it doubtless isn't Irene Dunne's idea of fun; but in this article, (if I may so dignify it), I shall not go about straining at gnat wings, or quibbling over what's fun and what isn't; I shall simply settle the whole thing by saying fun's fun. So there.

Miriam, as I said before and probably shall again, is the star I envy most. Maybe it's because Miriam's idea of fun and life is pretty much the same as mine. I can't imagine anything finer than doing what you want to do, when you want to do, where you want to do it, and as you want to do it. And that's just what Miriam has been fortunate enough to do so far. In the first place Miriam candidly admits that as a place to live Hollywood is the bunk. She grants that it is the perfect place to make pictures, but when the (Continued on page 96)





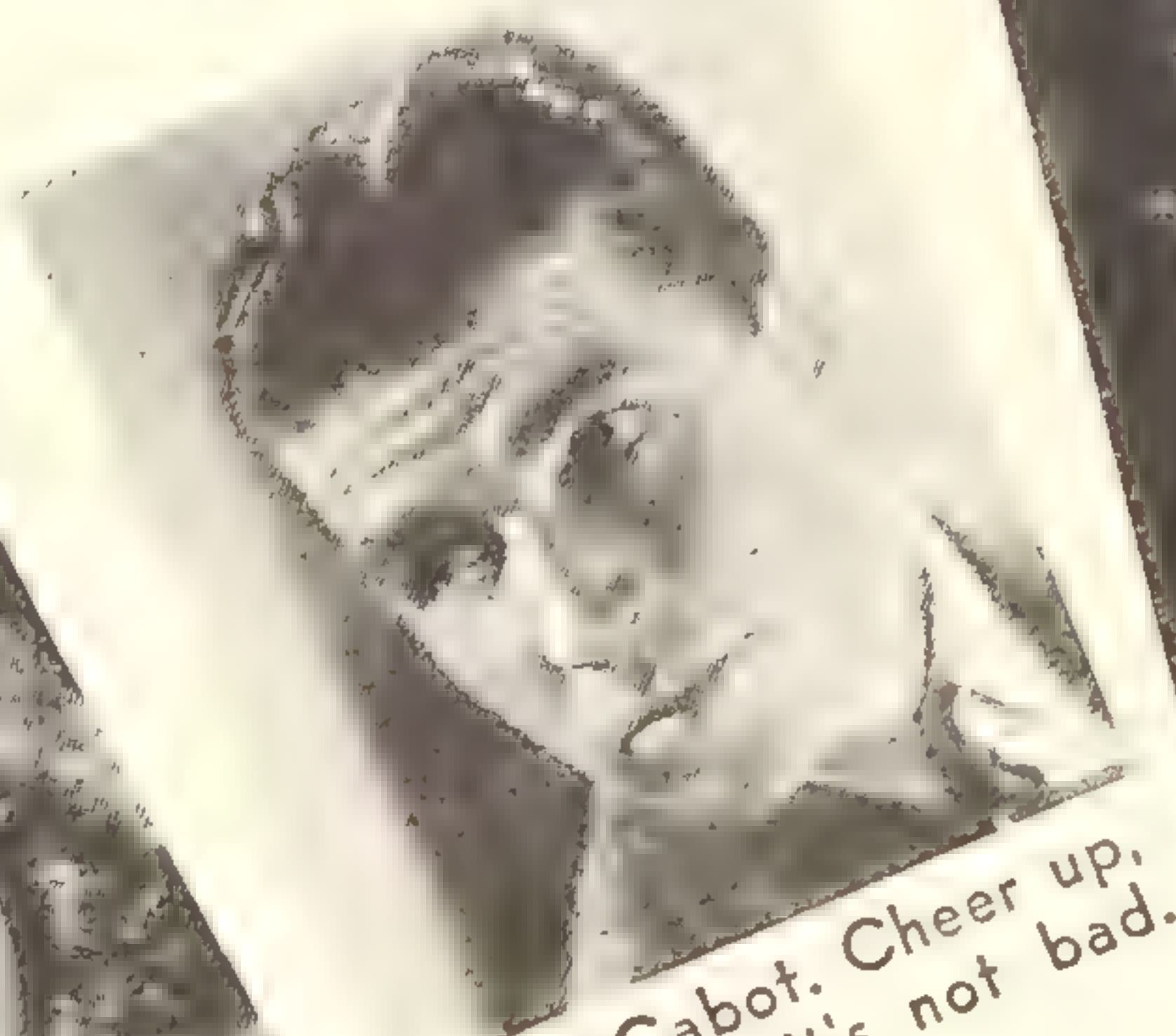
Loretta Young—beauty must be served flowers.



Medals and



Jean Harlow goes right on being very popular.



Bruce Cabot. Cheer up, old chap, it's not bad.



Eleanore Whitney just can't believe it's so.



Richard Arlen is one of our honored guests.



John Barrymore. Don't miss this presentation.

Cheer and jeer leader Mook again reviews the star parade. Remind us to send your hisses or hoorays, if any, to the author

"WELL, strike me pink," as Eddie Cantor would say. Here it is the first of a new year and time for the fifth annual award of medals and birds. My spirits mount and the lethargy that has gripped me for, lo! these many months disappears like mist before the sun as I notice the icebox full of birds, my strong-box full of medals, and the hothouse full of flowers. Hew to the line, I always say, and let the heads fall where they may.

The first award of the year—the bed of tiger lilies—goes to Barbara Stanwyck because she is so regular and because she has staged the most smashing come-back of anyone in pictures this past year.

The first medal of the year goes to Richard Arlen because he is still the most regular fellow I know, because he is the most unselfish actor I have ever met and because he has just finished his first big starring part—"The Great Barrier."

The yellow tea roses go to Joan Blondell and Dick Powell because they are among the most devoted parents in Hollywood, because they have stayed right at the top, because they still wear the same size hats they wore when they first entered pictures and because the awful beating they took from the New York press on their

honeymoon hasn't soured them. And that's an acid test.

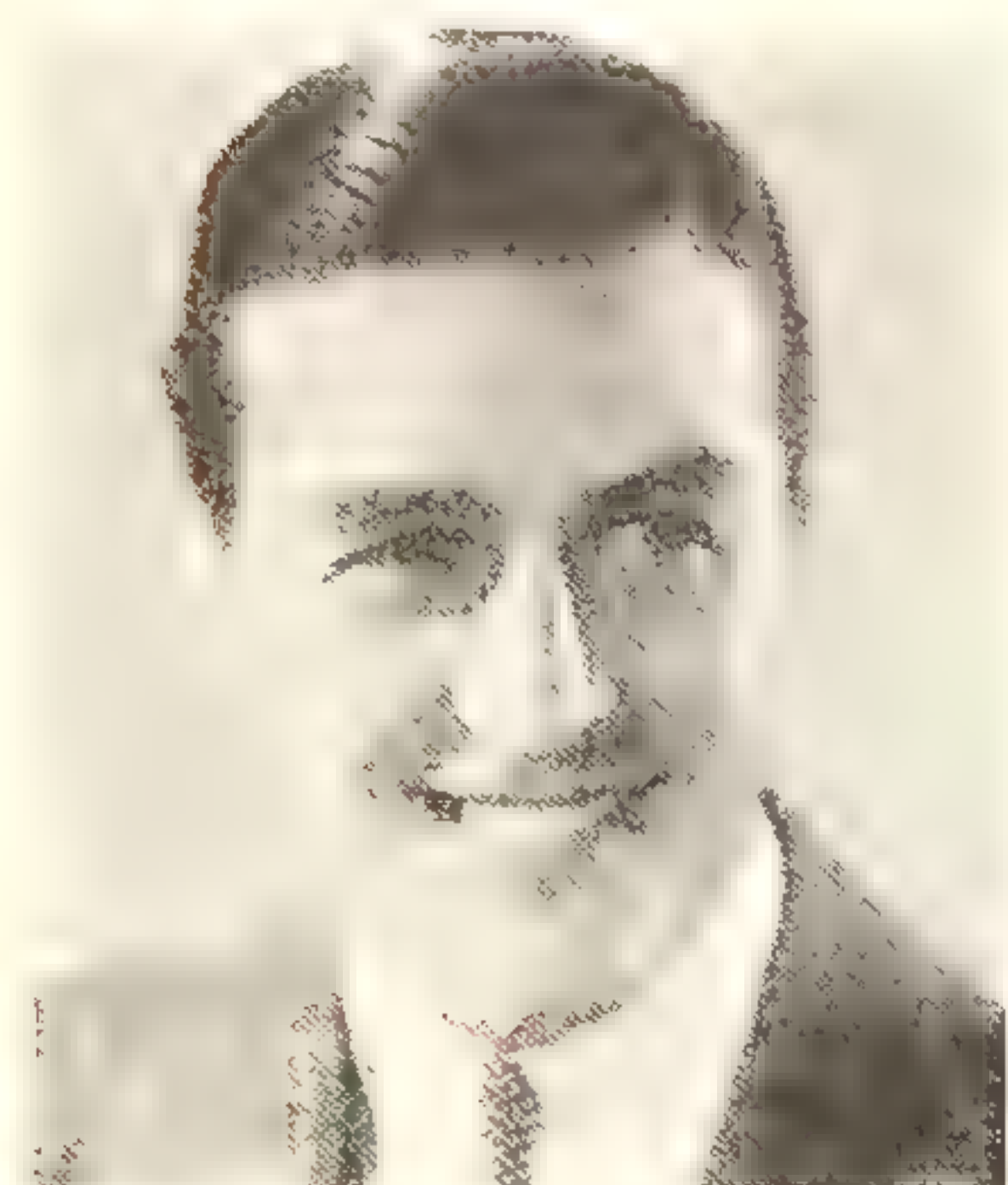
The violets go to Irene Dunne and Allan Jones for making "Showboat" the best musical I have ever seen; because Irene went on to additional triumphs in the hilarious comedy, "Theodora Goes Wild"; and because she is as ladylike, as quiet, and as unobtrusive as the day she came to Hollywood.

The second medal of the year goes to Frank Albertson because, to my mind, he continues the best juvenile actor in Hollywood, playing drama or comedy with equal facility, and for the superb performance he gave in "Alice Adams."

I know from fan letters in the past that much as I, personally, love handing out medals and bouquets, (who was that gave *me* the bird?), it's the razzberries that add zest to this masterpiece; so we might as well start cleaning out the icebox.

The first bird—but, naturally—goes to Katharine Hepburn because her antics still give me a pain in the neck and because I think she is a rotten actress except in a very few parts such as she had in "Morning Glory" and "Alice Adams."

And, just to keep his record in this department unblemished, a bird to Warren William because I think he



Ray Milland deserves the break he's getting.



Rosalind Russell must take a very nice bow.



Ever see him dance? A Medal for Buddy Ebsen.



Betty Furness. Anyway, it's publicity, Betty.



Gregory Ratoff. Can't find gold in silence.

with Romance!

William Fox

Spencer Tracy



Remember the Powell-Tracy scrap, above, from "Labeled Lady"? Below, Bill with Myrna Loy in "After the Thin Man"—not at all romantic, gosh, no! Right, Spencer Tracy in his new film, "Captains Courageous," with Freddie Bartholomew, a real Tracy rôle.



actors who are not stars and many stars who are not good actors."

"That's telling it," murmured Spence, dropping three lumps into his cup.

"But in both cases," smoothly resumed Bill, "Colman makes good. There is every reason for his tremendous and lasting success. Ronnie fills the eye, he is gracious, and he is handsome. At twenty-five he was the ideal of young girls, and he can go on till he's fifty-five or more and still be their ideal. With him years don't matter. He gives the feeling of intelligence, fine character, and aliveness. Jovial, ingratiating, sympathetic, he at the same time has strength—iron and steel. Clark Gable is another romantic actor with terrific appeal. He is in a class by himself because he appeals to all classes. Rugged and essentially masculine, he is admired by women, and these same qualities win him the admiration of men and children. He has something the years can't change."

"Yeh," agreed Spence. "But it's men and children first with me. I'm afraid of women, honest I am. I can't figure 'em out. I don't know how to handle 'em. I think I ought to treat 'em rough, and maybe I do. But I'm just kidding 'em, and they think I'm the nerviest guy in the world. They don't know that all the time I'm scared stiff. Any woman who's looking for an easy mark can stop right where she is when she gets to me. I'm the prize set-up. It isn't that the beautiful women in the movies particularly bowl me over. In this business we live a life of glamor, and so we get used to 'em. But the modern girl is 'way ahead of me."

"We are nothing if not modern in pictures," reflected Bill. "A good thing, too, for the life of the screen actor today is not so transitory as it was in the silent days. Mere visual attractiveness alone was not lasting. Nowadays everything depends upon the depth of the individual man. As soon as he opens his mouth you get a slant on him. His voice means more than anything else. I would not have had a chance in the silent days as a romantic actor. Mind you," he put in defensively, "I'm not saying I am one now."

"Low bridge," warned Spence.

"But," went on Bill, "it was only when the talkies came in that even an approach to such a thing was at all possible for me. 'The Thin Man' helped me because it



flowed easily and we had a lot of fun doing it. I didn't regard Ziegfeld as a romantic figure, though there must have been romance in glorifying the American girl."

"Plenty," muttered Spence. "But speaking of romantic figures I never was cut out for one, no, siree! And I never could stand the mobbing that goes with it. Why, I wouldn't be in *his* shoes," throwing a sympathetic glance at Gable, "for all the tea in China. If women went for me the way they do for him I'd be afraid to go anywhere. But *he* goes everywhere and gets away with it. Not me! I'd be home with a dog and a chain on the door. And I'd have a siren rigged up right outside my bedroom window so I could sound an alarm the minute I saw a gal climbing (Continued on page 74)



The very name, Jean Harlow, is stimulating; therefore Jean, wise girl, chooses clothes which accent rather than emphasize her famous figure. First, left, clipped broad- and silver-flecked black ante-cloth suit, worn with black ante-lope hat. Above, black halo hat topping the Harlow smile and heaps of silver fox. Below, black velvet with coy taffeta ruffles!

SCREENLAND Glamor School

Edited by

Jean Harlow

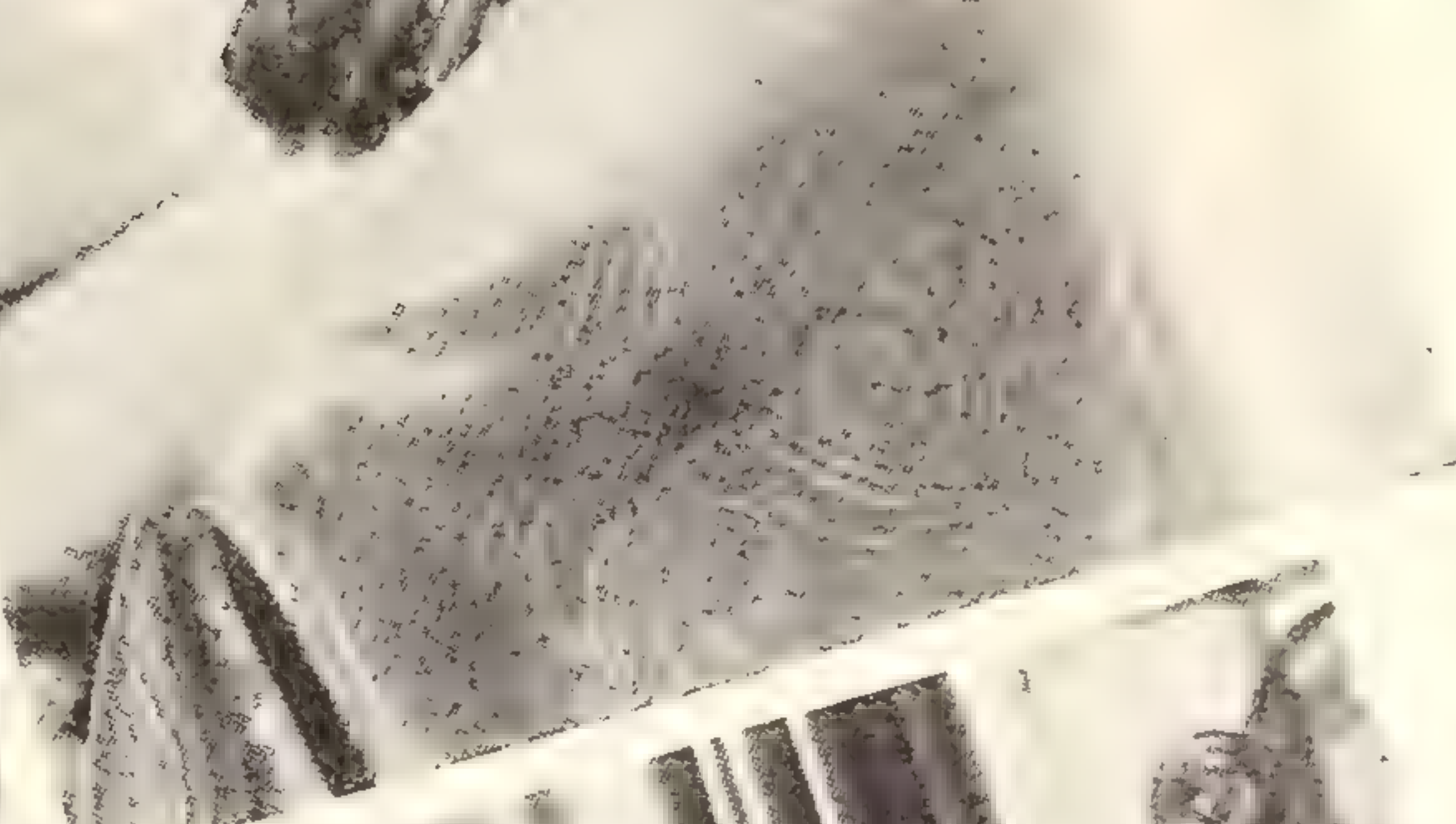
Hollywood's Honey Number One daringly selects an all-black wardrobe to accent her startling beauty. Here are style tricks to tantalize the imagination and compel the eye





Far left, one-piece black crepe afternoon dress with tiny rows of black fringe from high neckline to hem. Miss Harlow's high-crown black hat flaunts a flaring veil. Left, Jean's black lace evening hood framing her blonde beauty. The large picture below shows Jean's pet black wool frock, severely plain, but enhanced by fine silver fox. Her gloves and shoes are black suede.

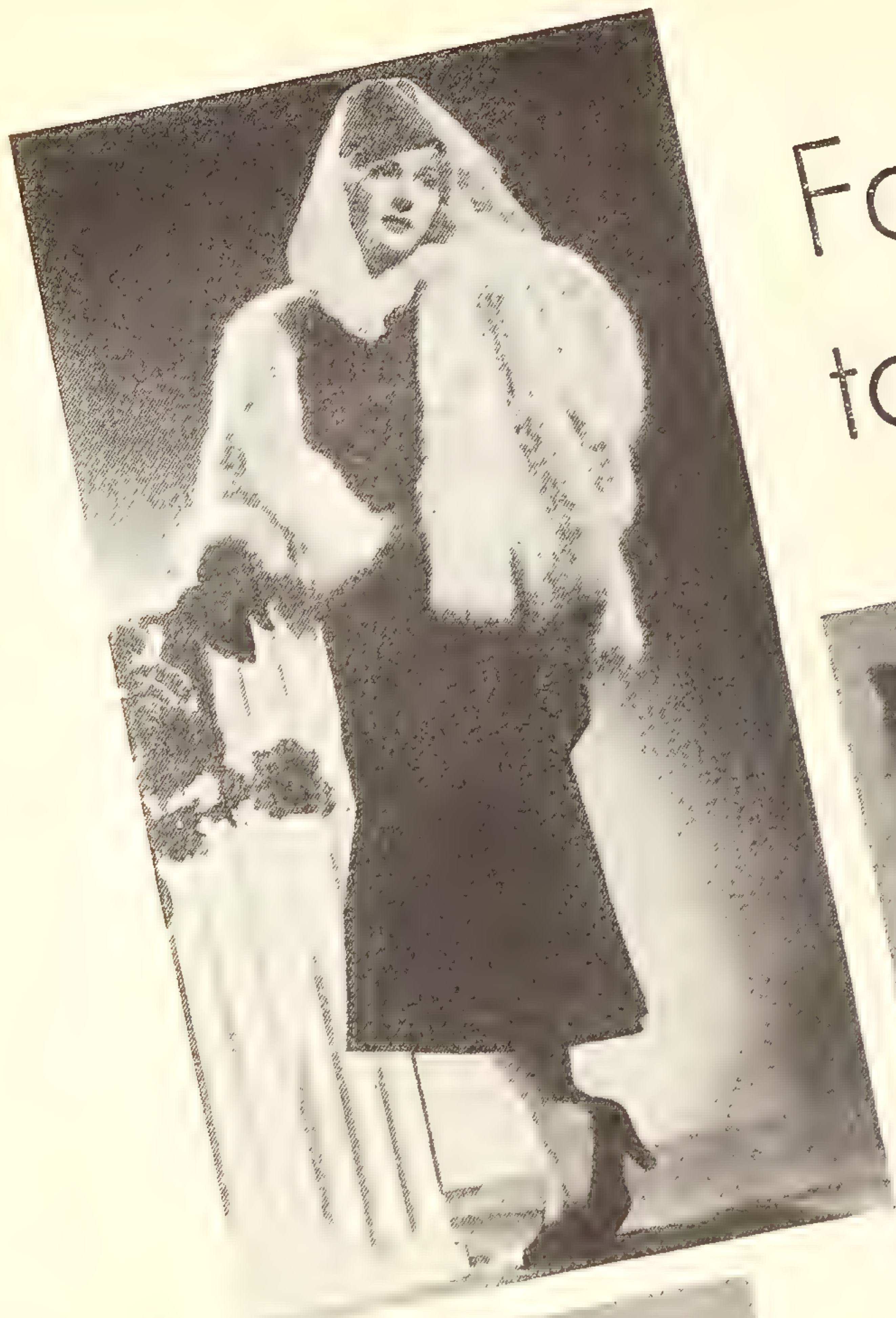
All photos of Miss Harlow made especially for SCREEN-GLAMOR School by Allan M-G-M.



Black hats are Jean Harlow's favorites, and this one is a particular pet, fashioned from two birds' wings, with a black nose veil. Jean departs for once from all-black with this rainbow sequin blouse—which, to be consistent, tops a black skirt.



Farewell to Winter!



The last furs of the season are sometimes more cherished than the first! Binnie Barnes, far left, wears a lovely, soft lynx cape. Wendy Barrie's profile, center, under a shining broadtail bonnet. Julie Haydon, above, with coat and hat of matched gray Persian lamb.



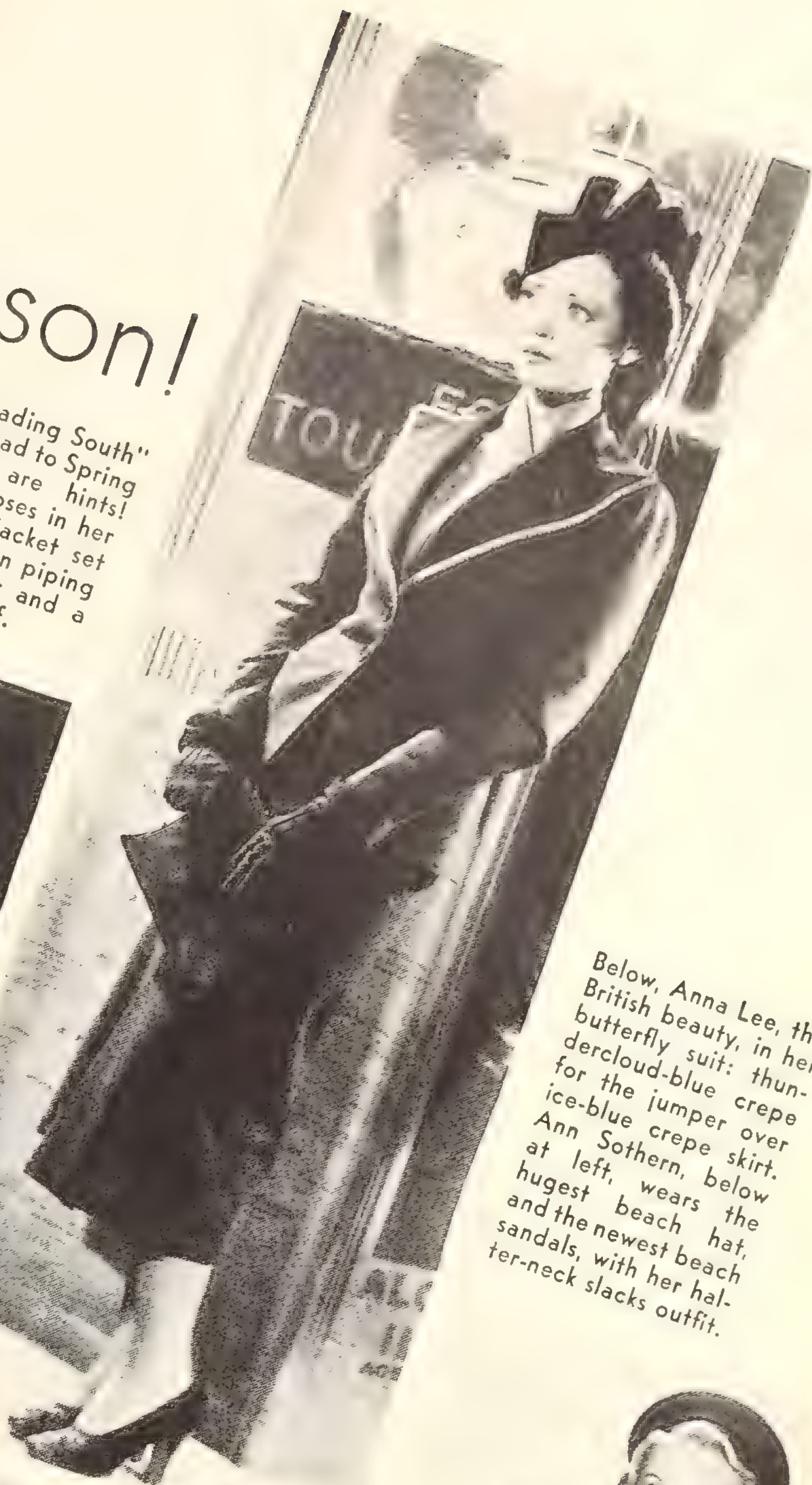
Joan Bennett, left, in her nutria ensemble: three-quarter coat, muff, and matching peak bonnet. Binnie Barnes, far left, wears a sleeveless coat of leopard, and leopard turban. Joan Bennett, above, goes from "little-girl" to "sophisticate" in this hat top-heavy with monkey fur.

Hail the New Season!

Whether you're "heading South" or merely looking ahead to Spring and Summer, here are hints! Sylvia Sidney, right, poses in her new wool tailor, its jacket set off with lemon and brown piping around lapels and collar and a matching wool scarf.



Wendy Barrie, above, in a new butterfly print in soft blues and white. Anne Shirley, center, prefers red collar and trimming of her white silk frock.



Below, Anna Lee, the British beauty, in her butterfly suit: thundercloud-blue crepe for the jumper over ice-blue crepe skirt. Ann Sothern, below at left, wears the hugest beach hat, and the newest beach sandals, with her halter-neck slacks outfit.





The Greeks invented the costume, but Hollywood found Harriet Haddon, our headline holder, left, to give classic lines a dash of modern glamor.

Views and news of
life behind the screen

By
Weston East

ACCORDING to her friends, Marlene Dietrich will not return to Hollywood until after the first of the year. And when she does come back to resume her film career, she'll leave daughter Maria behind her, to be installed in an English school. Up to the present time, Maria has never attended a regular school, having received her education at home under the supervision of a tutor.

HUGH HERBERT claims he has the only real ranch in all of southern California. He boasts that on his twelve acres in the San Fernando valley he not only raises goats, hogs, chickens, geese, turkeys and cows, but goes in for making his own butter. And believe it or not, the ranch is actually producing in a big way a large crop of peanuts each year!

POOR Julie Haydon is wondering just what jinx has been pursuing her ever since her advent into motion pictures. After her splendid performance in Noel Coward's "The Scoundrel," she was brought to Paramount under contract. During the course of her stay at that studio, she drew nothing but unimportant rôles. Then Julie's hopes were raised to the nth degree when Irving Thalberg signed her at Metro. Followed his sudden passing and with it the entire re-making of "Maytime," which eliminated Julie from the cast.

BARBARA STANWYCK and Robert Taylor, contrary to a recent radio broadcast report, will not marry. They continue to be good friends but nothing more. That diamond ring, supposedly a gift from Taylor, Barbara has been wearing for the last five years. Incidentally, Barbara is the first Hollywood woman actually to go in for horse-breeding as a career. She has already started importing some fine specimens of horse flesh and they are to be groomed for the coming season at the Santa Anita track.

THE rumor that Norma Shearer will make no more pictures seems to have very little foundation. Norma's close friends are of the opinion that she is much too active to give up her career and that she's simply resting and trying to recuperate from the shock of Irving Thalberg's passing. Perhaps Norma will return to the screen in "Pride and Prejudice," which Thalberg bought for her.

DROPPED in at Carole Lombard's dressing-room the other afternoon and found a heavy conference in session between Carole and her director, Mitchell Leisen. Just as they were leaving to go to the music department for Carole's daily singing lesson, Leisen phoned his secretary.

"Send over a lot of white flowers for Carole's dressing-room," he ordered. "There's not a flower in the place and it's gloomy as hell!"

And in case you're bothered, this is *not* a romance. Mitch and Carole have just been awfully good friends over a period of years and he's one of those thoughtful people who remembers to *send* those flowers.

FRANCIS LEDERER and Margo like each other so much, they spend practically every evening together going to plays, movies, concerts, etc. And the funny part about it all is that it isn't love! Margo, as is pretty generally known, never goes out with a man unless she's chaperoned by some member of her family or a close friend. It's just an old Mexican custom. But Francis seems to love the idea and sometimes takes as many as eight of the family to see some new play or picture.



Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald renew their romancing and lend their vocal artistry to the music of "Maytime," and theatres of the land get ready for crowds.



"We are friends." So said Francis Lederer and little Margo, fellow visitors from Hollywood on vacation in New York recently. What, no romance?

THE real reason behind George Raft's split with Paramount is that George, who is a very sensitive person at heart, refused to play the rôle of a man who pushes the women and children aside to rush into a life-boat during a storm at sea. George feels very strongly on the subject of the type of person he portrays on the screen. It isn't that he wishes to always be a hero, but he rebels at the idea of being a cad, on or off the screen. P. S. George and Paramount have made up their differences, but George will *not* do any baby-pushing.

ROBERT TAYLOR has gone the rest of the stars on the Metro lot one better. Half the lot has taken to riding from dressing-room to set on bicycles, but Bob has bought himself a midget motorcycle which holds one gallon of gas.

GEORGE BRENT has developed into probably the town's most retiring bachelor. Every chance he gets between pictures, he's off to a desert hideaway where he spends his days riding, reading, and relaxing in general. The only excitement he gets is an occasional tennis game at Palm Springs.

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S been out dancing again with Norman Krasna. They dined and danced the other week at the Trocadero—just before the town's favorite rendezvous closed down for alterations. Sylvia was looking slim and lovely in a dinner dress of red and black, the upper half of dull red crepe and the skirt of the same material in black.

INCIDENTALLY, that new contract Bob Taylor just signed with Metro will pay him better than three times what he was formerly getting!



John Barrymore, who cuts a romantic figure off as well as on screen, in make-up for his rôle in "Maytime."



Lili Damita and Errol Flynn announced they would separate, then renounced such intentions, and arrive by plane to vacation together in gay Manhattan.

PAULETTE GODDARD, dining at the Café La Maze, displayed a gorgeous compact of platinum, set with tiny charms of precious stones, including a small figure of Charlie Chaplin, done in diamonds and emeralds. It's a gift from Charlie, needless to say.

ROCHELLE HUDSON staged a welcome home party for her former hairdresser, Hazel Rogers, at the Assistance League the other noon. Her present hairdresser and wardrobe girl were also invited. At each place at the table, the girls found attractive gifts from Rochelle.

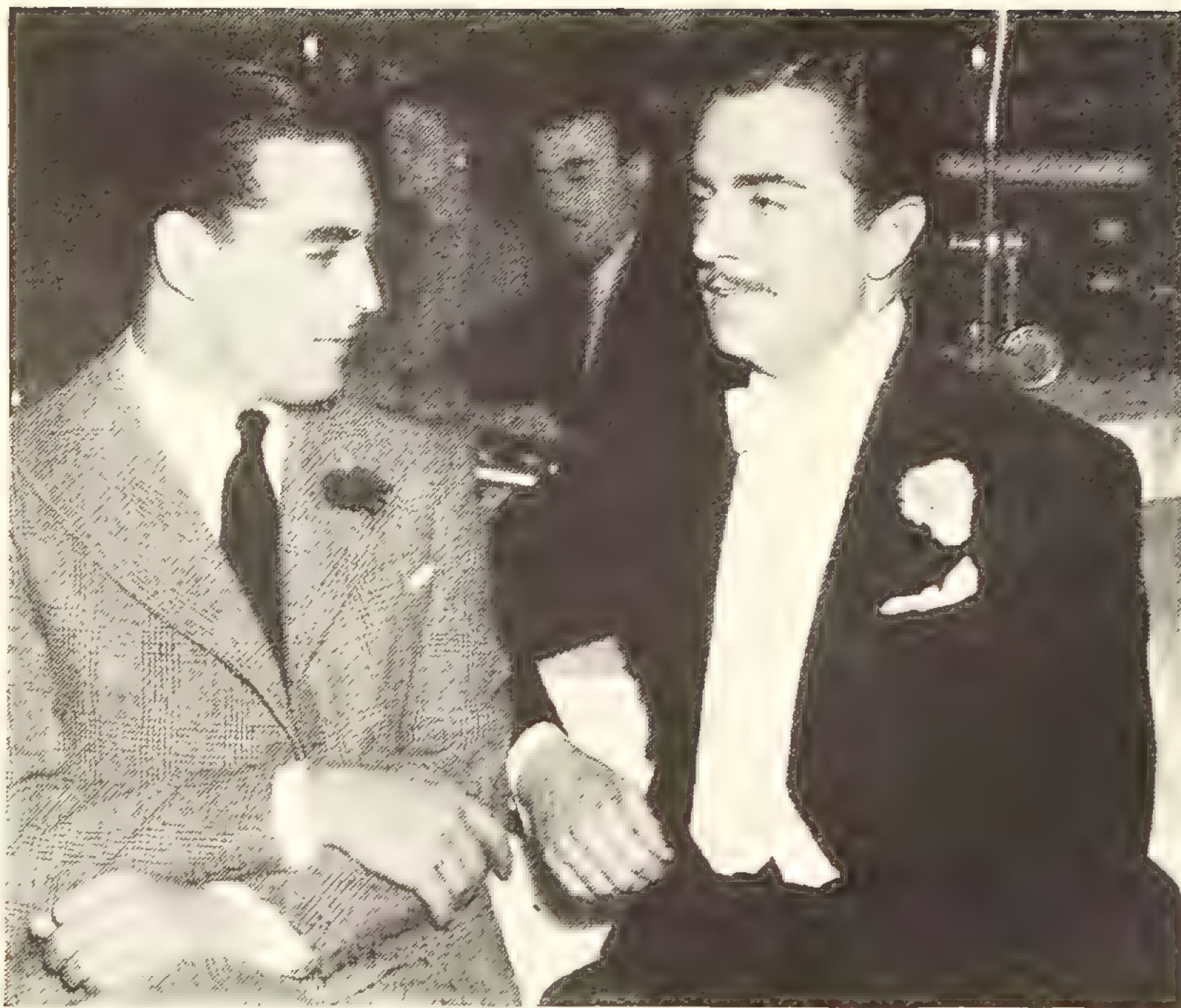
THAT square-cut diamond and ruby ring Jean Harlow's wearing was *not* a present from Bill Powell. Jean bought the diamond for herself and the ruby was a present from her mother.



Grace Moore gives Cary Grant expert criticism of a work of art, but Cary seems more interested in her eyes than his oils.



W. S. Van Dyke, host, and Elissa Landi, Myrna Loy, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., James Stewart and Nelson Eddy, guests, swing it.



The Earl of Warwick, screen-named Michael Brooke, is in training to become a screen actor, gets tips from Bill Powell. That's smart, Mike. Get your tips from the tops.



Lily Pons is seen telling reporters at Newark Airport she will marry Andre Kostelantz, orchestra conductor, who stands at the star's right, and smiles triumphantly.

ANNE SHIRLEY almost cried the other day when she had to give up the little Ford coupé which was a bonus gift from the studio last year. It was the first and only car Anne had ever driven and there was a good deal of sentimental value attached to it, as far as she was concerned. But came the day when it wasn't running so well and Anne was obliged to trade it in for a newer car.

DICK POWELL looks forward to those evenings when he and wife Joan Blondell spend an evening at home. That is, when she's not working. Fact of the matter is, Joan dashes home and cooks up a mess of his favorite vegetables and a big, thick steak with her own lily-white hands. And loves doing it, too!

ALL those packages that arrive every day at the studio for Luise Rainer are books. And the sender is none other than Clifford Odets, the playwright, who is in New York. And they say that the shy Luise is *definitely* interested!

CONTRARY to reports, Clara Bow is not expecting another visit from the stork, although she wishes she were. Since her retirement from pictures a few years ago, Clara and her husband, Rex Bell, and their young son have been living very quietly on their Nevada cattle ranch. And they're *very* happy.

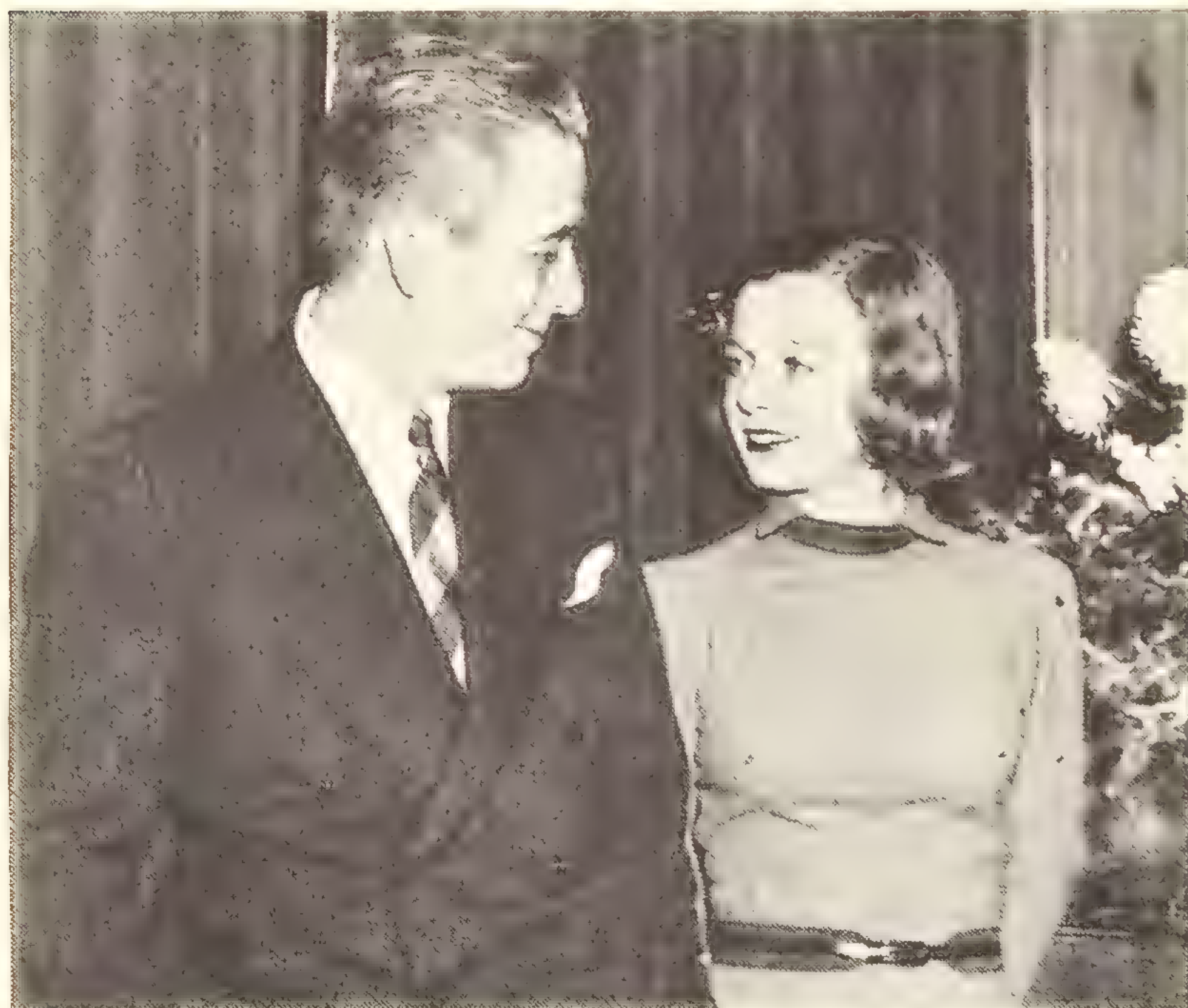
JOAN CRAWFORD appeared at the broadcast station for her appearance in "Elizabeth the Queen" looking like a million dollars, dressed all in black and displaying something new in the way of costume jewelry. It's a gold set, studded with precious stones, comprised of a large gold pin, two buckles, and a clip. The buckles can be separated and worn as two pieces.

THE very day Margo was released from her contract at RKO, she received offers from three other studios! Her next deal will be on the basis of two pictures a year with permission to do a play each season in New York.

JANE WITHERS solved a very weighty problem for her mother a short time ago when she decided that the only practical bell to install in the patio of their new Brentwood home was a cow-bell! After trying out several types of bells, it was discovered the cow-bell was the only one that could be heard in the rear of the house, so this old-fashioned bell now adorns the front gate of the Withers' modern home.

HELEN MACK, looking lovelier than ever since the arrival of her baby, is playing her first film rôle since she retired a year or so ago. She's opposite Chester Morris in "I Promise to Pay."

HAVING failed in his efforts to rent his boat to the studio for the filming of "Coast Patrol," Preston Foster has decided to use the cruiser as a dressing-room during location scenes. It's anchored just off San Pedro harbor and Preston returns there at the end of each day to spend the night.



Margaret Sullivan and her husband Leland Hayward. What screen-goers want to know is: when will Margaret return to films? She is now starring on the New York stage.



Line forms on the right! Alice Faye, Robert Young, and Allan Lane, Shirley Temple's cast-mates in a "Stowaway," seem to be lining up to greet the little star. That's popularity!

Clean-Up for Beauty!

Some of the prettiest faces in Hollywood are washed with soap and water as an essential step in beauty care.

By Elin Neil

To wash or not to wash is a question Mary Carlisle solves by using plenty of soap and water on her face! Mary's lovely complexion proves her answer is right.



ONE of the prettiest young actresses in Hollywood is Paramount's Mary Carlisle. And I'm willing to wager she'll keep those good looks because she takes care of her complexion the sensible way!

Mary isn't afraid to wash her face with soap and water. Orchids to her for that! The very first rule for complexion beauty is thorough cleansing. And a good lathering with soap and water is beneficial to every type of skin if you know how to do it.

I don't believe in being a "sissy" about your complexion. Even if you have the delicate kind of skin that makes people think of pearls and Dresden china, it needs soap and water, at least occasionally, to keep it healthfully clean.

Of course, you must be careful in your choice of soap, just as careful as you are when you choose your creams and make-up. There are mild beauty soaps that are kind to every type of skin, whether it's oily or dry or simply average. Use one of these, so you won't be subjecting your skin to harsh, drying alkali which strong soaps contain.

I'm strongly in favor of using a complexion brush as it works the lather into your skin more thoroughly than your fingertips can do it. Besides, it brings up healthy circulation at the same time it helps cleanse. So you are actually getting two steps of your beauty treatment in one.

Then, when you've finished that soap and water lathering, rinse your face in clear, cold water. Cold water is an excellent astringent. It closes the pores and helps keep the texture of your skin lovely and fine. Get the habit of dousing your face with plenty of cold water when you wake up in the morning, too. It will help bring up color and it's gloriously refreshing.

The most important thing soap and water do for your face is to get all the dirt out of the pores so they won't be clogged with impurities that form blackheads, whiteheads or ugly blemishes. And it helps keep the texture fine by preventing pores from distending the way they'll do if they're allowed to stay clogged.

Now I've told you how to use soap, a brush and ordinary water for the three most important steps in a beauty treatment for every skin. That isn't the entire story.

Most of us use make-up. You should always remove make-up from your face before you wash it. The best make-up remover is a good cleansing cream because it mixes with the powder, rouge, etc., so all come off together on your cleansing tissues or towel. If you wash your face first, the heat from the water drives the make-up deeper into your pores. So my advice is cream to remove make-up and surface dirt, then soap and water for deep pore cleansing.

What I've told you so far is good for every type of skin. Of course, there are special conditions that need special beauty care. The oily type of skin should be washed with soap and water every day. The best time is just before you go to bed at night because then you'll be leaving your pores clean and free to breathe while you sleep. If you need a healing preparation to clear up blemishes, apply it only to the broken out spots at night. Instead of using a regular foundation cream in the morning, use one of the medicated acne lotions or creams in a flesh tone. This will help hide the blemishes at the same time it heals and prevents the spread of infection.

Dry skin, especially if it's subject to blackheads and blemishes, should be washed with soap and water at least twice a week. Smooth a film of lubricating cream over your face and neck afterwards, and leave it there for 15 or 20 minutes. Then rinse (*Continued on page 78*)

Five Hollywood Wives

Continued from page 29

were to seek the glare of the spotlight.

I said: "For instance?"

"For instance," she repeated, (and after that remark I was convinced she was not only one of the most attractive but one of the wisest Hollywood wives I'd ever met), "Hollywood is not always kind to the too-prominent private-life wives of well-known actors. I am frequently amazed at the intimate bits of information printed about women whose connection with Hollywood is merely by marriage. I have thought: 'But why should these facts be brought out in print? This woman is not a professional. Even if her husband is a player, director, or star as the case may be, she is certainly entitled to her privacy.' But, apparently, that is not the case with wives who permit themselves to become too prominent in the Hollywood scene.

"I have such simple tastes it would annoy me exceedingly to find my liking for wearing slacks, or doing my own marketing, or calling for the children at school to be analyzed in print as proof that the Hunters were just too, too eccentric!" She laughed gaily. "To be quite frank, I shouldn't like to find myself analyzed in print at all!"

I mentioned that there were many Hollywood wives who would like to achieve her complete isolation from the spotlight, but they had not been as successful, and suggested that she pass on her recipe for having a private life of your own even though married to a Hollywood actor.

"The recipe is really quite simple in our case. It merely amounts to mixing a large reluctance for appearing in popular Hollywood gathering places with a very small circle of English friends who feel the same way we do. Then add two growing boys who take so much of your time and attention you couldn't very well go social even if you wanted to; and oh yes, there should be a gift for dodging candid cameramen at previews who want you to pose cheerfully in that unbecoming hat you are wearing with your husband—and there you have it!"

"Then you don't believe this legend of the Hollywood wife being the social mentor of her husband's career is particularly important?"

She shrugged slightly: "I can't believe that any factor is particularly important to an actor's career except the work he does on the stage or screen. Owning a big house in Beverly Hills, driving a conspicuous automobile, entertaining lavishly and being seen with the 'right people' in the 'right places' seem to me to be the most childish legends of Hollywood fame.

"When we first came here we took a house in Beverly principally because it was the only place recommended to us, and we knew no other. It was quite intolerable. Ian could not stand the period furniture, the boys were miserable because I made the six cats and four dogs remain outside, and the shops and the markets were much too high, chiefly because they were located in the movie center. And so we found *this* place."

She indicated the large, but perfectly plain living-room with the huge fireplace at one end, the deep chairs and wide tables. Comfortable as it was, it was far from elaborate. Enormous windows gave a three-way view of the ocean and the beach houses below on the sand. On a broad expanse of wall, where most Hollywood actors exhibit their etchings, were some family pictures in frames, including one of

a young English girl and a dignified young man, taken apparently just after their wedding.

Casha Pringle and Ian Hunter were married almost twelve years ago in London during a time when they both had short vacations from the plays they were currently doing. Yes, the pretty Mrs. Hunter was formerly a stage actress, though she has had no desire to return to her career since their marriage. Perhaps the arrival of their first son, Jolyon, had a great deal to do with that decision; and then three years later, when Robin was born, the problem of raising two husky boys was



Margot Grahame wanted her Scottie to steal this scene, which Janie nearly did, by being nonchalant.

too much of a responsibility to allow her even to think of it again.

"And then I realized that Ian's career was much more important than mine. He was doing so well on the London stage, and then later in British films. Two years ago he was offered a contract to come to Hollywood for one picture to be made at Warner Brothers. We expected to be here about six weeks or two months at the longest. But here we still are!

"Perhaps that feeling of impermanency has also had a great deal to do with the fact that we have not made a large circle of friends here, excepting a few British writers and actors we knew in London. I don't think we have ever quite recovered from the feeling we are living in suit cases, and that we might be off again at any moment. Even after Ian signed his long-term contract it seemed we were continually vacationing between films, running off on a boating trip, or motoring up to Yosemite or Arrowhead.

"That is one of the real joys of being a private wife in Hollywood. There is no career of your own that interferes with your plans and the happy times you spend together. It has made our family life so very close. We Hunters are like a small clan—where one goes so go the rest of us. We enjoy doing so many things together—the four of us, such as tennis and boating

and football games. The boys and I are quite content to leave the movie career to Ian and share our best times away from Hollywood."

I said: "Then you don't believe in a wife assuming an active part in her husband's career?"

"Oh, but I do!" she protested. "To me, there is a great deal of difference between an active partnership in a career and in sharing the spotlight together. For instance, I am Ian's secretary, and quite a good one, he is gallant enough to tell me. I answer all his fan mail and make sure he gets the most interesting letters. I make his business appointments, get him to the tailor's and the dentist's regularly. I manage the house, market, and fetch the children to and from school. I call that quite an active schedule, even if it isn't a glamorous one!

"Our household," she replied in answer to my question, "is not an involved establishment. We have two Filipino boys, one who cooks and the other who is a house-boy; then a governess for the children, a perfectly marvelous Scotch woman we found here. We both drive our own cars—thus doing away with the services of a chauffeur. When we need a driver," she laughed, "the house-boy serves with merely a slight change in uniform.

"Our day begins very early in the morning. I've never been a late riser and I should be bored having breakfast in my room when Ian and the boys are up and about downstairs. Ever since we've been married I've always breakfasted with my husband. It is a trivial point, but I think men really enjoy breakfasting with their wives, and after all a 'private wife' has no really good excuses for not pleasing her husband!

"Next on the schedule is driving the children to school, which I insist on doing. I feel so much safer delivering them myself and knowing they will be well cared for until I call for them again. I'm afraid I worry a little too much about the children, needlessly. But I can't help it, and Ian has told me I might as well give in to myself and worry about them in comfort.

"But after they are safely in the school building comes a part of the day I sincerely enjoy, and that is marketing. The markets here simply delight me. I have never seen such enormous ones, or so many of them. And they are so reasonable. I love to go through the vegetable and fruit stalls with my basket on my arm followed by the cheerful Japanese vendors.

"Naturally, our favorite dinner is roast beef, medium rare, with Yorkshire pudding, though we are rapidly becoming very Americanized in our appetites. Ian particularly likes Southern fried chicken—and oh yes, our favorite buffet after tennis games, consists of Chinese dishes which my cook prepares divinely.

"Week-day afternoons I am occupied answering Ian's fan mail, and Sundays we never plan to do anything except swim and play tennis. Someone once asked me if I didn't ever grow lonesome here in Hollywood, so far away from my friends. My answer to that is that I've never had time to find out! It really seems as though my days were busier and more crowded than Ian's—at least with a greater variety of activity. Strangely enough, I find him asking me all the things I have done at the end of a day rather than telling me about his studio work, supposedly so glamorous a subject of conversation. We seldom talk pictures. The boys are proud of their

father's movie career, but they are really much more impressed with his excellent back-hand stroke in tennis. And oddly, so are their friends that they bring home.

"When Ian is working we do not accept any invitations. When he is not working we spend the evening with friends, or reading, or taking long walks. Perhaps I should add we spend many of them just talking. Ian and I never seem to have enough time to do all our talking. We are inveterate conversationalists!"

"I said: 'If it isn't too personal a question, would you mind telling just what sort of financial arrangement you have for budgeting your household, and whether Hollywood's most private wife prefers an allowance for her personal account? Financial arrangements seem to be such a terribly important part of successful marriages in Hollywood or any place else.'"

Once again she exhibited that delightful sense of humor of hers when she said, "Don't you remember, I told you I was Ian's secretary! No, we have no budgets, no involved financial schemes for running the home. Each month a certain sum of cash is put into our joint checking account and we both use it at our discretion. I write most of the checks and pay most of the bills, chiefly because it bores Ian to be bothered with them. We've never even discussed the idea of budgeting food or clothes bills. As for a personal allowance—there is something much too like a salary connected with it to be my liking. While it seems unplanned, our financial scheme is really quite simple; merely buying what we can afford and paying for it when it comes due!"

Mrs. Hunter's eye was on the clock. It was almost time for her to be calling for the boys in school which was also my cue for my departure. She walked with me toward the door, a gracious, charming



The Mauch twins (their own mother can't tell 'em apart) present a problem in *Who's Who?* to Director William McCann. We think that's Bobby on the left. If we're correct about that, then that must be Billy on the right.

woman who is such a sensible and such a wise and happy wife in Hollywood where there are not too many of them, publicized or "private."

"I'm afraid I haven't given you a very interesting story of the problems of being a private wife in Hollywood, but it is really because I know so few of those problems, myself! We have been very

happy here. Hollywood has been kind and gracious to us."

Somehow I have the feeling the Ian Hunters who love to boat and swim and play tennis together, *the four of them*, would be very happy any place Fate chanced to send them. And I think Casha Hunter is a very important reason for that state!

Sensational Forecasts for the Stars

Continued from page 21

Crawford and Franchot Tone were born under conflicting Signs that bring about temperamental differences, they can overcome these afflictions if Joan exercises great care." Norvell says that if any star could outwit her astrological destiny Miss Crawford, with her indomitable will, is the one to do it.

"Claudette Colbert, born in the Sign of Virgo, will find her future even kinder than the past. There is a warning in her stars about her marriage. Claudette must beware lest her career interfere with her home happiness. If she listens to this message of her ruling star, she has nothing to fear."

All of which reminded me of Hollywood's favorite story about Norvell. It seems Adrienne Ames asked him over to her house, being sore in spirit and in need of "Cosmic Counsel," as his letterheads call it. Norvell was advising her to leave her husband: "Darling, why didn't you consult me before marrying the man?" he was saying to her sympathetically, when in walked Bruce Cabot. If you've ever seen Mr. Cabot glare on the screen, you will know in how many seconds flat, Norvell reached his Rolls Royce at the curb. Perhaps that is why Norvell does not dwell much on the divorce situation these days. But he has other bad news.

"Garbo will definitely retire this year. She was born in the brilliant and magnetic Sign of Virgo, which has inclined her life to mystery and mysticism. The fact that Mercury, her ruling Planet, has been afflicted, causes mental unrest and nervous

exhaustion. She will come back in later years to a waiting, eager public.

"Norma Shearer will not retire, as Hollywood expects. She has faced her greatest crisis and will come into better conditions in 1937. She will find new happiness and greater success than ever in her work.

"Janet Gaynor's star of popularity is waning, but artistically she has yet to reach full stature.

"Warren William and Warner Baxter face a bad year professionally. Their stars are in afflictions and their careers may be affected if not terminated.

"Mae West returns to the stage this year, her career in Hollywood having suffered setbacks from the mossbacks of censorship. She will return when the 'Holier than thou cycle' ends, as inevitably it will."

Several years ago, to test Norvell's prophetic powers, I asked him to name a completely unknown extra, who would win a definite place on the screen. He took out the charts of scores of extras and, after much deliberation, chose Michael Whalen, whose name was completely unknown to me. Last year, Norvell predicted great success for a star who hadn't even risen on the horizon—Jimmy Stewart. "This year shows the complete fulfillment of my predictions for Stewart. He will become one of the top-notch successes in pictures, and will even threaten the astonishing success of Bob Taylor."

Of players now comparatively obscure, Norvell predicts that Lloyd Nolan will rise to great heights in 1937 and will be considered one of the best bets in the Spencer Tracy down-to-earth type of acting.

"George Murphy of M-G-M, Craig Reynolds of Warners, Jeanne Madden, Julie Haydon, and Doris Nolan, will all be familiar names to you this year," Norvell avers.

"The most thrilling comeback of the year will be achieved by Richard Cromwell, who will surprise the producers and the fans, with a hitherto unsuspected talent."

That leaves only the blessed events. Norvell is considered an authority on this subject, and has often broken the news to the happy parents even before the columnists, let alone the parents themselves, suspected.

He was reading Evelyn Venable's horoscope sometime ago, when he astonished her with the news that she was to become a mother. She rushed to her doctor, who confirmed the report. The first person for whom she sent when the baby was born, was an astrologer to predict its future.

In 1937 Norvell sees "bundles of bliss" in store for Bing and Dixie Crosby, Fred and Lillian MacMurray, and Mr. and Mrs. Allan Jones. Congratulations, folks!

Save this story and check it next year. If Norvell's record is as good as it has been in the past, we'll be back in 1938 with flash news from the Cosmos!

Medals and Birds

Continued from page 59

it and said it was the first story ever written about him that had a grain of truth in it and showed him as he really is!

Joan Crawford gets the gardenias because she remains indefatigable in her efforts to improve herself and because her marriage has mellowed and softened her until she is the same girl every one knew and loved before she became a star.

Time out while I dash over to the doctor's. There's something wrong.—Later: My fears were well founded. He says I have too much sugar in my system. Well, that's easily fixed. We'll just drag out a few more birds.

One to Grace Moore because after all I've written about her horrible disposition on the set, she hasn't changed an iota. She's charming when you meet her socially but when you work with her—ah, that's a different matter.

A bird to Bruce Cabot because, although he is one of the handsomest men in pictures and *could* be one of the most popular, he'll never give himself a chance.

A bird to Janet Gaynor because she is the most self-centred and ungrateful girl I've ever heard of. A woman at Fox nurtured Janet's career as though it had been her own, wrote "thank-you" notes for her that Janet would never have had the common courtesy to write herself, and practically acted as her secretary—without pay. When Janet left the studio she not only failed to give her friend a remembrance, she hadn't even the decency to tell her goodbye. And I didn't hear it from the party concerned, either.

A bird to Gregory Ratoff because he is loud and uncouth and because he assumes an importance on the set out of all proportion to the rôles he plays—although he is a good actor.

Gosh! The sugar *must* have turned to vinegar by this time so I suppose it's safe to start gathering honey again.

The dahlias go to Billie Burke, Helen Westley, Alison Skipworth, Helen Broderick, and Mary Boland, because they are my favorite comedienne and because there is never any guess work about their performances. *They* know what they're doing.

The buttercups are for Jean Harlow because she has learned that the simplest things in life are best; because she is sincere; because when she found that many of the things she enjoyed doing didn't ap-

peal to Bill Powell, she gave them up; and because, glamorous and flamboyant as she is on the screen, she never tries to attract attention to herself at private gatherings.

A medal to Preston Foster because he is the most appreciative actor I have ever met, because he has turned in some fine performances this year, and because I always have a lot of laughs with him.

Take a bow, Miss Colbert, and send your truck around for the nasturtia. No kidding, Claudette, a girl who has come as far as you have deserves more but you see what I've already given away and my lumbago is bothering me so I can't go lumbering around to see what's left. Anyhow, there's nothing wrong with nasturtia—they're as colorful as you are.

A medal for George Brent because while most actors talk about not caring for the Hollywood whirl and eagerly accept every invitation tendered, George really shies away from parties; and because he manages to live his life as he pleases. (Come clean, George, what *do* you do when you're away from the studio?)

I can think of a dozen reasons for giving the American Beauty roses to Kay Francis—her sincerity, her sense of humor, her intelligence, etc.—but the fact that she is so beautiful seems reason enough.

There are reasons galore, too, for giving Gary Cooper a medal—his honesty, his sane outlook on life, his lack of loquacity, his good nature, etc.—but it seems to me that anyone who has developed into as fine an actor as Gary is doesn't need to have an award explained.

To Anne Shirley goes the bed of hollyrocks because they are as quaint and lovely as Anne and because she is my favorite ingénue.

James Cagney gets a medal pinned on his chest, because right or wrong, he has the courage of his convictions and it takes an awful lot of courage to stand behind your convictions when it's costing \$5,000 a week.

The giant chrysanthemums go to Rosalind Russell because of her performance in "Craig's Wife." She took a thoroughly repellent character and, instead of trying to sugarcoat her, turned in as fine and relentless a performance as I have ever seen, her work in this picture being right on a par with Shearer's in "Romeo and Juliet."

A medal for James Stewart because he

has made such strides in the year he has been out here, because he is one of my favorite actors, and because he is one of the picture colony's prize nuts.

The corn flowers go to Una Merkel because, and I've been saying the same thing now for five years, she is such a swell comedienne, because she is so sweet and unassuming, and because, without being a *Pollyanna*, she always has a good word to say about everybody.

Warner Baxter rates a medal because he goes on and on, because his draw never lessens and because in "The Prisoner of Shark Island" he turned in a performance second only to his memorable *Cisco Kid*.

To Rochelle Hudson go the peonies because she is so extraordinarily beautiful and because, although many people think her snippy, as far as I'm concerned she is still as sweet as she was the day I met her seven years ago.

Joel McCrea earns a medal—and how!—because he is under no delusions about his ability as an actor and because he lends a helping hand, (without people hearing about it, too), oftener than anyone I know.

Loretta Young gets the larkspur because she is one of the screen's outstanding beauties and because, although not a star, she still has the courage to stand up and fight for her rights when she doesn't think the parts assigned her fit her.

Ray Milland deserves a medal because I have been plugging for him since he played opposite Constance Bennett in "Bought" and because now that he's getting the breaks he's proving I was a good prognosticator.

Madge Evans and Claire Trevor can split the moonflowers between them because moonflowers are one of my favorite flowers and they are among my favorite people; and because, without being sensational, they are mighty good actresses and as regular as they come.

Buddy Ebsen gets a medal because, with all due respect to Fred Astaire, he is my favorite dancer and a grand comedian in the bargain.

Oh! You thought I was getting soft, did you?

A bird to Shirley Dean, ("The Jones Family" girl), because on a salary of \$75 or \$100 a week, she ritzes the extras. And for what?

Another one to Betty Furness because she gives me a pain where it is inconvenient having pains. She wears those idiotic hats, not because she likes them but for the publicity they bring. Maybe you're right at that, Betty. If you didn't get publicity that way it's a cinch you'd never get it from your acting.

And one to Mae West for insisting on being the whole show. In "Go West, Young Man," whenever she and Randolph Scott or Warren William are in a shot together the camera is always on Mae—and it stays on her until the scene is finished.

And a very fat, juicy bird to Simone Simon, (pronounced Simple Simon), because she glories in being temperamental and disagreeable and because after giving such a whale of a performance in "Girls' Dormitory" she turned around and gave one that smelled up the joint in "Ladies in Love."

Now that's off my chest we can turn our attention to the sweeter things in life such as, for instance, the bed of tulips which go unhesitatingly to Olivia de Havilland because she is so *un*actressy and, at the same time, is the best of all the younger actresses.



The technique of expert make-up as developed by screen stars, illustrated in a shot of Gloria Stuart touching up her lips before a mirror held by an assistant.

A medal to Fred Astaire for his superb dancing and because he has more class than any other actor on the screen.

The forget-me-nots are for Ida Lupino because she is the sort of a girl you don't forget. A good actress, a flaming beauty and—best of all—Hollywood's original screwball.

A medal for Franchot Tone because I like him, because he is a gentleman without obtruding the fact on your notice, and because he is such a swell actor.

The Sweet Williams go to Gail Patrick because I think she is the best informed girl in Hollywood, because she is so beautiful, and because she literally forced producers into recognizing her. Of the five "Panther Women" brought out here a few years ago, Gail alone has survived—and she had more obstacles to overcome than all the others put together.

A medal for Tom Brown because, next to Frank Albertson, he is the best juvenile in pictures; because he always comes clean with me and doesn't preface every remark with "Now don't print this," and because I get such a kick out of him.

The carnations are for Jean Muir because she is intelligent, because she is prettier with her hair its natural color than she was with it blonde, (which is saying a lot), and because if she hasn't dropped a lot of her—er—startling ideas she, at least, keeps them to herself now and really takes an interest in her picture work.

Henry Fonda rates a medal because he, too, gave such a swell performance in "The Moon's Our Home," (in fact, I liked everything about that picture, Mr. Wanger), and because he is just as screwy as James Stewart, which is reason enough for giving anyone a medal.

Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins can divide the bed of petunias because their friends all swear by them, (although I hardly know either of the ladies personally), and because they play such mean parts with such zest and relish.

Medals for Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray because there is no *chi-chi* about them, because they're pretty darned nice actors and mighty darned nice fellows.

The bed of water lilies I'll have to divide among Luise Rainer, Eleanor Powell, Lily Pons, Ginger Rogers, Ann Sothorn, Merle Oberon, Marion Davies, Joan Bennett and Madeleine Carroll for an assortment of reasons that lack of space prevents my enumerating. Suffice for these ladies to know the mighty Mook approves of them.

And medals to George Raft, William Powell, Nelson Eddy, Warren Hull, Chester Morris, Edward Arnold and Melvyn Douglas with a similar explanation.

That about cleans us up, except for a few odd birds lying here and there in the larder. We might as well get rid of them, too.

One to Jean Arthur because, despite the recognition accorded her as an actress this past year and despite all she has to be thankful for, she is developing into one of the most disagreeable people in town.

One to Charles Butterworth because, funny as he is on the screen, he's impossible off.

One to Francine Larrimore because, after waiting around on contract for a year without a picture, instead of being grateful for a chance when it's finally given her she's trying to run the whole show.

And the last one to Grace Bradley because she invited hundreds of people to a party and then tried to turn the whole thing into a publicity stunt for her own advantage.

And, now, wishing you a Happy New Year, I beg to remain, with good will towards all and malice towards none—who threw that brick?



When cold winds blow,
Vaseline is a true friend
to beauty.

EST you forget—we want to remind you to keep a jar of Vaseline handy when Winter is raging its battle against your beauty and comfort! Even if you don't go in for skiing, ice-skating, or tobogganning, your beauty is vulnerable when the thermometer is hovering around zero. You'll find Vaseline a staunch ally. We'll tell you a few of the things it will do for you. It will keep your lips smooth and un-chapped. Apply a little every night before you go to bed. It's fine for smoothing weather-roughened hands, keeping cuticle soft and preventing hangnails. It's first aid for chilblains. If your face and neck are wind-burned, you'll find it instantly healing. It's grand to soothe away those sore spots above the heel and to bring smooth softness to ankles that have suffered from exposure through thin stockings.

NOW that the gay social whirl is at its highest, you'll want to look your loveliest, night and day! So we're going to tell you about make-up that's both flattering and as natural-looking as today's fashion demands. It's made by Princess Pat.

Her rouge is actually two tones perfectly blended into one. The first tone matches the skin. The other gives the intensity of color you need to bring out all the beauty of your complexion, eyes, and hair. Whichever shade of Princess Pat rouge you select, you can be sure it will seem a part of you instead of looking like dye on an Easter egg. Her face powder, which is lovely and soft in texture, comes in shades that will harmonize with your skin tones. For instance, blonde skins are not pink and white but they have a hint of gold or pale

Femi-nifties

To Beauty
in Winter!



New Frederics Wireless Permanent makes hair look naturally curly.



For fingernail beauty—we give you F-O Nail Conditioner.



Enter Phillips' Milk of Magnesia creams for lovely complexions!

ambre in them, so the powder for blondes is blended accordingly. Lipstick shades are in complete color harmony with the rouge.

THINGS have been happening fast and furiously along the permanent wave line. We're enthusiastic about Frederics' new "Wireless Permanent." It's taken them a long time to perfect it but now we can't for the life of us see any room for improvement anywhere! You can have a Frederics Wireless wave in comfort. It feels cool. There's no cumbersome apparatus over your head. And the heating time has been cut down. The new Magic Shield provides absolute heat control through insulation. And, most important of all, this wave makes your hair look and act as if it were naturally curly!

WE HOPE one of your New Year's resolutions was to keep your fingernails in the pink of condition! A grand new aid to fingernail beauty is F-O Nail Conditioner. It has a softening, emollient action that keeps nails from being brittle and cuticle from getting rough or forming hangnails. It's absorbed when you rub it into your nails and cuticle so no feeling of stickiness remains. F-O Nail Conditioner may be purchased at five-and-ten-cent stores, and you'll find a wide array of liquid nail polish shades there, too.

BEAUTY news of the first importance is Milk of Magnesia in face creams! Away back in 1928 the Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Company started the research that culminated in a cleansing cream

and a texture cream that are startlingly different. Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream not only loosens and absorbs surface dirt and make-up, but also it neutralizes fatty acid deposits that collect daily on the skin. Your face feels wonderfully clean after you've used it. The Texture Cream, patted into the skin, actually does the work of a night cream during the daytime. Use is as a foundation. You'll love the way it holds your make-up in place so your complexion looks fresh for hours after you've put the rouge and powder on.

Why Dietrich Waited for Donat

Continued from page 27

the stricken Robert, Marlene worked on at the Denham studios making all those scenes of the old-time Russian drama in which the hero did not appear. Daily she telephoned the Donat home, giving sympathetic messages to Robert's gracious auburn-haired wife Ella, sending him fruit and masses of flowers, sometimes driving over herself to see the actor even though it meant missing certain of the brilliant social entertainments admiring London has been constantly holding in her honor.

Four weeks passed and every scene in which Robert did not play was finished, while he himself was still too sick to leave his home. Again Korda pleaded anxiously with his star and this time she compromised. "He has just begun to try a new treatment and the doctors say it will be another three weeks before they can tell if it is a successful cure. So let us wait just that time and if Donat is not well again by then, we will find another actor."

Thus production was stopped and Marlene took a holiday, her salary suspended meantime since the pause was her own wish. She shopped and motored in the daytime and appeared at the cinema almost every night. (She adores Mickey Mouse and Pop-eye the Sailor and her favorite star is Carole Lombard). Whilst Robert went to a hospital and spent sixteen hours every day shut up in a tiny room, with doors and windows sealed and a strange machine that is the latest wonder of medical science whirring beside his bed. It absorbs all the air and then passes it out again impregnated with secret chemicals so pungent even the nurse who operates it must be masked. But it proved a panacea at last.

When Marlene returned to the studio

Robert was there to greet her—"Our Knight Without Asthma" as Korda gaily declared. His gratitude to his fellow-star is deep and sincere for he knew how seriously his career would be affected if he had failed the public yet again. Commiserations he shook off with a smile. "Oh, we all



Marlene Dietrich enacts a scene with Robert Donat, leading man for whom she delayed production on "Knight Without Armor."

have our bad patches in life. They help us to enjoy the good ones." He is glad to feel comparatively strong again, though he is forbidden to smoke and still has to sleep with the machine in his room every night, nor can he go out to parties for at least another three months.

Robert's doctor wouldn't even allow him to go to the dinner given when Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Atwill arrived or the big cocktail party which Basil Rathbone held at the stately Pinewood Club before he returned to New York. The list of his guests reads like the visitors' book at the Brown Derby—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton, Frances Marion, Nigel Bruce, Charles Farrell, and Dietrich of course, wearing midnight blue velvet this time and a silver cap. Sally Eilers was there, telling everybody that her son is the most beautiful baby in the world and that she telephones him across the Atlantic three times a week. "I'm sure he recognizes my voice because he always gurgles back."

Also present was Wallace Ford, returned to his homeland because he was actually born here though he went to Canada aged seven. Our national attention to Tea-Time never fails to make him gasp and he nearly swallowed his cigar when he first saw tea being served in a cinema while the picture was in progress. Not to mention Constance Collier and genial Noah Beery and Roland Young, delighted with a new ivory addition for his famous collection of model penguins—he has over a thousand of them at his apartment in New York. The smallest will go inside a thimble while the largest is a ten-foot high effigy of a Polar King bird.

Down With Romance!

Continued from page 61

up the side of the house. On the level, I'm sorry for that guy. But I'm not envious; I guess it's better the way I am."

"It's the only way for all of us," Bill assured him. "We should follow our natural bent. I've tried to. At one time I wanted to be a caricaturist—maybe I am! But the fact that I had no talent for drawing taught me a lesson I'll never forget. One person has a sense of painting, another of music, and still another of writing, and the happiness he gets out of life comes from following that sense. I'm not saying he won't be unhappy if he has, or thinks he has, a sense of acting."

"Is an actor," I wondered, "ever happy?"

"It's just as possible for him to be happy," replied Bill tolerantly, "as it is for a plumber. But, after all, what is happiness?"

"If you're asking me," remarked Spence, "skip it."

"I don't think the level of human happiness varies particularly," blandly pursued the lunch-hour philosopher. "One man may have all the world's goods, health, keen enjoyment of the vital things of life such as food and comfort and women, and be happy with them. Yet another man may have these same things and be unhappy. The two are identically equipped with the ammunition of life, let us say, but they are entirely different. I doubt whether any-

thing comes from without so much as from within."

"I'll have another pot of tea, sister," Spence was moved to say to the waitress.

"In what have you found your greatest happiness as an actor?" I asked Bill.

"In the shower bath after my day's work," he promptly answered.

"And you?" to Tracy.

"In the cashier's office."

It was borne in upon me that neither was hopelessly sentimental about himself.

"And nobody could be sentimental about me," insisted Spence. "It's only about romantic actors that people get that way, and I've never figured myself as one. That goes for the studios. But if they ever asked me to play a regular lover—you know, 'Hearts and Flowers'—I'd tell 'em in a nice way to go jump in the lake."

"And there are some very nice lakes within jumping distance," recalled Bill. "There's nothing like having one handy when you feel like going overboard as a romantic actor. You might even have a disappointed actress more than ready to give you a swift push."

"I've never had a run-in with an actress in pictures," Spence was relieved to say. "All of them have been sympathetic. Of course accidents are bound to happen. There was that time in 'It's a Small World' when Wendy Barrie hit me with a plate—just a little home touch—and they had to take five stitches in this," pushing back

his hair and disclosing a white scar. "Then Harlow once gave me a black eye. Has that gal got a sock? I found out in 'Riff-Raff' when I was showing her how to handle her dukes. She meant to pull her punch, but overplayed her hand. That was okay with me, for there's a square shooter if there ever was one. In 'Libeled Lady' she did something for me that no one else had ever done, moved me physically around to put my face further into the picture, saying 'Get your mug in there, will you?' She's swell. This Loy gal, too. But when I first acted with her in 'Whipsaw' she had me scared. I didn't know how she'd feel about it. And what worried me most was kissing her. What a sap! When I finally got up nerve enough to go to work Myrna made it a pleasure."

"Kissing aside," said Bill, "who wouldn't worry in this business? I know I do. But it could be worse. If ever for a moment I considered myself a romantic actor I'd worry myself to a fare-thee-well."

"I wouldn't have time to say goodbye," calculated Spence. "They'd do it for me."

Just then a beauteous actress stopped at their table to say: "I've been wanting for so long to congratulate you both on your fascinating performances in 'Libeled Lady.' You were so romantic!"

To that last word of their discerning admirer Bill and Spence rose like trout to the fly and fairly sprayed her with a stream of gratitude.

Reduce Pores... Soften Lines



Miss Kathleen Williams: "A Pond's Cold Cream treatment makes my skin feel wonderful—just so fresh and invigorated. It smooths out little lines."

YOU'RE TWENTY...you're twenty-five . . . you're *thirty* or more!

The years slip by quietly enough. The things that tell it to the world are—little lines and—a gradual coarsening of the skin's very texture.

Coarse pores and ugly, deepening lines do more to add years to your face than any other skin faults. What causes them? How can you ward them off?

A Faulty Underskin—

Both come from a faulty underskin.

Pores grow larger when tiny oil glands underneath get clogged . . . Lines form when fibres underneath sag, lose their tone.

To keep these little glands and fibres functioning properly, you must invigorate that underskin. You can—with regular Pond's deep-skin treatments.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils. It goes deep into the pores, clears them of make-up, dirt, clogging oils. Then you pat more cold cream in briskly. You feel the circulation waken. Your skin tingles with new vigor.

THE *Lady Morris*

modern young aristocrat, says it's easy to have a lovely skin in spite of sports and a whirling London season. "I have learned that Pond's is the best way to avoid lines, roughness, or coarse pores."

Day and night—this thorough cleansing and rousing with Pond's Cold Cream. Soon cloggings cease. Pores actually reduce. Under tissues are toned, and lines smooth out. You look years younger!

Day and night—this simple care

Here's the simple treatment that hundreds of women follow, because it does more than cleanse their skin:—

Every night, pat on Pond's Cold Cream to soften and release deep-lodged dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. At once your skin looks clearer! Now rouse your underskin. Pat in more cream—*briskly*. The circulation stirs. Glands waken. Tissues are invigorated.

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking. Your whole face is brighter, younger!



Start in at once to give your skin this invigorating daily care. Get a jar today. Or, send the coupon below. It brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 7S-CB, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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Robert Taylor's Mother Talks!

Continued from page 33

them. He couldn't come to us to help him out. He'd have to answer for his own actions.

"There's no doubt that Bob's father exerted a great deal of influence on him as he did on other people. The doctor was loved and admired by everyone in Beatrice, Nebraska. No one ever heard him swear or lose his temper or criticize harshly. He was warm-hearted, good-humored, and generous. Bob worshipped him. I think it's his admiration for his father's fine qualities that is another reason for his being level-headed today.

"When I read in the paper of some boy getting into trouble, I feel it couldn't have been his fault. And he shouldn't be punished simply because he isn't as good as my son.

"My son had every advantage and opportunity in the world. He had parents who gave him a great deal of love and understanding. They instilled in him high ideals and a feeling of responsibility. We gave him whatever he wanted. He was only a little fellow when he got a bike, and then a horse. Later we gave him a car, a liberal allowance, and all the clothes he needed. We sent him to a fine college. He was denied nothing. Why shouldn't he have been a good child?

"I think that the fact he got everything he's wanted helps him today. He can't be spoiled just because he's getting *more* things. He's used to it. But he realizes, too, that he must make a return for what he gets—in hard work, in being honorable and generous, and in living up to what people expect of him.



International

Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, on one of their very frequent appearances at important film and stage premieres.

"Bob's religious training is another reason why he's level-headed. It gives him reverence for what's good and what's right. He was always active in Church and I hope that when his time permits, he'll take part in it again.

"Religion of some kind is necessary to keep you wholesome and steady. You'll find that the youngsters who were brought up in a religious home make the best people. That's why I hope Bob will marry a

girl who has this spiritual feeling."

Here I took the opportunity to ask Mrs. Brugh whether she'd like to see Bob marry today.

"Of course I would," she quickly replied. "I believe in early marriages. I was only 18 when I married and Bob's father wasn't much older. Young love has the high courage and idealism necessary to face the difficulties and adjustments of marriage."

Everyone knows that Mrs. Brugh admires Barbara Stanwyck tremendously—the lovely quilt she was making was for her—and so I asked whether she'd like to see Bob's friendship for Babs materialize into marriage.

"I'd never tell Bob whom to marry," she said, gay laughter in her voice. "If he came to me for my opinion, I'd advise him to marry the girl he loves. No mother has the right to tell her son what to do in so important a matter. He has to decide for himself.

"All I can say is that I'd like him to marry a girl with whom he could have a congenial companionship. I'd like her to be the kind who takes her marriage duties and obligations seriously, and who has a few old-fashioned ideas of raising a family.

"So many girls today are nonchalant about marriage. They don't care about building a home. They're merely looking for someone who'll take them on a merry-go-round through life. All they want is a constant round of good times and no responsibilities. I'm not surprised that so many marriages fail.

"Bob has very high ideals of marriage

STAN WOULDN'T WANT ME

**READ HOW
PIMPLES
ALMOST
RUINED
TINA'S DATE
FOR THE
PROM**

➔

HE'S MARVELOUS LOOKING... ISN'T HE TOO THRILLING- WHY-I-YES HE DID ASK ME-BUT I-I DON'T THINK I CAN GO NOW - I'VE GOT TO BE HOME -

AND HE'S ASKED ME DOWN FOR THE PROM NEXT MONTH-OH, TINA-YOU'RE GOING, TOO, AREN'T YOU - WITH STAN?

TINA DEAR, WHAT IS WRONG?

TH- THESE AWFUL PIMPLES- I JUST C-CAN'T HAVE STAN SEE M-ME LIKE THIS - THEY'RE HORRIBLE - HE'D HATE ME - I KNOW-

MY GOODNESS - WHAT'S GOING ON - WHO'S GOING TO HATE YOU TINA?

OH AUNT KATE, DO YOU KNOW HOW TO GET RID OF PIMPLES- JUST LOOK AT ME...

WELL - I HAVEN'T BEEN A NURSE 20 YEARS FOR NOTHING. FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WHAT YOU NEED CHILD. EAT 3 CAKES EVERY DAY - AND THOSE PIMPLES WILL CLEAR UP, I'M SURE

and it won't be easy, for him to accept anything less than a perfect union. He grew up in a home where there was great harmony, love, and unselfishness. You see, Bob's father and I were ideally mated. We were married 31 years and during that time we never spoke a cross word to each other.

"I've been disappointed in many things in my life, but never in my marriage. My deep hope is that Bob will find a girl who'll help him to make a union as happy as ours."

"I don't think I need worry about the type of wife he'll pick, though," Mrs. Brugh smiled. "He's always gone with splendid, charming girls. I've entertained them at our home and so have had a good opportunity to know them. Very often Bob insists that I accompany them on their outings. I've always had great fun doing it."

"Do you think," I asked Mrs. Brugh, "that all the attention Bob's getting might spoil him for marriage? Perhaps the fire-side will no longer appeal to him."

"I don't think so," she answered. "Bob's a home man, just like his father. He knows what's worth-while in marriage and he appreciates the happiness it can give him."

"I believe Bob will make a good husband," she smiled. "He's been taught to take pride in his home and to know that much of its charm and pleasantness depend on his part in it."

"I never paid him for such tasks as sweeping the floor and helping with the dishes. If necessary, he can run the home himself. The doctor and I always felt it was just as important for a man as for a woman to know something about the art of home-making."

"During the early years of our marriage, when I was often ill, the doctor managed the home. We couldn't afford help and it would have been very difficult for



Lucky dog—smart, too! The pup Robert Taylor feeds, here, crashed a Garbo set, so ingratiated himself with her leading man that Bob adopted him.

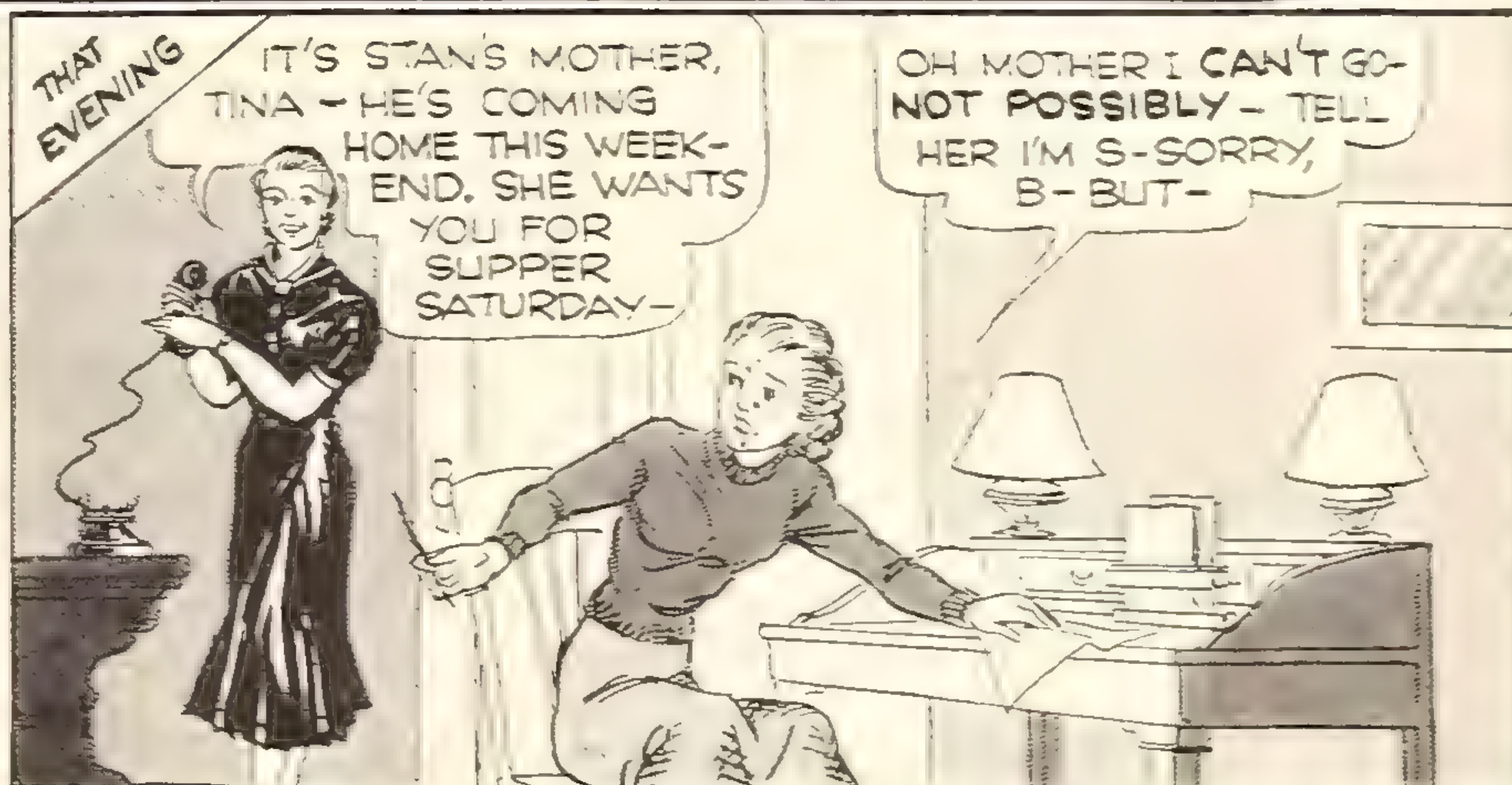
us if he hadn't had this knowledge. I think every mother ought to give her son such training.

"Bob has a happy, even temperament. But being a star has given him many problems and cares. He worries a great deal these days. He needs someone with whom he can discuss things, someone who'll give

him encouragement and inspiration. The right sort of wife will help him to do even better work."

And we can be sure that even if Bob does climb to dizzy heights—and there's every reason to believe he will—he'll still be a modest, unassuming person. He can't be otherwise, with the Mother he has!

TO COME—if he saw me NOW..



DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES WRECK YOUR BIG "DATES"

PIMPLES cause countless girls and boys to miss out on good times. They are very common after the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25.

At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes

place. Disturbances occur in the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin—pimples appear.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples go! Eat 3 cakes daily, one about 1/2 hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin is entirely clear. Start now!



-clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

COUGHS



TAKE THE SYRUP THAT CLINGS TO THE COUGH ZONE

Mother! When your child has a cough (due to a cold), remember this: a cough medicine must do its work *where the cough is lodged* ...in the cough zone. Smith Brothers Cough Syrup is a thick, heavy syrup. *It clings to the cough zone.* There it does three things: (1) soothes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. Get Smith Brothers'—*it's safe!* 35¢ and 60¢.

"IT CONTAINS VITAMIN A"

This vitamin raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.



SMITH BROS. COUGH SYRUP

NOW ON SALE IN CANADA

WANTED-WOMEN-GIRLS

EARN GOOD MONEY Mail our Catalogs from your home. Experience unnecessary. Everything supplied by us, including stamps. No selling. Write, enclosing stamped addressed envelope, for details. **Nation-Wide Distributors, 401 B'way, Dept. 5CN, N.Y.C.**

REDUCE

BY SAFE, QUICK, EASY
SLIMMETS

No diet, no exercise, no expensive massage—just a simple prescription that contains no thyroid nor dinitrophenol. If you do not lose 8 pounds of reducible fat with the first box, your money back! Don't put up with ugly bulges of fat! Take safe SLIMMETS and make your husband fall in love with you all over again. Money back guarantee. 90 SLIMMET Tablets... \$1.00. Send Cash, Check or M. O. today; or C. O. D. (plus postage). No Canadian Orders. **SLIMMET CO., Dept. S. U. 853 Seventh Ave., N.Y.C.**



Clean-Up for Beauty!

Continued from page 69

it off very thoroughly with cold water.

Every dry skin needs lubrication to keep it smooth and prevent lines from forming around your eyes, on your forehead and from "nose-to-mouth." But you don't have to leave the cream on all night. That's the time the pores should be left free to breathe as they can't do when your face is covered with make-up during the day-time. Your skin will absorb as much of any lubricating cream as it can take in 15 or 20 minutes, especially if you help it along by light massage or gentle patting.

I find that the best time to use a lubricating cream is during a warm bath. The heat from the water opens up the pores so they're especially receptive to the beneficial qualities of the cream. Try this before you dress for an evening of fun and you'll be thrilled at the smooth, lovely-to-touch feeling of your skin!

If your skin is dry, always use a protective foundation before you expose it to the wind or sun and before you put on make-up. Cream rouge is better for you than dry. And don't use any more powder than you actually need. If your cheeks are smooth and fresh, don't cover them up with powder. Confine your powdering to the "middle line"—center forehead, nose and chin. Use a shade that's a little darker than your skin and blend it well at the edges. This gives an effect that's as fashionable as it is natural-looking, and it protects the fine texture of your skin.

We're used to being told that the oily type of skin is the one that's vulnerable where blackheads and blemishes are concerned. But many girls with dry skin have those troubles, too. That's why I've recommended soap and water cleansing for everybody.

Nervousness is one of the chief causes of skin eruptions, and nervousness usually goes with dry skin. This, I was told by a leading beauty specialist, is because the energy your nerves use up detracts from the natural oils in your skin.

Plenty of restful sleep is the best cure for nervousness and the skin disorders it causes. If you have a hard time getting to sleep at night, try taking a drink of hot milk just before you go to bed. Besides inducing sleep, milk supplies elements which are definitely beneficial to skin. So drink lots of it.

I remember one time a doctor told me he recommended knitting to overcome nervousness. Now that knitted clothes are so fashionable, you can supplement your wardrobe at the same time you're improving your good looks and general health! There are patterns that make it easy to knit the smartest kind of dresses and suits or even coats.

It's not only excessive dryness and broken out skin that are caused by nervousness. Lines in your face often get their start from frowning and too much tenseness around your mouth and eyes. So for beauty's sake, relax and avoid too much strain on those nerves!

Whatever type of skin you have, watch your diet if you want to keep it looking its loveliest. Drink plenty of water, eight to twelve glasses a day. Only don't drink water with your meals. Water with your meals interferes with digestion, and poor digestion is always reflected in your skin. It will steal the freshness from its color and only too often it results in breaking out.

Eliminate from your diet any foods that you do not digest easily or which cause an acid condition. It may be that fish or rich desserts or too much meat cause your skin to break out. Even oranges or apples create excess acid for some people. Or certain combinations of food may be bad for you. One rule I know is good for everybody's digestion and complexion is to eat your fruit or drink your fruit juice when you first get up in the morning, about half an hour before you eat the rest of your breakfast.

What's Wrong With Your Pictures?

Continued from page 55

whether I have it or not. I often say: "What did the doggie do at the lake, Carol?" and she'll laugh at the recollection. I snap that. I usually let her chatter and then grab a shot. I take as many as a thousand shots a month, but I never know what happens to the film. Yes, yes, I'll see if I can find any!"

He wandered out again.

"Carol Ann trusts him absolutely, and he never has anyone else around to distract her," commented Mr. Bull. "That's a common mistake in taking children's pictures. There will be mother here, auntie there, grandma over this way, and big brother squatting in the corner, all of them cutting up didoes to attract the baby. The idea is to have just *one* person attract him and then snap it.

"You can use a small flash bulb in the house, but a child's features are not developed so you can usually get excellent effects outdoors without the use of reflectors. To my mind, an adult needs a reflector to avoid the bad shadows.

"Let the child play and catch him when

he's interested. Sometimes it may be necessary to pretend to take a shot, then when he relaxes, thinking it's over, catch him with the real picture.

"If your subject has very deep-set eyes, don't let your assistant manipulate the reflector from the ground, for that will make still deeper shadows. Have him hold the reflector even with the subject's eyes.

"If you want to get a picture of your dog and find that he simply won't hold still, there's a good trick you can use: Try making a hissing sound or a low *m-m-m-m-m*. The dog will stand perfectly still, listening. He can't judge where such a sound comes from because it isn't sharp, so he won't move, he'll simply stand and listen. I always make my animal pictures by this method.

"You can train your pets to pose for you, if you have great patience; but don't be surprised if you can't train them to do the things you see some animals doing in the rotogravure sections. Many of these pictures of pets wearing clothes or doing amazing things are made by doping the poor

little things to keep them still. I do not believe in this and think it cruel.

"If you hope to make pictures that are worth keeping, you must really be interested in taking them. That's the first and best rule."

"The guy's right," said Stuart Erwin, fingering his own little Leica tenderly.

"Taking pictures, though, may start out as a hobby but first thing you know it's a vice. You think, dream, eat, sleep, talk pictures, nothing but pictures!"

"When my first baby was born, somebody said: 'You ought to get a little home-movie camera so you'll have a record of all the cute things he does.' So I ran fast to the nearest shop and bought a 16 m.m. camera and began shooting at the kid. Just pointed the thing at him and set her going. Were we pleased when we ran the stuff!"

"But about six weeks later, I said to my wife: 'The trouble with this thing is you can't show the pictures to people unless they're figuring on staying with us for a week-end, and so who knows what a marvelous kid we've got?'"

"'Darling, you need a still camera,' replied m'wife.

"So I talked about it and talked about it and did nothing. February was my birthday, and by that time m'wife was so tired hearing me talk that she bought me this Leica for a birthday gift.

"It was nice weather, so I took the baby out into the yard, shot rolls of films and had lots of luck because I knew nothing whatever about it. Then I began to feel smart. I experimented with what I thought were ideas, and it was awful! Was it awful!"

"'Why don't you ask somebody' m'wife wanted to know. So I went to see a camera expert and he gave me books to read and showed me the mistakes on my own prints.



Wallace Beery, his daughter, Carol Ann, and trophies the star bagged on a recent hunting trip.

About that time I met Laurence Stallings and a bunch of other candid experts on our lot and they said: 'You boob, why don't you enlarge your own stuff? We do!'

"So I got ambitious and started a dark room in a spare bedroom, but everything was so spread out that I never could reach anything, so I took over a closet with a shelf and a drawer for paper and I could stand in the middle and put a hand on everything, and so that was swell!"

"Right now I'm all excited about the things you can do in the darkroom. The trouble with my best exhibits is that they won't reproduce. They're so soft and 'arty' that they make swell pictures but they're not sharp enough to put in your magazine.

"My best prints were two I made of Wally Beery and Georgie Stone when we were making 'Viva Villa.' They were in make-up, sitting at the side of the set, half asleep. I moved up a light and shot them, then I printed up the pictures in a sort of blurred effect so they look as if someone had drawn them. You know, character studies.

"The other day I learned about etching masks. Ever use them? You can buy them if you like, but some artists make their own. You lay your print down, put the etching mask over it—the mask has lots of little lines on it that look like an etching—then you put a plate glass on top to hold it, and go to work.

"If you use a crystal stippled paper, you can make a dull print. But if you find your subject too indistinct on your negative, you can sharpen it by using harder paper. If you use a soft, thin paper, you can make a too-brilliant print tone down and give it that faint blurred effect that's so good in a picture.

"Of course, I'm interested in taking the stuff, as well as printing it up. The kids are always good subjects. But I sort of like this study of an electrician on a ladder. Goofy things like that!"

BUT HE DOES HAVE BAD BREATH!

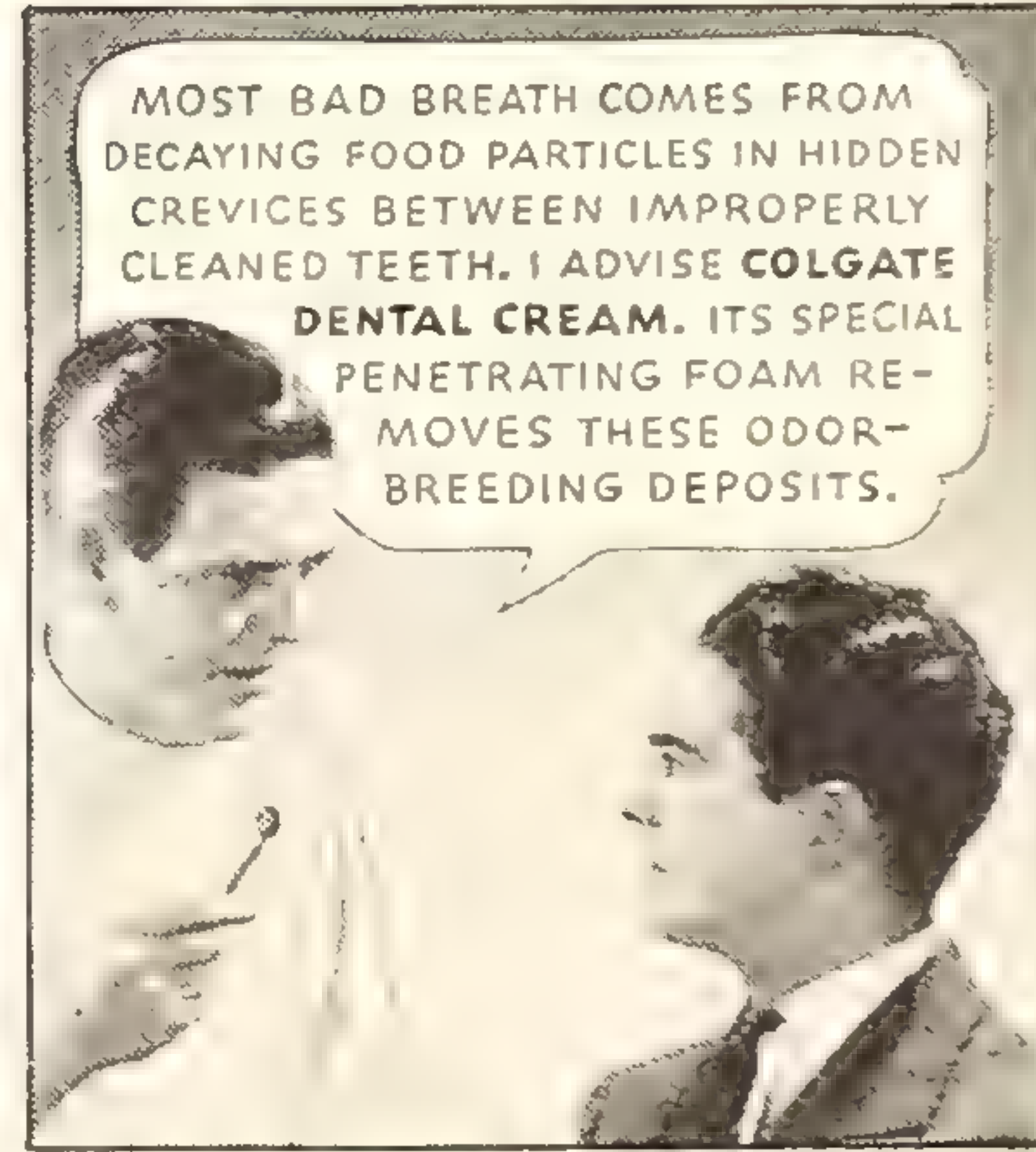


YES, JIM HAS BAD BREATH... BUT YOU WERE A BAD GIRL TO TELL HIM SO!



MEANWHILE...

MAYBE THE CHILD'S RIGHT ... GUESS I'LL DO WHAT THE ADS SAY AND SEE MY DENTIST



MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.

3 WEEKS LATER... THANKS TO COLGATE'S

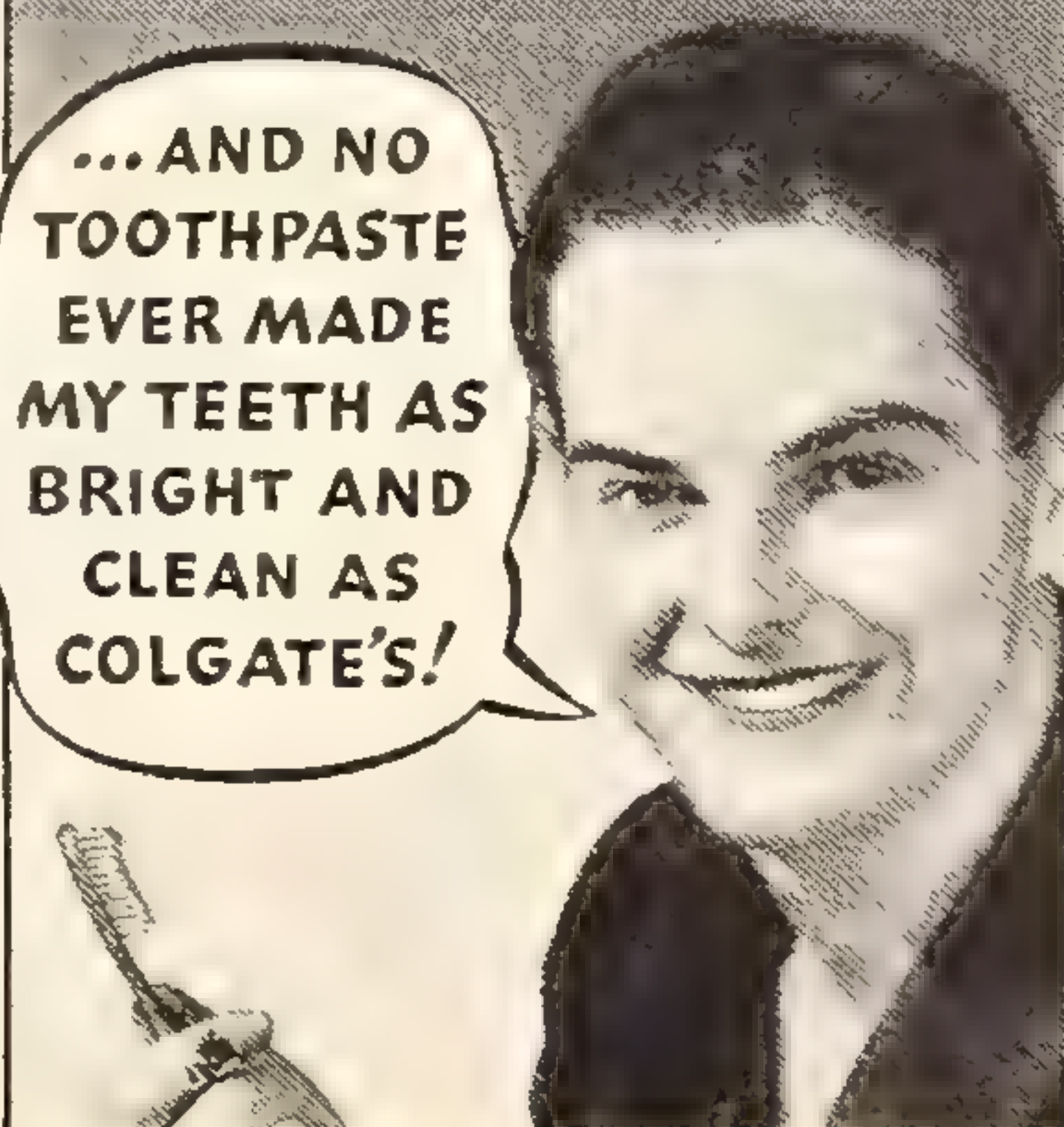


YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A NICE NEW UNCLE, BETTY!

I KNOW... UNCLE JIM! OH, GEE, THAT'S SWELL!

NOW—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE

...AND NO TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth*. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating foam*, removes the *cause*—the decay-

ing food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!



SKINNY? LISTEN TO THIS



Thousands gain 10 to 25 lbs. this special QUICK WAY

NOW there's no need for thousands of men and women to be "skinny" and friendless, even if they never could gain an ounce before. Here's a new, easy treatment for them that puts on pounds of naturally attractive flesh—in just a few weeks!

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of your food. Now with this new discovery which combines these elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on solid pounds—in a very short time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normal, good-looking curves, but also naturally lovely color, new pep that wins friends.

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special imported cultured ale yeast, one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets.

If you, too, need Vitamin B and iron to aid in building you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then day after day, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness, better color and natural beauty come—you feel like a new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and Iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time. See if they don't aid in building you up in a few short weeks as they have helped thousands. If you are not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 262, Atlanta, Ga.



What's Happened to Robert Montgomery?

(Continued from page 23)

doing "Piccadilly Jim" because in addition to admiring Wodehouse's humor and Bob Benchley's whimsies and Eric Blore's technique, he had a hand in fashioning the script with Director Bob Leonard and Writer Knopf.

The first time I saw Bob Montgomery he was making a picture called "Hideout" under the directorial supervision of Woody Van Dyke, and everyone was having a busman's holiday. Maureen O'Sullivan told me Montgomery was more fun to work with than anyone else on the lot. Edward Arnold, then on the way up, consulted with Montgomery and Van Dyke on the treatment of his scenes. Two electricians came over to tell Bob how the horses were running that day. He was hail-fellow to the entire company. Every time I have looked in on him since I have found the same spontaneous spirit, which is nothing short of ideal for good picture-making.

"I want to get away from light stuff," he said, during his New York visit. "It's too easy to be glib and facile. I want to do something with teeth in it, like 'Night Must Fall,' for example. There's a superb piece of craftsmanship. It's that English meller, you know, that ran a year in London. The chap who wrote it stars in it. A smart job. A swell part.

"Me, I've never been satisfied with any picture I've made. 'Lovers Courageous' was the best, I think. Lonsdale wrote it directly for the screen and it was done with loving care. But it was a small-budget picture so the exhibitors let it drift by as an ordinary program affair because it wasn't gigantic enough. No mob scenes, no burning buildings, no thundering herds."

Anyone following Montgomery's career has noticed the hiatus between the *Rogue Herries* picture he made with Helen Hayes and the adaptation of Stevenson's "Suicide Club" called "Trouble for Two." There was a year or more without a Montgomery picture being released. I asked him how that had happened.

He grinned. "Very simple," he said. "I believe that came under the heading of discipline." He spread out his hands in a broadly diplomatic gesture. "I may be mistaken, mind you, but I suspect that Mr. Montgomery was being shown his place. It was this way. Just a week before my annual vacation was up I received a call at the farm. Hollywood; important! They had a great story for me, wanted me to return right away. Immediately. Lock up my pigs and chickens and just leap a plane for the west. You know, precipitate stuff.

"Why?" I asked. "Great yarn," they said. "By whom?" I asked. They didn't know. So I suggested that they send the script to me, air mail, then I would wire whether or not I'd be out. Well, that was embarrassing because the script wasn't finished. They were working on it. That meant that it might be months before it was ready to shoot. So I said politely, but firmly, 'No, I can't leave until next week. Good-bye.'"

He grinned again. "That's all. When I went west there was no picture for me. Nothing available, they said. And there I sat, on their time, for seven months, without making a single face at the camera. Result, ten months of inertia. No actee, no pictee."

So ardent was Montgomery in his devotion to aviation and polo that the studio banned him from participating in these mordant activities. A whole star is to be desired above aces and goals.

Some idea of Bob's love of hunting is revealed in the story that came back from

his farm, by trusted courier. Bob went duck-hunting with a few friends early one morning—early being four o'clock. About five he disappeared and when next seen he was carrying his clothes in one hand and his gun and two black ducks in the other. He had shot the birds but no dogs had been there to retrieve, so Bob took off his clothes, jumped into the lake, and retrieved for himself. In late October! Once Metro hears of this, hunting will be on the proscribed list.

Montgomery is one of Hollywood's most cosmopolitan stars. In France he is acclaimed as a native son, although he has no Gallic blood in his veins; England looks upon him with enthusiasm because his type of picture is at one with the sophisticated Briton's.

When he was in London in the Fall he appeared at the Royal Garden Party, singing Noel Coward's "Mrs. Wetherby" song with the author and Gertrude Lawrence. Bob was particularly fond of the special chorus written for the occasion, but which unfortunately cannot be printed here.

He had appeared a week or two before our meeting in a radio skit, on a coast-to-coast hook-up, and he was scathing in his denunciation of the latest infant art.

"I was handed a script as I entered the studio, half an hour before we were to go on the air," he said. "No rehearsal, no preparation! I was not in a position to tune in on the show but I should hate to have been obliged to. The lines were juvenile, the performance was a run through, which might have been expected without rehearsal, and the result was very sour. But apparently radio is going through the growing pains that afflicted pictures ten years ago, when so many epics were made from the cuff. Radio will have to improve a lot before it can compete with the theatre or pictures."

In New York he had been doing the theatre in thorough fashion. He liked "Stage Door" and "Tovarich" and "Idiot's Delight," another play he would like to have a hand in when screened. He nomi-



A holiday from screen romance means time for Robert Young to romp with daughter Carol Ann.

nated the Iridium Room at the St. Regis his favorite formal spot, and the popular Twenty-one as his pet informal retreat. He smokes a pipe, reads *Fortune* and *Time*, follows the college football games, fancies horse racing, and rides to hunt whenever opportunity offers.

Montgomery is a college man who has grown up; the boy who had everything and made the most of it; *Peter Pan* thirty years later; an actor who fights for what he wants.

The one outstanding characteristic that arouses one's admiration is his dissatisfaction with his own performances. Such auto-criticism is not only rare in an actor: it's heresy. But Montgomery is a rare bird, a guy who can take his acting seriously or leave it alone!

3 Girls on a Match

THE STORY SO FAR

Little wonder that Olga Dupont had refused the studio call for extra work, telling Pat O'Day to take it. Pat was happy for one more chance to achieve screen recognition for which she had struggled three years while living in a cheap apartment and sharing expenses with Olga and her other friend, Ann Dewey. Ann was now at the beach with Bud Bradley, Pat's boyhood sweetheart whom Pat had promised to give her decision tonight as to whether she would marry him and return to their home town. Here was Pat on the set, playing in a mob; her friend, Eddie Ryan, working on the picture as assistant cameraman—and to her amazement, Olga Dupont playing a featured part. Olga is being sponsored by Richard Emmet Fielding, famous screen lover, and she cuts Pat coldly when her friend tries to congratulate her. After the day's work, Pat, tired and discouraged, is cheered by Eddie, who sends her off with a good-bye kiss. This is seen by Bud, who is waiting with Ann for Pat to come out of the studio. Angered, Bud leaves with Ann, and Pat returns alone, as she came to the studio, in the old car jointly owned by the girls.

Continued from page 31

Horns were honking behind the two cars, demanding that they move out of the way. A trolley car clanged in protest.

"Aw, shut up!" Olga waved a gloved hand as if to dismiss the procession. "I've got news for you, Honey, big news. Pull up around the corner," she ordered imperiously.

The quiet side street was free of traffic and peaceful with shade. A little girl with golden hair came tripping along beside her mother—just the sort of little girl that Pat had always wanted for her own. Hand in hand, they walked out of sight. These two belonged to another world, free of the fever of striving for a place in the cinema sun. For a moment, Pat envied them.

Olga leaned out of the window. "Dickie's throwing me a cocktail party, Honey—"

"Nice of him—"

"You're invited."

"Sorry, Olga, but I'm going home. Bud's waiting for me—he's leaving town tonight—"

"I'm not taking no for an answer."

"But I'm not dressed for it—"

"It's not that kind of a party."

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"Sunshine Vitamin"
that skin absorbs**

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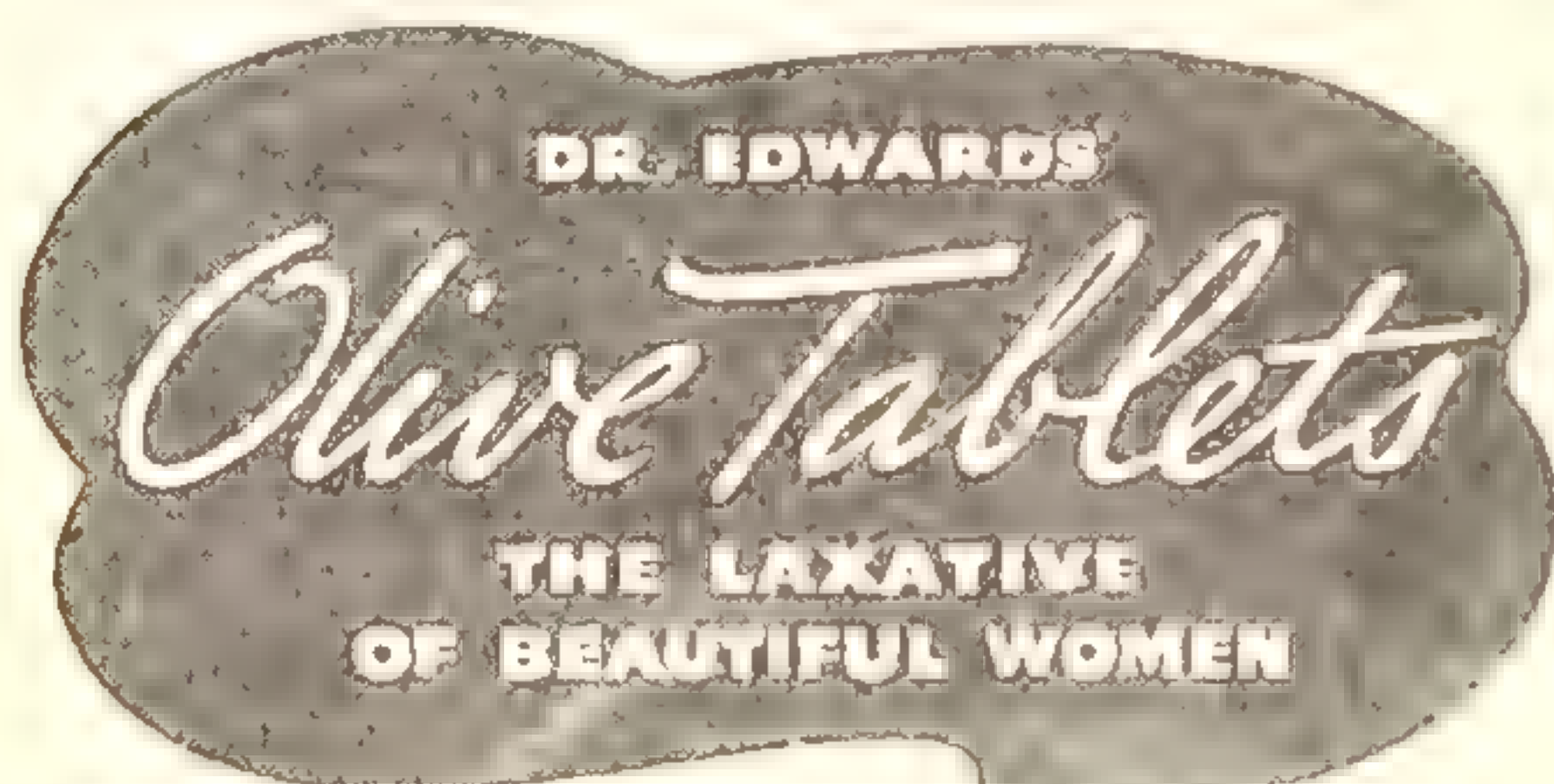


Years ago her mother taught her the importance of regular elimination.

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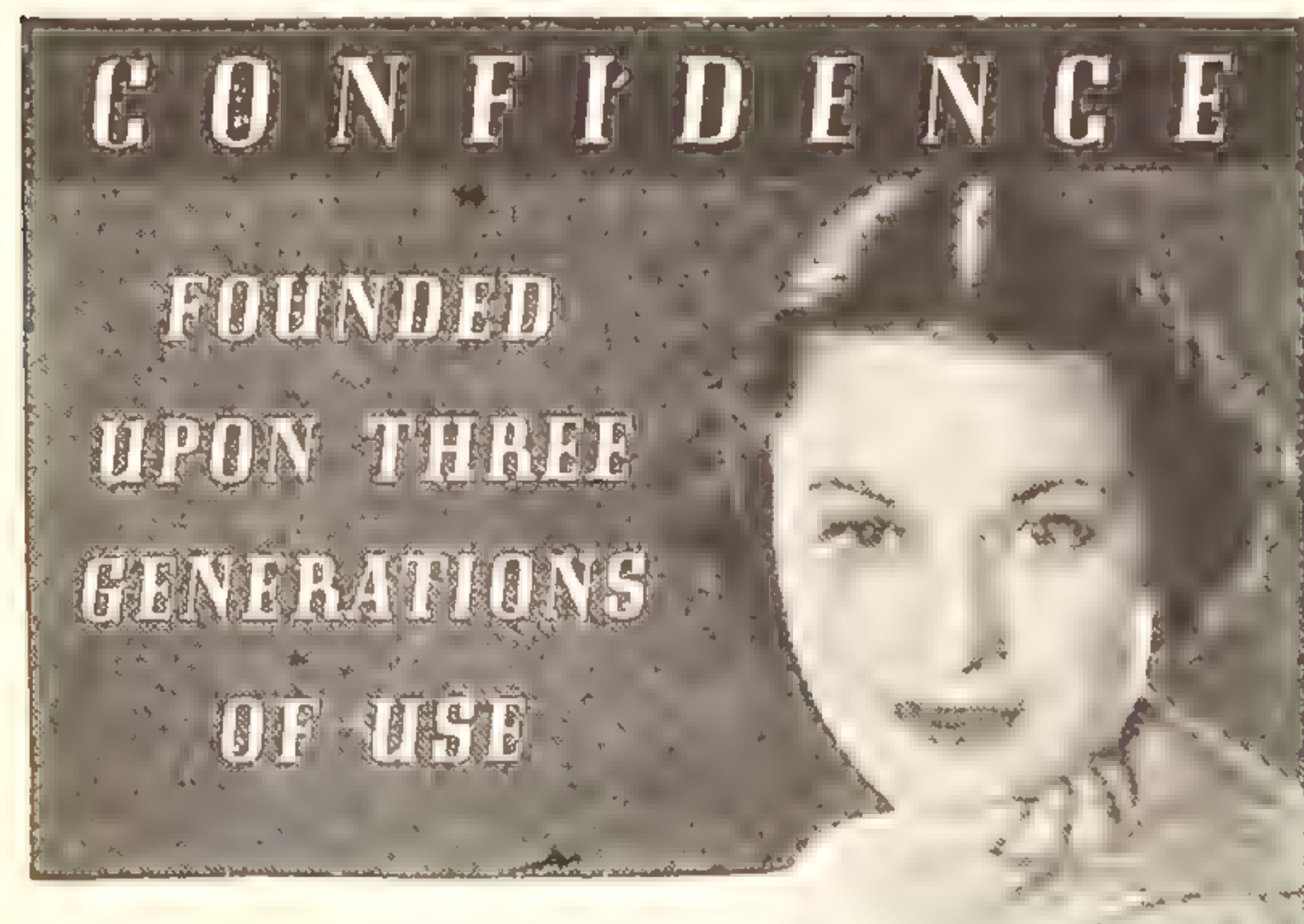
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"But I don't feel like it—"

"You can park your feelings outside." Olga launched into a lecture. "That's the trouble with you, Pat. You're long on looks but short on contacts. You've got to meet the right people. It's not what you know but whom you know. And that's where Dickie and I come in. I sent him ahead to fix up a party. All sorts of big shots are going to be there. Teitelbaum's going to be there—"

"You mean W. Jacob Teitelbaum?"

"Yep, the big boy himself! He's crazy about red-heads. I gave him my word you'd be at the party. You don't want me going back on my word, do you? You want to get somewhere in the picture business, don't you? You want Teity to handle you, don't you?"

Who in Hollywood—and for that matter on Broadway—had not heard of W. Jacob Teitelbaum, the best agent in the business? It was Teitelbaum who was responsible for the biggest names in pictures. It was Teitelbaum who picked up unknown talent, groomed it and glorified it and sold it to the highest bidder. Visions of fame—success—glory—money—acclaim—again rose in a rainbow on Pat's horizon. Then the old recurrent cloud of discouragement blotted it out.

"You've got to have the luck, Olga, and I just haven't got it. Maybe I haven't got what it takes. If that's the trouble with me—it's just too bad—and I better get out while the getting is good. I don't want to use Mr. Teitelbaum to get where I want to go. I don't want to use you. I don't want to use anybody. I want success strictly on the up-and-up. I wouldn't think of getting it any other way."

"That's why I'm doing your thinking for you. Take Ann—she's a sweetie but she's a wash-out. Doesn't belong in pictures. Never will make the grade. She's like a lot of others hanging around Hollywood that ought to hike back to Oshkosh. But you, Pat, you've got a face, a figure and a ton of personality. And that red hair of yours is bright enough to light your way home on a dark night. But you've got to get started sometime and it might as well be now!"

Pat was beginning to relent.

"You won't be sorry," persisted Olga. "Teity may have two or three dolls and four or five double chins, but he's terrific. Talk about high-pressure salesmanship. Why, it was Teity who sold the Brooklyn Bridge to Brodie!" Olga brought her argument to an abrupt close. "We've got to step on it, Honey, or we'll be late for the big show. Well, here's where we go to town!"

"Don't do over ninety," cautioned Pat. "Melinda's not so young any more!"

The long white car rolled ahead. The little black car struggled behind. They went winding through Hollywood toward Beverly Hills. Finally, Olga turned into a landscaped driveway. There, on a low crest, stood Richard Emmet Fielding's house—a dream in early English.

"Like it?" asked Olga.

"Love it," said Pat.

"Just wait till I show you around the joint—"

They parked Melinda at the end of a long line of cars in a more or less secluded nook that screened its shabby old body.

The grounds were already gay with guests. There were guests drinking at the open bar—dining at the outdoor barbecue—frolicking in the opal swimming pool.

"We better get you out of your make-up, Honey, before we show you off." And Olga led the way to the house.

Pat caught a glimpse of a spacious drawing room, a formal dining room, a leather-paneled library. The master bedroom upstairs was a rhapsody in blue.

They wandered from room to room, Olga like a guide pointing out the various

highlights of the lovely house. "It's pretty nifty, but I don't care for the early English. When I move in, I'm going to have Dickie do it over in late Spanish—"

"Why, Olga!"

"Why not? I don't expect to stay at the Garden of Allah for the rest of my life. That's just a local stop—" Her manner grew confidential. "I've decided that I'm going to marry Dickie. That's the least he can do to square my jumping in the pool." Olga appropriated a rose from a vase and pinned it on her shoulder. "Come on. Let's see who's here—"

The guest room was crowded with chattering women. It reeked of perfume and it rocked with shop.

Pat knew some of the faces by sight. One



Jack Benny makes a serious study of beauty in a close-up of Kay Griffith and Louise Small, above.

or two were leading players, but most of the guests were important stars. She stood shyly before the mirror, her brown eyes wide with awe, pretending to be given over completely to smoothing down her rumpled dress and fluffing out her tangled red hair and mending her ravaged make-up.

"Seems to me I've seen you before," remarked Sally Lane, the star. "I just can't place you."

"We played together in 'Love in the Lurch.'"

The vain little actress regarded Pat with meaning scrutiny. In a bored voice: "Oh, yes, you played the lurch!"

A titter went through the room. Sally turned her back on Pat and Olga.

The great Suzanne took up Pat's cudgels. "Come off your high horse, Sally. If I remember correctly, you started as an extra yourself." The great yet simple Suzanne smiled affably at Pat.

But it was Olga who came to the rescue and bore Pat away, out of the room, down the stairs to the terrace. "There's Dickie—and that's Mr. Teitelbaum." She pointed them out. "Now, remember, be sweet, that is—to Teity. But lay off Dickie. He's mine."

The long-legged Dickie had spied the girls and was coming across the lawn. The roly-poly Mr. Teitelbaum waddled up behind him.

"This is Pat, Dickie."

"It's a pleasure." Richard Emmet Fielding, the practiced roué, was smiling dangerously into her eyes.

"This is Teity, Pat. Teity, this is Pat—"

W. Jacob Teitelbaum beamed. The pic-

ture agent was short, squat, florid, and fat with good living. He wore a big diamond ring and he had a honeyed voice. It was apparent to Pat that he liked the ladies and that he liked his liquor. Mr. Teitelbaum had been flirting. There was powder on his coat lapel. Mr. Teitelbaum had been drinking. There was liquor on his breath.

"So this is little Pat!" He bared his big teeth. "I know all about you!" He placed a fat, hot hand on her chin and tilted her head. "Not bad—in fact, pretty good. Ever make a test?"

"I'm with Paramount now—"

Olga added hurriedly: "Pat's not a star—not yet. She's been doing bits mostly." Olga took a deep breath in order to expand on Pat's many virtues. "The studio's crazy about her work—simply cra-a-azy. Mr. what's his name—" She looked helplessly over at Pat.

"Ryan," tossed off Pat rather neatly.

"That's it! Mr. Ryan thinks she's star material—"

"Izzatso?" Teity's little black eyes studied Pat appraisingly. He smacked his fat red lips. "We got to look into this—"

"Pardon me," said Mr. Fielding. "I believe my guests need me—"

"Scuse me," said Olga. "I need a Scotch and soda."

And Pat was left alone with the agent. For a moment panic seized her. She wanted to run away. Then courage flooded her being. Here was Mr. W. Jacob Teitelbaum and in W. Jacob was vested her whole future.

"Live in Hollywood?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"Married?"

"No, sir."

"In love?"

She hesitated. "Well, not exactly—"

"Bet you've gone for Gable like all the other gals—"

"How did you know?" she retorted jauntily.

"Oh, I know everything, little girl. I know one thing—I like you. Always did go for red-heads—"

It was silly, pointless talk. But maybe this was the road that took one to stardom.

"How about going for a little spin after this party is over?"

"I've got a date tonight. But I could make it tomorrow."

"I'll pick you up at ten o'clock tonight," he decided in the manner of one given to making commands and having them obeyed without a murmur.

Her quick mind marshalled the hours. It was seven o'clock. She could leave the party early—see Bud off to Tallahassee: Yes, she could be dressed and ready by ten. She told Mr. Teitelbaum so.

Arm in arm, they sauntered across the lawn. Dusk was falling. One by one, the bright lanterns hanging in the trees came to life in giant, luminous pods of blue, green, violet, yellow. A pale moon sailed into the sky. The crickets sang softly in the thick, dewy grass. This was a fairyland—and some day, she would have a fairyland of her own just like it. But she would not be strolling with Teitelbaum. She saw Eddie's arm around her instead.

An obsequious butler was at her elbow with a tray of hors d'oeuvres. "May I serve you?"

"Yes, thank you."

"How about a drink?" suggested Mr. Teitelbaum jovially. He led her to the open bar. "Have a drink," said Mr. Teitelbaum.

"I don't drink."

"Have a drink," he repeated with a show of anger. "When I say to you have a drink, you do as I say."

Pat took a birdlike sip from the lovely tall crystal glass. She was beginning to resent Mr. Teitelbaum.

"Hi! Blondie!" He caught hold of a gor-

*Gentlemen don't talk
about it... but*



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geous girl who was passing by and slapped her familiarly on the bare shoulder.

The beautiful shoulder accepted it gracefully. Apparently, Mr. Teitelbaum was head man, and as head man, he could do no wrong.

The future troubled Pat. She saw Mr. Teitelbaum not only in command of her career but also in possession of her person. The tart thought left a bad taste in her mouth. She slipped away from Mr. Teitelbaum and walked to the edge of the swimming pool, standing there, caught in a half dream. Idly, she watched the swimmers cavorting. Everyone seemed so gay.

Suddenly, without warning, she heard the order: "Jump!"

She wheeled about. "Why, Mr. Teitelbaum—"

"When I say jump, I mean—jump." He accompanied the order by an unceremonious shove.

Before Pat knew what had happened, she was struggling in the pool. She remembered going down. She remembered seeing the stars in the summer sky. No, the stars were at the bottom of the pool. It was hard to see. It was hard to breathe. In a flash, her whole life revolved before her eyes. Here was Bud's sorry face—Ann's wry smile—Eddie's blue eyes. She saw Mrs. McGuinness demanding her rent. The piano was waltzing out of the front door. And above it all, she heard the drunken, exultant voice of Mr. Teitelbaum bawling: "Man overboard! Man overboard!"

She fought off her rescuers and struggled to the top. She was weighed down with water and buoyed up with anger. Someone reached out a hand. She disdained it. Someone tried to pull her out. She shook him off.

Olga was saying: "Are you hurt?"

Mr. Fielding was saying: "I'm dreadfully sorry."

W. Jacob Teitelbaum was laughing uproariously. The guests were laughing, too. They stood about in a cynical circle shrieking at the sight of the dripping, wilted Pat. Evidently, they thought it a huge joke.

But Pat thought otherwise. She turned on Teitelbaum. "You big fat fool! You old

palooka! You zany! You nit wit! You idiot!"

"Don't you call me a zany!"

"I'll call you anything I like. And what's more. I'll call in the police department to have you arrested for assault." The water dripped from her wet hair. Her wet clothes clung to her body. She was shivering with cold and shaking with hot anger.

"Hush," remonstrated Olga.

"I won't hush! You're all a bunch of phonies. I don't want to get where you are—doing it the way you did. I'm not jumping into any pools—I'm not jumping through any hoops—not for you, Mr. Fielding—not for you, Mr. Teitelbaum—nor for you, Olga. I hope to God I never see any of you again!"

She turned on her heel and stumbled across the grounds, up the stairs to the master bedroom. Her hair dripped. Her shoes squeaked with water. Her heart felt heavy as a stone that weighted down her body.

Olga followed close behind. "There goes your chance in pictures!"

"I don't care. I'm going home to Tallahassee. I'm going back with Bud." She rummaged about on the bed, burrowed for her hat, crushed it on her wet hair, unearthed her gloves, stuck them into her pocket. She looked high and low for her purse.

"How about the cats?"

"No, thanks," waving aside the proffered furs. She wanted nothing that belonged to Olga—nothing that might remind her of the bitter past.

"Gee, Pat, I'm sorry. Here, here's your purse."

For a moment, Pat melted. "Thanks, Olga. Thanks for everything. I'll write you when I get to Tallahassee. Good-bye."

"Good luck!"

Pat ran down the stairs, raced across the lawn, stumbled along the graveled driveway.

She had trouble finding the car. It was several minutes before she could start the motor. It was not easy backing away from the light and driving off into the darkness. (To Be Continued)

Make Way for Michael Whalen

Continued from page 22

perfection with every picture in which he appears.

It doesn't matter whether you've known him a day or a year, whether it is your first meeting or your one hundred and first. You are constantly aware of a baffling something in this young and handsome screen player that for a time defies description. It puzzles you, and then, without warning, one day while you are sitting opposite him in the solarium of his charming Beverly Hills home idly chatting about this or that, the answer hits you like a thunderbolt. It is this: At twenty-eight or thereabouts, Michael Whalen has found that which makes life, with its attendant stress and strain, livable. He has acquired an inner peace and spiritual calm which rays out from his person like a benediction. And because of that inner quiet, he is the most restful person in the world to talk to.

Michael Whalen today has perhaps the best chance of becoming the most popular actor of any of the younger crop in Hollywood. Yet all his natural endowments of looks and talent and brains, his oppor-

tunities—the possession of the qualities inherent in screen success make for anything but peace. The pursuit of his career on the screen is like a race for thoroughbreds only. Every muscle, every nerve is taut, every thought and movement is geared to the only goal, the winning of that race.

He was a fiery, hot-tempered young man who never wanted a business career, yet he spent from the time he was sixteen until he was twenty-three in business. He was charming and significant in the way that all attractive young men of Irish antecedents are, but he was also rebellious, continually churned up about this or that which displeased him. Now he is calm, assured, and tolerant, not because of what he has so far won from life, but because of what it did not give him for so many years.

It was when he was manager of the Woolworth store in Derby, Pennsylvania, that he decided enough was enough.

"I deliberately gave up a very promising future in the organization—at least that's what my chief told me—and lit out

for New York. I felt as rich as Croesus with my \$1800 and I was going around the world as far as that much money would take me."

And he might have covered a considerable portion of the globe if he hadn't stopped in New York. Here he found the world of the theatre as he had never known it; here was the city of dreams.

Quite undaunted by the fact that he had never appeared on any stage, he presented himself one fine day at Eva LeGallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre and announced that he wanted to act. He got an infinitesimal part in "Twelfth Night"—that of a captain of the guards. He had only one line to speak, but his six feet two of masculinity showed off that uniform as it it had never been shown off before.

Michael grins when he tells you of his rendition of that one line. "I am sure no one ever heard me say it because I was so frightened I didn't say it loud enough. But I did say it with expression." The line was "Here is the man."

In the season he stayed with the LeGallienne company, Michael overcame his fright and learned how to speak so the audience would hear him. It was after a performance of "Green Mansions" that Miss LeGallienne gave him that priceless advice about life and living, and of which he was intelligent enough to sense the soundness.

Thereupon, Michael, as he terms it, proceeded to "grow up." "I did everything there was to do and had a lot of fun doing it." Then, suddenly, he left the stage. Today he himself does not understand that sudden disaffection. He says, "I woke up one day thoroughly disillusioned with the stage. I didn't like it any more. What I had for so long worked for didn't seem at all what I had imagined it would be.



Chester Morris and Richard Dix, cast in a story about the Navy, go a noble sailors' tradition one better, and find two girls to know in every port.

The more I think of that period of my life, the less do I make of it. I guess at that time I just didn't know what I wanted."

He took to posing for illustrators and commercial artists. The cream of the contemporary artists such as James Montgomery Flagg, McClelland Barclay, Henry Raleigh, John LaGatta, all reproduced Michael's face and form on canvas. Today

James Montgomery Flagg is one of his best friends, and follows his career closely. In fact, if it hadn't been for Mr. Flagg, Michael couldn't have made the trek to Hollywood. But that's getting ahead of our story.

And now comes the strangest of all the tricks which old Man Destiny played on Michael and one which has never before been revealed. His first screen test was

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HAVEN'T you come in often from the crisp, cold air and felt your skin all dry and flaky?

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A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.

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GLOVER'S MANGE
MEDICINE



Looks like a man and his shadow, but it's two famous actors. Cedric Hardwicke and Roland Young wave "hello" to Miss Liberty as they arrive here from England.

an accident, and came about because a talent scout was hot on the trail of a girl who was to him a far greater prize.

The girl whom John LeRoy Johnston, then a talent scout for M-G-M, had combed New York for was Gwili Andre. Arthur William Brown, noted illustrator, had shown Mr. Johnston some drawings he made of her. So impressed was Johnston with her beauty that he wanted to get her right away for a screen test. But she seemed to have dropped out of the land of the living. Johnston hunted everywhere for her.

"That's how the motion picture business is," says Michael. "If it wants you it will move heaven and earth to get you, but if it doesn't—well, no power on earth can help you."

"Quite by accident I happened into Mr. Brown's studio on a day when Johnston, worn out with weeks of false clues, and very much on the debit side of his expense account as a result, was there. I happened to mention that I knew Gwili and that I thought I could trace her. Johnston was desperate. He said, 'All right, Shovlin'—I was Joseph Kenneth Shovlin then—'you find Gwili Andre for me and I'll give you a screen test too.' He never had the remotest idea of testing me until I spoke. You can just bet I dashed around madly until I found Miss Andre. In fact, we made our first screen test together."

And though Johnston went back to his executives and praised his accidental male find to the skies, the studio would have none of him. Nor would some ten or twelve other studios who subsequently made tests of Whalen.

Then came a slump in posing jobs. He sang on the radio. Whalen has an excellent baritone voice, and plays the piano. In fact, he could have become a concert pianist if he had applied himself. So it was radio and music for a while.

"But I knew that wasn't it," says Michael. "I was scattering around and I didn't know what I wanted. I was continually torn into a thousand pieces, a bundle of nerves, hurting myself and everyone around me."

Suddenly, one day, he knew exactly what he wanted. Hollywood! And he was going. Nothing could stop him. He refused to take into account the fact that he had been tested and rejected by every studio. He was going to Hollywood.

He had some money, but not enough. He talked it over with his friend, James Montgomery Flagg, who, friend that he was, made up the deficit. Michael chose the cheapest way from coast to coast.

"I went to more travel bureaus. I examined more railroad and bus agency schedules than you could ever imagine existed. I was shopping for the cheapest way to

Hollywood and at last I found it. From New York to New Orleans by Southern Pacific Steamship, and then on the train in a day coach for three days to Los Angeles. It was really a lot of fun. All the people on the boat had one coach on the train, and we fixed the seats like berths where we could, and what with lunch baskets and thermos bottles, we made out fine."

Hollywood did all its stuff for Michael Whalen, which name he adopted when he arrived there. It was his grandfather's and he was one of Michael's boyhood heroes. Hollywood ignored him, it sneered at him, it held out its hand to him, and then as he was about to grasp it, pulled it away. He starved and thirsted in the midst of plenty. Hollywood used up its whole bag of discouraging tricks on this boy who never for one instant would admit that he had been wrong in coming.

When "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" was about to be screened, Michael was a member of the M-G-M drama school, without pay. Ralph Forbes had been cast as *Captain Cook*. Then word came that he would not be available. Michael was tested for the part, and, wonder of wonders, found satisfactory and signed for the picture. But the day before they started shooting, Ralph Forbes finished what he had been working in, and was free to be *Captain Cook*, and Michael was out. Breaks of that sort were his portion for three and a half years. He had no money, he could find little or nothing to do. A sister to whom he was devoted was ill in New York. He couldn't help her. It ate into his soul. It seemed as if things could get no worse.

But he had yet to reach the bottomless pit. He had from time to time appeared in the little theatres around Hollywood for little or no pay. It was while he was appearing in a play called "Turquoise Matrix" at the Gateway Playhouse that his whole world crashed about his head. The show closed and the girl he was desperately in love with broke their relationship all on the same night. Earlier in the day, he had heard that a dramatic coach of some standing in Hollywood had said, "It would be a kindness if some friend would tell Michael Whalen that he will never be an actor and he will never get on the screen."

It was too much, and the cumulative effect of that day's woe and all that had gone before brought him face to face with fear and despair. For weeks he wandered around in a daze, his grip, his courage, his confidence in himself completely destroyed.

Life then and there would have ended in complete oblivion for Michael Whalen, but his guardian angel decreed otherwise.

One evening as he sat alone in a Boulevard restaurant, not caring whether life went on, and rather hoping it wouldn't, an old man came up and sat down next to him. Michael had never seen him before, but he was never to forget him.

"My son," he said, "I don't know why you are afraid, but I know that you are. Every line in your face, every movement of your body telegraphs to me the message of fear—your terror of failure. Stop it! Stop thinking of yourself as a failure and whatever you want will come to you."

This unknown master of philosophy taught Michael how to conquer his fear, how to relax, how to believe again in himself. He taught him the power of self-control, mental and spiritual discipline.

Michael Whalen walked out of that restaurant renewed, with something in his heart he had never known before—peace. From that night on life took on a different color, and all the good he has since known began to come his way.

So well has he learned his lesson of self-discipline that without knowing it he communicates it to those around him. You never forget when you are with Michael Whalen. Somehow you don't want to. You never complain or rave or rant. When you do, you get the feeling that you are as childish as a youngster crying for a lolly-pop. Michael just looks at you, and you realize that this young man has a wisdom and strength you lack, even though you are twice his age.

In his first year on the screen Michael has been in eight pictures in nine months. Twentieth Century-Fox, the first studio to give him a contract, has definitely started on his way a very exceptional young man. He should, by all the signs, have an exceptional career.

His sister, Claire, once asked me, "Why can't someone write a happy story about Michael?" From now on one should have nothing but happy stories to relate about Michael Whalen, master of himself.

"Garden of Allah" Contest Winners

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John S. Antkowiak, 122 Sears Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

2ND PRIZE—Green Wrist Watch

Louise Watts, 5401 Cullom Ave., Chicago, Ill.

3RD PRIZE—Marlene Dietrich's Costume

Mrs. Preston Chapman, 711 Piedmont Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

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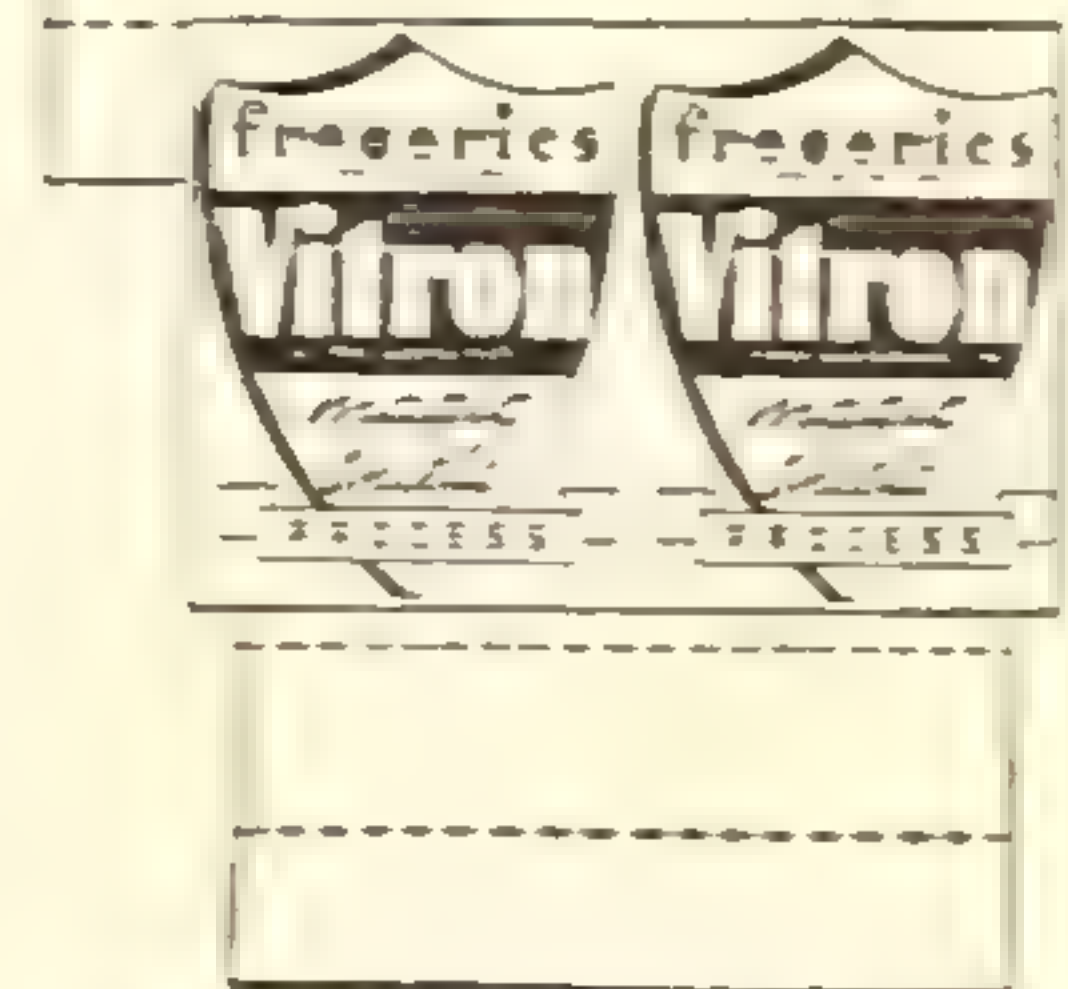
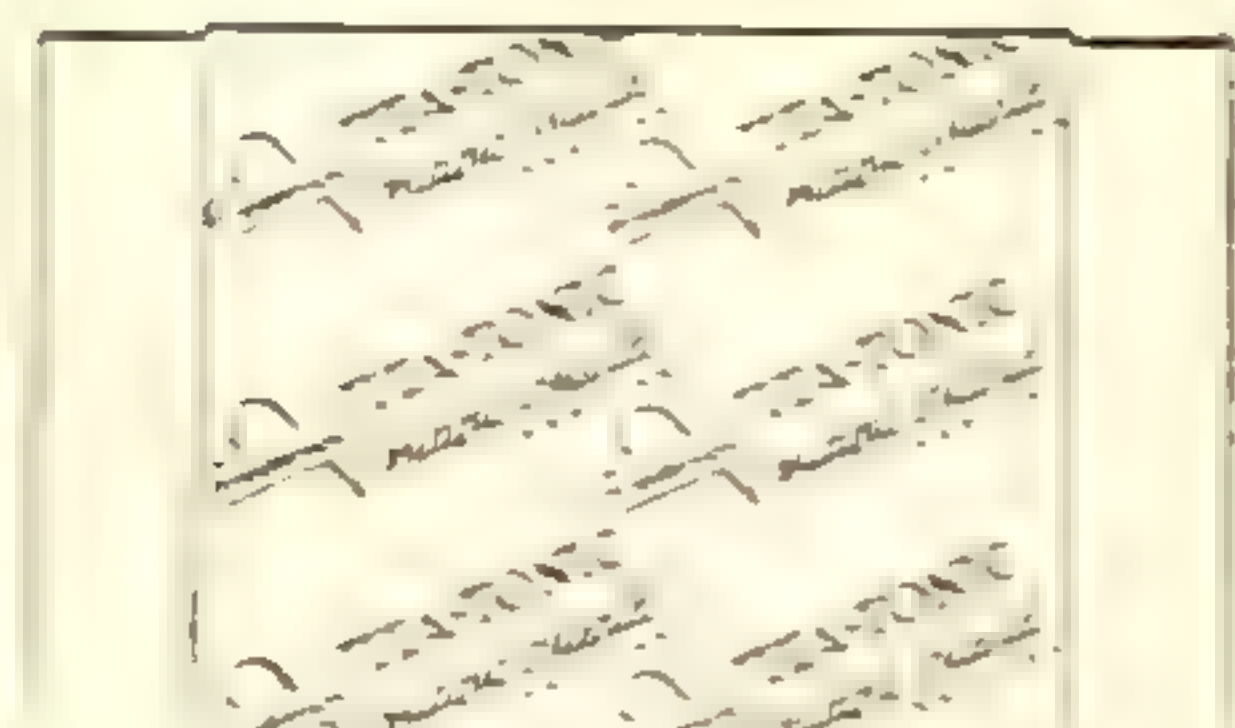
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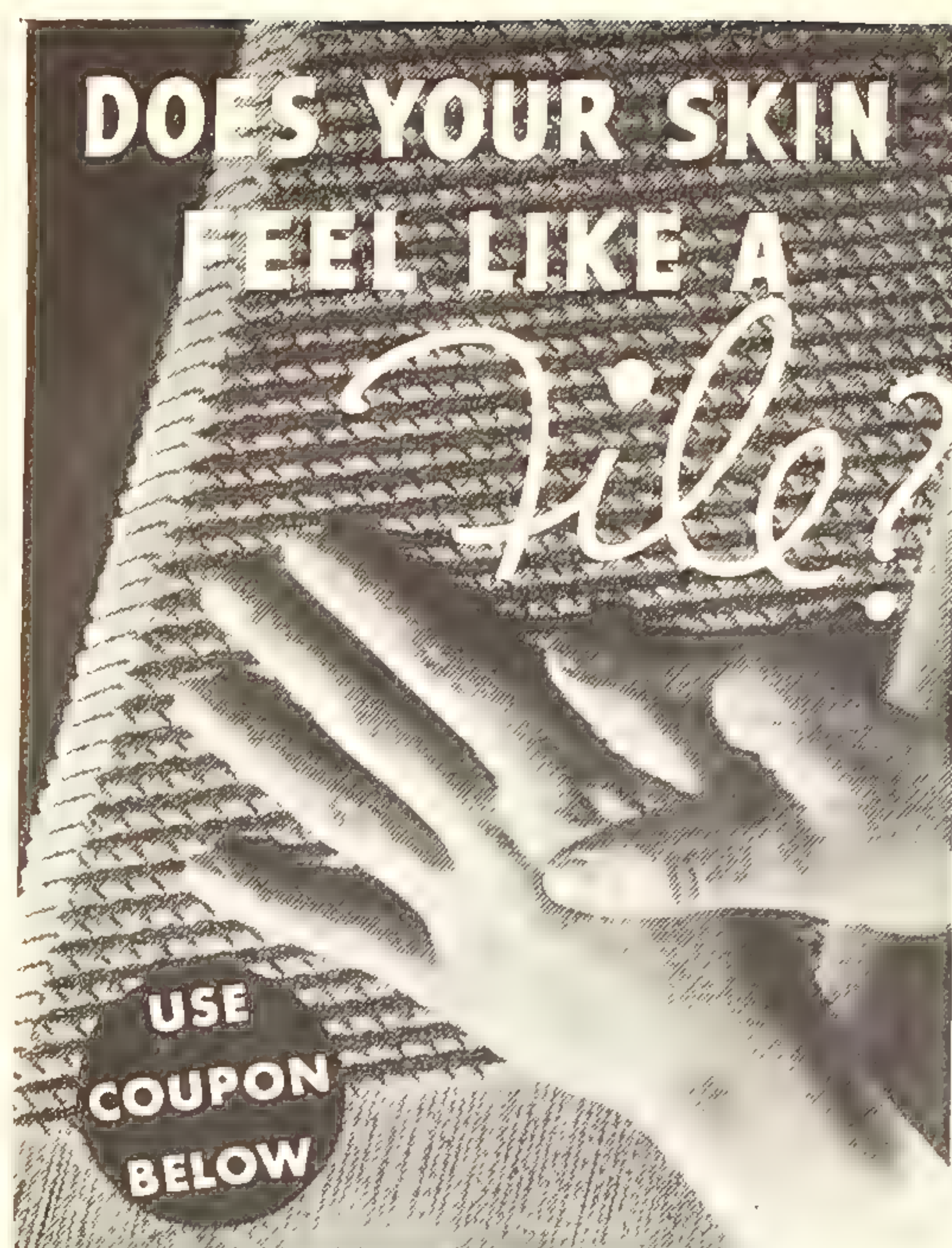
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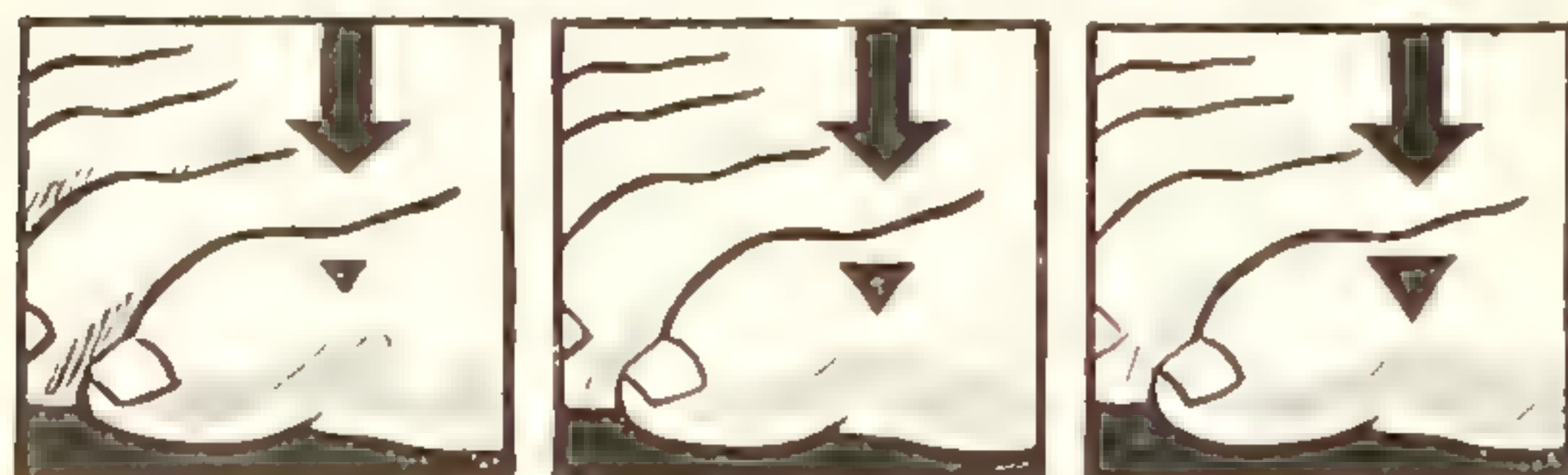
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Maid of Salem

Continued from page 25

in such frivolity. You've always spoiled her. Ever since she's been a child she's been able to twirl you around her finger. And—and I can't forget that her mother—"

"Martha!" John's voice rose in his fear and he glanced quickly around the room as if he could not trust even the closed windows and the door bolted against the village. "That's something she must never know. We promised—"

But Martha was not to be denied her little triumph.

"I can never feel safe about a girl whose mother I know was burned as a witch!" she said, and all the smouldering jealousy she had felt for the girl, all the fears she had tried to suppress, flowed openly into her blood and her heart and her voice.

Witches! The word was one not to be even whispered in Salem Village, and some there were who shuddered away from it and some there were who thrilled to it and dwelt secretly on the word until it became an excitement to color drab days with a thing that was neither glory nor horror but a strange intermingling of the two.

Abigail Goode, the elder's wife, was one of these. Always there had been that reaching out in her for everything that was turbulent and strange and disquieting. Only to think of them was to escape from endless monotony, and to hear of them from her slave Tituba, who came to her from the West Indies, was an introduction that lifted her to new exultation.

Abigail was listening to the black woman when Barbara came into the kitchen, the basket of candles her aunt had made over her arm, her eyes still bright with the remembered glow of her pretty new bonnet. And pity came to Barbara as she heard Tituba's words and saw the eagerness in Deborah Cheeves' smile and in the trembling hands of old Goody Higgins as she lighted her pipe.

But it was not for Abigail, or for Deborah, who was an ineffectual, silly woman who copied her friend in everything she did, or for Goody who was the village beggar and had crept in the room to warm herself before the fire, that Barbara feared. It was for the children gathered there, their small faces upturned as they listened, that she trembled. For Ann Goode, self-willed and domineering and consumed with that same restlessness that possessed her mother; and for Nabby, her younger sister; and most of all for little Mercy Cheeves, always so timid and so easily moved to fear.

Tituba talked, white teeth flashing in her black face, and there was the jungle in that bare Puritan kitchen. There was the dark of the moon and drums beating and a sound as of a great wind rustling. Only there wasn't a wind.

"An' a great fire would shoot up to Heaven," Tituba rocked ecstatically, "an' then Obano would appear, him you calls Satan. Then there'd be feasin' an' dancin' and they'd be a whirlin' of wings like bats goin' up until they fill the sky an' when mornin' come the trees in that jungle would be dead and the river would be as red as blood!"

"Tituba!" Barbara's quiet voice came reprovingly. "Where did you ever see such a thing?"

"I seen them in my country, Mistress," Tituba protested, but her voice was drowned out by the children's clamoring.

"You should have been here sooner, Barbara. Tituba told our fortunes."

"I'm to be a person of importance!"

Ann's voice came imperiously. "I shall be above everyone else and everyone shall listen to me."

"Give me your hand, Miss Barbara," Tituba said in her soft Indies drawl. Then as she took it, "I see a man, tall, well-favored, dark hair. He's very near, child. A gay young man with a glint in his eyes."

Barbara laughed unbelievably. But oh in her heart she wished she could believe. A gay young man with a glint in his eye! Only there was none like that in all of Salem Village. Men there were and plenty who would have liked to court her, but none like the one Tituba had seen in her destiny.

MAID OF SALEM

A Paramount Picture

THE CAST

Barbara Clarke.....Claudette Colbert
Roger Corman.....Fred MacMurray
Dr. John Harding....Harvey Stephens
Ellen Clarke.....Louise Dresser
Martha Harding....Gale Sondergaard
Nathaniel Goode.....Edward Ellis
Thomas Eschiel Bilge.....E. E. Clive
Ann Goode.....Bonita Granville
Timothy Clarke.....Bennie Bartlett
Mrs. Abigail Goode.....Beulah Bondi
Suzy Abbot.....Mary Treen
Miles Corbin.....Sterling Holloway
Nabby Goode.....Virginia Weidler
Roger's friend.....Colin Tapley
Village Marshal.....Russell Simpson
Tithing Man.....Brandon Hurst
Rev. Samuel Perris.....Ivan Simpson
Mr. Cheeves.....Donald Meek

Produced and directed by Frank Lloyd.
Associate Producer: Howard Estabrook.
Original by Bradley King. Screen Play by Walter Ferris, Bradley King and Durward Grinstead. Photographed by Leo Tover, A.S.C.

But she could not help thinking of him as she went around the village distributing her candles. Bayberry candles, sweet-smelling and long-lasting for those who had flax and grain and meat at slaughtering time to give for them. And tallow ones for those whose demands were less, such as Jeremiah, the gentle old man who had come to live among them and who had only the lobsters he caught in his pots to barter with.

Maybe it was because he came from Virginia that Barbara liked so well to be with Jeremiah. Because he could tell her of the Cavaliers and their ladies who dressed in silks and laces and were so gay and blithe-some always.

But when she came to his hut there was not the usual welcome for her and when she brushed aside his protests that the place had not been cleaned and was not fit for her, she laughed and said she would do it herself.

For all his protesting she opened the door to the lean-to where his broom was kept, and then it seemed for a moment she had stopped breathing, for there was a man crouched against the further wall, one arm covered with a blood-stained bandage, and his hand grasping his sword. A young man, dark and handsome for all that he was unshaven and his clothes were torn. At sight of her he smiled, and no man

of her ken had ever swept his hat off so jauntily as he did then and her answering smile trembled to see its broken feather as gallant still as the man himself.

"Glory be!" Even his voice was different, almost caressing in its softness. "I heard a voice. But I thought you mortal."

"My nephew, Roger Coverman," Jeremiah broke in hastily. "Mistress Barbara Clarke." And as the girl curtsied his voice came more tensely: "I must ask you, not a word about my visitor, even though I cannot tell you why."

"Faith she must know!" Roger cried, for even at that first sight of her he wanted everything to be understood between them. "These tatters, this blood, this bandage! Let me give you the worst of it first. I'm a fugitive, I'm a rebel, I'm a traitor to the crown. It was a little matter of taxes, and being a Virginian and a patriot I resented it as did others. The Governor resented our objections and we replied with sword."

Now that Roger had betrayed himself his uncle was not going to let the telling of it want in courage.

"Gallant!" he cried, and one hand went proudly on Roger's arm. "Three hundred of them against two thousand soldiers! And Roger with his back against the wall holding off half a dozen—"

"Tush!" Roger said, and Barbara saw it was as Tituba had told her it would be. He was gay and there was a glint in his eye. "No matter how magnificent we were in defeat they beat us well! Put us to flight and confiscated our lands, and a friendly skipper brought me to Boston and I came the rest of the way through your forests, hiding by day and travelling by night."

"With a price on his head of a thousand pounds!" Jeremiah broke in proudly.

"Do you think it's worth it?" Roger



Mink-coated, smiling ZaSu Pitts, Europe-bound on her first trip abroad, arrives in New York.

chuckled and turned his profile to Barbara, and she had never felt like this with any man before as if life were all nonsense and laughter. But because she was almost afraid of this new feeling her eyes were quiet as she curtsied quickly and was gone.

"When will you come here again?" The outrageous man had come after her, was walking along with her as if he had known her always.

"I bring candles once each week." It was difficult to be a Puritan maid then and speak demurely with eyes properly cast down.

"Only once?" Roger protested. "But I'm a great reader. I read far into the night. We will have need of more by sunrise tomorrow."

"I must gather bayberries before we can make more." In her confusion she forgot it was the tallow ones that she brought to Jeremiah.

"Let me help you," he begged. "I have an amazing nose for bayberries. I track them like a hound upon the trail."

"You might be seen." Funny how easy it was to laugh with this man and find gay little words to answer his gaiety. "I could not risk so valuable a head!"

"Faith, it's not my head is in danger now!" And now the light was gone from his voice as he took her hand, and it was as if a little flame ran along it to Barbara's fingertips. "Truly, when shall I see you again?"

Barbara had need to school her voice then, to school her heart and her betraying eyes and her hand so close to trembling.

"When I bring more candles!" The words came from her traitorous lips and she was gone. But she was thinking of him when she walked to the meeting house on Sunday between her aunt Ellen and her

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small cousin Timothy, the pretty new bonnet on her head and everyone's eyes straying towards it. And afterwards when she sat on the women's side of the house and the preacher singled her and her pretty new bonnet for the close of the sermon she realized with a little shock at her own boldness that she was only amused. Once she would have been ashamed. Now she thought only how Roger would laugh in hearing it.

"Speaking of Satan," the Reverend Parris' words came in slow deliberation, "I must also bid ye beware of women who bedeck themselves with ribbons, curls, and silk bonnets, thus causing men's minds to wander. I say that a female who would fritter away her time trimming and tricking herself out in such fashion should be looked upon as the very gizzard of a trifle, the epitome of nothing and a very apt prey of the devil!"

Strange how things couldn't reach her any more! Strange how that one meeting could have changed her forevermore. And then she looked out of the window and saw she could be fearful after all, for Roger was hiding behind a tree close to the meeting-house begging her in pantomime to come to the cabin. Frantically she nodded she would and motioned him away before he should be seen.

She did not hear the talk about witchcraft that held the others when Bilge the village drunkard told them of the tall man he had seen, wrapped up in a cloak that could only belong to Satan, hiding behind the trees so close to the House of God itself.

For Barbara stopped only long enough to ask her aunt if she could take Jeremiah what was left of the cold chicken before she was on her way to the cabin. Her eyes glowed as she watched the two eat and talk of the state they both loved, and it wasn't until Jeremiah had left them alone that she found the voice to speak.

"It must be very gay in Virginia." The words came wistfully.

"We make it gay!" Roger laughed. "We've a saying there: 'When danger lurks around the corner, you must dance the safe moments away.'"

"Dance?" The word was such a shocking one to Puritan ears that Barbara was appalled at the little thrill it gave her saying it after him.

"Have you never danced?" Roger looked at her pityingly. "The cotillion! The gavotte?"

"The very names sound frivolous," Barbara sighed, "but nice!"

There was nothing for it but Roger should teach her and though at first she was aghast at her own temerity in dancing and on the Sabbath day, too, she found it did not seem so sinful after all, feeling the touch of his hand on hers, warming her heart to his eyes and his smile.

So that night with the moonlight streaming in through her window she needs must dance again, imagining him there with her, imagining that touch of his on her hand, and his smile. Whirling and curtsying as he had taught her and so intent on her little game that she did not know the door had opened until Timothy spoke.

And when the child asked her what she was doing, it was easy to say that one word, 'dancing,' though only yesterday it was one that would have frightened her in the saying of it, and when he puckered his forehead in bewilderment and asked why she was curtsying she said gaily, "That's a curtsy to my partner. Oh, he's such a handsome young man, Timothy!"

"But I don't see him." The boy's eyes widened.

"You're not supposed to," she laughed, and then suddenly the laugh was gone and



Grace Bradley greets her homeland on arrival from England, where she appeared in a new film.

she put her arms around him.

It was on the day the village was raising the preacher's new house that she saw Roger again. She had not thought it would be so soon but she was glad when she met him on her way and after that it did not seem to matter that her tardiness might be noticed with Roger laughing with her and the two of them clambering up into a tree when they saw the cowherd ambling along the meadows with his charges.

Different this time, too, from all the other times, hiding there in that secret leafy little world, so close that every move they made meant that their hands or shoulders must touch and with the new confusion coming when they found their lips so near.

"I'm fast learning how it feels to be a fugitive," Barbara said at last, "hiding in trees and tumbling down hills at every sign of danger. Will it always be like this for you?"

"I suppose I could send a petition to their Majesties, asking them to pardon me."

"Could you?" she asked eagerly. "To King William, to Queen Mary? What would you say?"

"Now if I were talking to the King, man to man over our pipes and ale, I'd say, 'William, can't you and I come to a fair and square understanding? 'Tis no great sport being a fugitive from injustice. You see there's a young lady in the case. Just put yourself in my place, William. Suppose you were chased out of London and had to hide at Dover by the sea. You'd miss your Mary, wouldn't you? I'm not saying a word against Mary, but the young lady I have in mind is the most fascinating, twinkling, dark-eyed maid that ever took an honest man's breath away. 'Tis monstrous that I should not be free to see her and tell her what's racing through my mind.'"

He leaned closed. "Now whisper," he begged. "What would you say to that petition?"

"I'd say I could not refuse you," Barbara whispered, and then she was in Roger's arms and his mouth found her and the world ended and began again. And later when Barbara took stock of time once more and Roger had jumped to the ground and pulled her down beside him that kiss was still on her lips as she hurried away.

It was on the shore road that she met Dr. John and he dismounted from his horse and helped her up to the pillion behind him, and so it was that they rode to the house-raising together and so it was that Martha saw them, and her jealousy flared to a passion it had never known before.

Never had children been such little trouble as they were at that house-raising. The men carried their gifts of furniture and linen into the house and the women tidied it without a child anywhere to get in the way.

Down in the deserted saw-pit they huddled listening as Ann read to them from Cotton Mather's book on witchcraft that she had seen her father secrete in his desk and had awaited her opportunity to get.

"Sometimes they would be deaf; sometimes dumb; sometimes blind." Her voice was avid. "Then their tongues would be drawn down their throats or they would be pulled out on their chins to a prodigious length. They would make the most piteous outcries. They were scratched, they were pinched and tormented all of which they said were the work of the women who bewitched them."

"I don't want to be pinched and tormented," Mercy sobbed.

"Did those children die?" Timothy asked, and his eyes were round with fright.

"No!" Ann shook her head contemptuously, and her eyes looked even more like her mother's eyes with that strange gleam in them. "They were the talk of the colony. Cotton Mather even took one of them to live in his great house in Boston. The whole town came to see her and pray over her. Just like they pray over a Queen or somebody great. I'd like that."

"So'd I," echoed her smaller sister Nabby.

"I don't want anybody to bewitch me," Mercy choked, and then her eyes widened with terror as the clanging of the dinner bell began and the others climbed eagerly up from the pit.

She was too little to follow them in their swift flight and she was shaking with great convulsive sobs when Barbara heard her and climbed down to her. And then she wasn't crying any more, with Barbara who she loved above anyone else in the world, even her mother, there beside her, stuffing her kerchief with sand and dry grass and making a doll of it.

"There—there's a little poppet for you. Looks just like me," Barbara said, and the child's tears were gone as they scrambled up the bank.

The grown-ups were being served at the great tables laid in front of the preacher's new house and Tituba was bearing the big platter of meat from one to the other when Ann reached for it and the black woman tore it away from her. In the scuffle a book fell from the bonnet the child had concealed it in and her father's wrath flamed as he saw what book it was she was reading.

"Go to your room!" he thundered. "I'll attend to you later." Maybe it was the tidings that had come to Salem Village that day from Cape Ann that made his hand heavier than it had ever been before. The old fear of witches and their craft that made him strike and strike again at the child who had read of their evil doings and gained knowledge no child should have.

That night the bells tolled in Salem Village and the Puritans crowded into the room where Ann Goode lay writhing and twisting. Little matter that Doctor John laughed at them and their fears and told them there was nothing wrong with the child. They knew better, these people already afraid by the talk that had come to them. There had been witches in England. There were witches in Cape Ann, and now the evil had come upon them and one of their children had been bewitched.

Tituba, who had once talked so glibly of witches because there were some who liked to listen of strange things, cowered in the doorway frightened now that the evil she had only imagined before was there

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What a Cold Calls for

It's obvious that a cold calls, first of all, for a cold treatment! A preparation that's good for all kinds of different ailments can't be equally good for colds.

A cold, furthermore, calls for internal treatment. An infection within the

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real and terrible before her eyes. It was easy for the others to believe when Ann revelling in the excitement and remembering it was because of the slave the book had been discovered and her father had beaten her, accused Tituba of the crime.

Only Barbara came forward to defend her but she was as nothing before the others who crowded around Tituba taking her to the prison. All that night they harangued her and just as dawn was breaking the woman, frightened beyond endurance by their threats, broke down and confessed and at their insistence even named accomplices. Goody Higgins—the name came first to the black woman's lips because it was such a familiar one with the old beggar coming so often to warm herself at the kitchen fire; and there were other names easy to remember too.

The frenzy had come to Salem Village!

"We would never have told you but for the danger," Ellen said slowly. "Now you see, dear, why you must be silent."

"Do others know?" Barbara managed to ask.

"Only Martha," John said, and as he saw the horror deepen in Ellen's face he put in quickly, "But I have her promise—"

Ellen burst into tears then, rocking back and forth in her agony. "Oh, God have pity! Have pity!" She prayed and tried not to remember Martha's eyes as she had seen them that day at the house-raising when Barbara had come riding up with her husband.

It was almost as if Roger had been summoned to her by her great need for him, Barbara thought when she went into the garden and found herself pulled in his arms and heard his voice whispering to her. Everything would be all right with



Maybe James Melton and Lawrence Tibbett were singing the Minute Waltz, or perhaps Rosalind Russell is a stickler about tempo. Anyway, Rosalind was holding the watch on them when our camera caught this informal shot at a recent party.

Doors were barricaded and only the bravest among them dared step on the streets. Even Roger trembled when Jeremiah told him of it and how Barbara had tried to protect Tituba. But it was for Barbara he feared. A dangerous thing she had done with the whole Village caught up in the hysteria.

Barbara's face was drawn as she faced her aunt and Doctor John that night.

"We can't let this go on," she said tensely. "Tituba's only an ignorant slave trying to save herself. We must do something!"

"Barbara!" Ellen's voice came as quietly as ever, but her eyes had lost their calmness. "You must not speak or defend anyone who is accused. It is dangerous." And then seeing the girl's hands flung out in quick protest she went on, "I haven't told you of your mother and how she died."

"She died in grief," Barbara looked at her aunt in bewilderment. "In England, when my father was lost at sea."

"Not of grief," Ellen whispered, and for a moment it seemed she could not go on. Then, "A woman hated her, for her beauty. She whispered that your mother by witchcraft had caused a storm at sea, whereby your father was drowned. She was convicted and—"

No need for her to go on, to put in words the horrible thing that had happened with Barbara's eyes staring at the flames twisting in the fireplace, seeing them with horror for the first time.

Roger helping her, and she felt safe again in the haven his arms made for her. That night he and Jeremiah were going to Boston to find a ship that would take her to a place where they would both be safe. Somehow it was easy to be brave then, knowing he loved her, knowing that he would come back for her.

Easy to be brave even with Timothy waiting for her when she came back into the house, his face still pressed against the window through which he had been watching.

"I saw you. You were with a man!" he taunted her.

"No!" The word came sharply. "It was no man. Promise me you will tell no one."

But it was too thrilling a secret for a small boy to keep, and so he told Nabby, who was being so important now in her bewitched sister's reflected glory.

Day by day the fury mounted in Salem. It was not enough that the women first to be accused were hung. There were others to be accused and still others, and there was nothing for Barbara to do but stand by and see the evil spread. And neither Roger nor Jeremiah had come back to help her.

She could not know of the thing that had happened, of Roger recognized by a sailor on the ship that had brought him to Boston and shanghied and taken back to Virginia a prisoner. She could not know that Jeremiah in trying to help him had been killed and his body thrown in

Boston Bay. She could only hope and pray and know that neither of these men would voluntarily desert her, and sometimes she feared for Roger's life and wept, and sometimes she knew he was alive and was almost happy again.

But Barbara could keep silent no longer when gentle old Rebecca Nurse was accused and brought before the judges.

"She's done naught but good all her life!" Barbara protested, and leaped to her feet in spite of her aunt's restraining hand. "There's not one of you but has had some token of her kindness. Find out about her accusers. Examine them. Find out if they are lying or if their minds are deranged."

There was a shocked silence, for Elder Cheeves had been one of the accusers; and then in the stillness Abigail Goode's tense voice came.

"Only a witch defends a witch! And I know her for one. Ask Timothy what he told my daughter!"

The boy cowered before the judges and his voice came whispering in his fright. He had seen Barbara go into the garden and meet something tall and all in black that put its arms around her, and afterward she had said it was no man.

"No man?" voices shouted through the court-room. "Witch! Satan! Satan!"

And knowing Roger's danger Barbara could say nothing to defend herself. She was left quite alone, to face the terrible accusation.

John came to her the morning of her trial and begged that he be allowed to tell the court that he was the man she had met in the garden that night, but Barbara could not accept his sacrifice. So it was with almost all hope gone that she stood before the judges and John and Ellen's eyes were heavy as they looked on her. She had no defense. There was no answer she could give to any of the things they forced Timothy to tell of her; of that night he found her dancing alone and she had told him it was a handsome young man she was dancing with and again he could see no man.

And then little Mercy Cheeves was brought in, Mercy who had become ill with the terror that held the village and who reached out one arm to Barbara when she saw her and clutched the doll the girl had made for her in the other.

"She is bewitched, sirs!" Mrs. Cheeves' voice rose hysterically. "The prisoner gave her this poppet and from that day she has been ailing and we fear for her life."

The child cried and clung to the doll when one of the judges asked to see it, and the very love the child had for Barbara condemned her in the eyes of those watching.

John was on his feet then pleading for Barbara, and Martha watching felt the full flood of her jealousy loosen within her.

"Don't listen to him!" she cried. "She has bewitched him too. She is of evil blood, born into witchcraft. Her mother was burned as a witch in England!"

Ellen was called, but before they could make her admit Martha's charge Barbara, spent beyond endurance, cried out: "Stop it! Stop it! Isn't it enough that you're torturing me without torturing her, too? Yes, it's true my mother was burned as a witch, but that does not prove she was guilty any more than I am guilty because I am accused. Nor the others you have condemned before me. There is no power of evil such as you believe, only fear and ignorance and superstition. I do not ask mercy of you but only pray God for your awakening!"

It was hard to die, Barbara thought that day when she stood on the gallows. Hard to die on a day like this with the sumach flaming red on the hills; hard to die knowing so well now in her heart that somewhere

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in the world Roger was alive and loving her, and feeling the ropes tying the hands his hand had held, feeling the noose pressing around the throat his lips had once kissed.

Then when she had closed her eyes so that she would no longer see the agony in Ellen's and Doctor John's eyes as they looked at her or the fear in Abigail Goode's or the wild triumph in Ann's or the hatred in Martha's, she heard the sound of horses' hoofs racing and Roger's voice shouting. And when she dared to open them again it was Roger's face she saw distorted now in his fright and wrath and the setting sun flashed on his sword as he raised it and she felt it cut through the rope that held her.

His arms holding her then and his voice fighting for her, and at last they all saw it was as he said, that he was the man who had met her in the woods and that

once he had been a fugitive but he was freed now by the king's order.

Under her father's terrible wrath Ann cowered and then convulsively her confession came and horror flowed through the others as they realized the evil they had done and the new evil they had almost consummated on the word of this child.

There was a mad surging toward the gallows and men's strong hands tearing down the thing of horror that had been their instrument. The witch scare was gone from Salem, never to return.

And then somehow Barbara no longer looked like a Puritan maid with her eyes shining like that and her face radiant with the glow that came with Roger's arm holding her close again. Only a Cavalier's lady could lift her head proudly, as she did then, waiting for his kiss.

THE END

Madge Goes Mad

Continued from page 51

Diamond," and "Exclusive Story," and "Moonlight Murder"—all distinctly, and depressingly, "B" pictures. There's really nothing so discouraging to a young and ambitious actress as a whole series of "B" pictures. Madge, who is a grand actress and so career-bound that it hurts, longed with all her heart and soul and body for an "A." But on the M-G-M lot where *Men-Go-Mad*, (so said Gable), and *Madge-Gets-Moody*, (so said I), there just didn't seem to be any "A's" left after Garbo and Crawford and Shearer and Loy and Harlow finished picking them over—and Madge did so want an "A." (Please now don't confuse Hollywood's "A" with *Hester Prynne's* "A," they are not one and the same, though I must admit on occasions there has been a lot of talk.)

"My graph," said Madge, "had just about reached China and I was getting pretty worried, (Madge is a worrier after my own heart), when along came 'Piccadilly Jim.' For the first time in ages I was given clever lines to say, and I didn't have to be a perfect lady—oh, you have no idea what a relief that was! Ordinarily when I had a lover's tiff with the leading man I'd have to run away and sob for an entire sequence on the bed—I bet I've sobbed on more beds than any other actress in Hollywood—but this time after my quarrel with Bob I was allowed to take a fall. And it was a good fall, too, even if I do say so myself."

A hit picture in Hollywood is very much like walking around your chair in a bridge game—it's supposed to change your luck. Now Madge, who hates card games, wouldn't have the least idea what to do with thirteen spades, but just show her some more good pictures and she'll know what to do. "Yes," said Madge, "Piccadilly Jim' gave me a new lease on life, but like Hollywood leases it's optional."

I'm not quite certain whether it was "Piccadilly Jim" or the servant problem that changed Madge's private life. Suddenly she seemed to go pleasantly mad, she bought a frightfully expensive wardrobe with gaga skirts and feathered hats, flaunted a diamond bracelet and a glittering new sports car in the manner of a movie star, and actually broke down and gave parties in the Hollywood tradition. I would like to think that Madge became punch-drunk with plaudits after "Piccadilly Jim" and "Pennies from Heaven," (an-

other "A" picture), but it just might happen that the servants did have a little something to do with it. Madge's Willa, one of the best cooks in Hollywood, retired this past fall—it seems she was forty and wanted to sit on her porch and rock—and Madge got an elderly colored couple, a nice aristocratic looking man and woman whom she thought would fit right into her quiet home life. (Madge lives in Beverly Hills with her mother and brother.) But imagine her surprise one morning when they came to her and announced that they were leaving on Saturday. "But why?" asked Madge, suspecting her Scotties, "what doesn't please you?" "Well," said the butler, "I am very sorry, ma'am, but it is too quiet here for my wife and me. We like merriment and gaiety. And besides, the hours interfere with my wife's bridge club and my rhumba lessons."

You could have knocked Madge down with a feather. Well, the merry Smiths were quickly followed by another couple, and Madge straightway gave a dinner party so they wouldn't get the wrong idea. "There will be six ladies for dinner," she informed the butler casually. "Six ladies, no men?" he inquired, "isn't that rather odd?" Madge hastily invited some men. If you there, back in Kansas, think you have servant problems just wait until you get a crack at Hollywood servants.

So what with servants egging her on, not to mention her friends, and what with two "A" pictures tucked gaily under her belt, Madge is out of the depression and into the fun. She just had to give those gaga skirts and that silver fox cape a break, so it is no uncommon sight to the man on the street to see Madge flitting in and out of the Trocadero dressed to her teeth several nights a week. Her mother, an utterly charming and gay person, loves it. Her brother, Tom, who is on the quiet side, longs for the good old days when Willa didn't object to having only three for dinner and Madge was in a mood over "Murder in the Moonlight."

Well, now, if Hollywood had welcomed and glad-handed Madge as it should have five years ago when she arrived from New York instead of going into a glacial period it would not have taken a hit picture, and a rhumba-ing butler, to bring out the peaked cap in her. As you know Madge was a famous child star; then after the adolescent years she started her career all

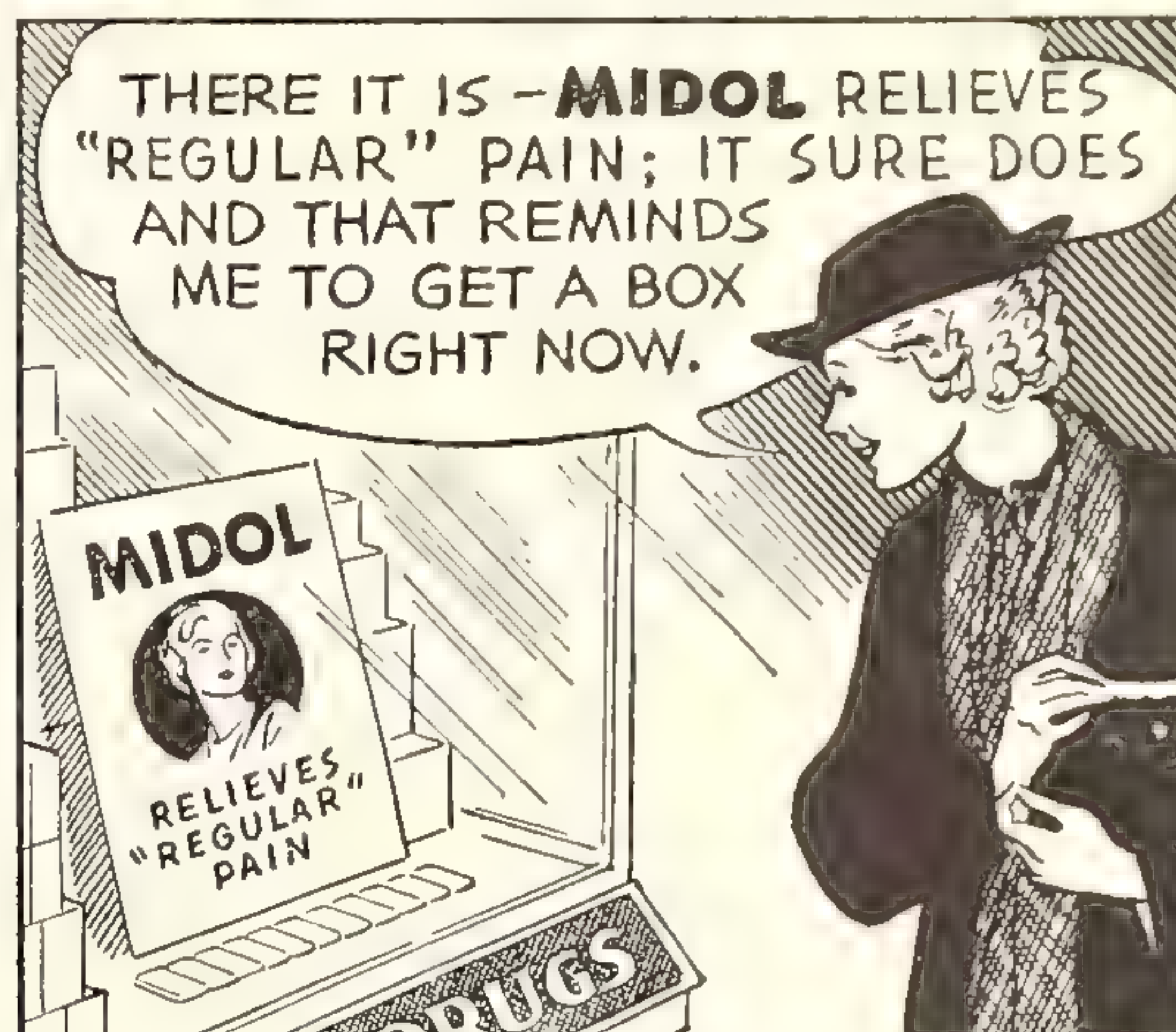
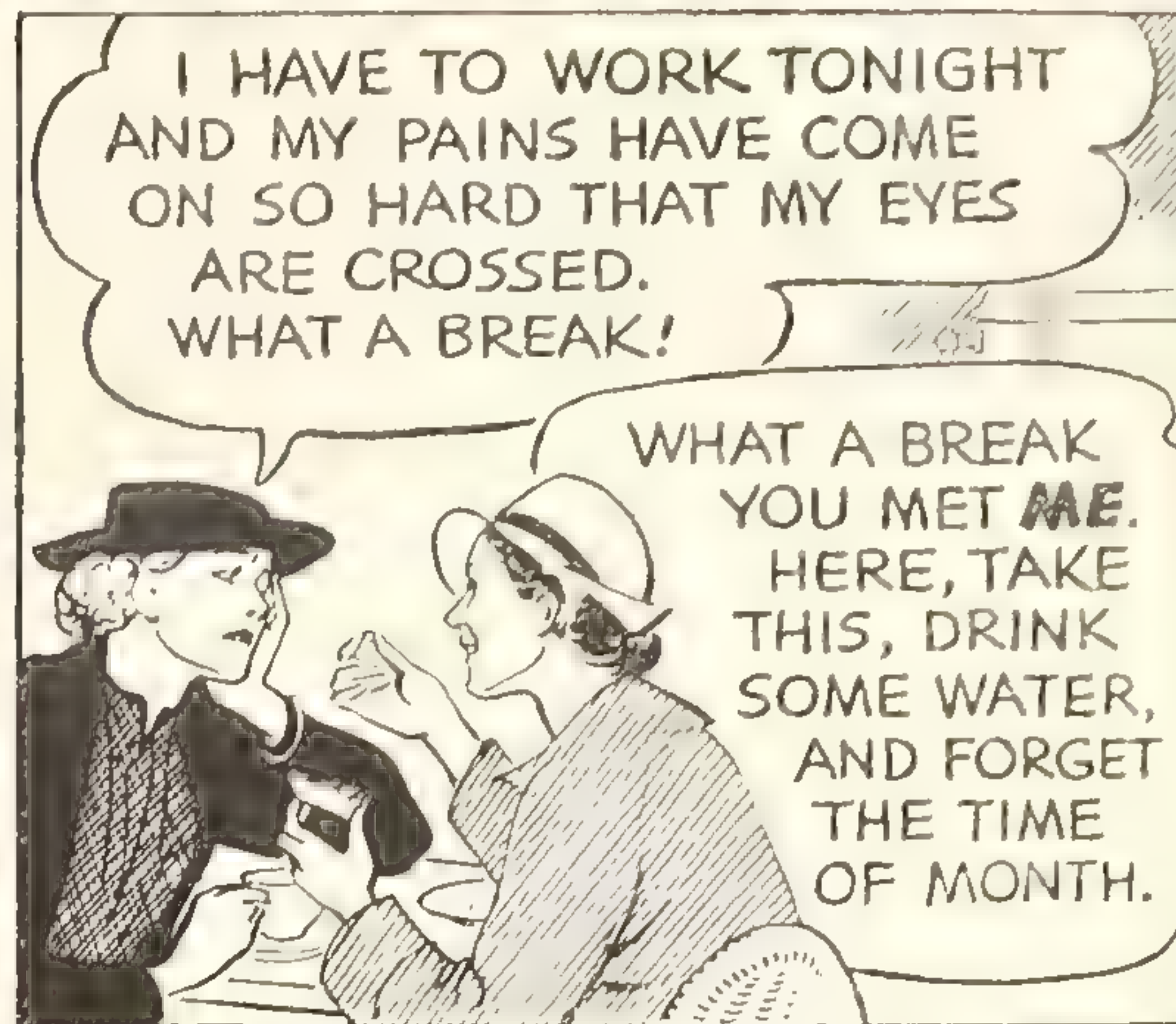
over again on the New York stage, and it was while she was appearing in "Philip Goes Forth" on Broadway that she was signed on a Metro contract and rushed to Hollywood to appear opposite Ramon Novarro in "Son of India." So quickly had it all been done that the studio in Hollywood had failed to get the proper publicity out on it and Madge arrived in town "cold"—as we say in the theatre. The newspapers and the lack of publicity were of no concern to Madge whatsoever, but what *was* of great concern to her was getting in touch with her former friends out here and with the friends she had made in New York plays. Can't you see Madge, little more than a child, and simply bubbling over with enthusiasm and eager to be one of the crowd? She wanted to give parties and go to parties, and see people, and ring door-bells and have fun. Well, *you* know Hollywood, but Madge didn't. "Hello," Madge would say gaily over the phone, "it's Madge. I just got in from New York yesterday. Isn't it fun! When shall I see you?" All those dear, divine friends Madge had known on the New York stage froze like an ice cube, and all those charming friends who had petted and cooed over Madge when she was a child star suddenly had to go out of town.

Finally she caught on—these people thought that she was in Hollywood on "speculation," that she was trying to get a job, that she might try to use them, or even make a "touch!" Oh, you'll never know the agony that Madge went through. (Plenty of *bona fide* bed-sobbing.) And all her suspicions were thoroughly confirmed when a week later she ran into one of the women she had called, a featured player you all know well, and whom Madge had known quite well for all of a season on Broadway. "Oh, hello, Madge," said the lady who shall be nameless, "what are you doing here on the Metro lot? Taking a test? Oh, I do hope you'll get something worthwhile in Hollywood, but you know how it is, so many—" "Yes," said Madge sweetly but with a distinct trace of homicide in her voice, "I know exactly how it is. I happen to be on the Metro lot because I have a contract here. And I happen to be in make-up because I am playing the lead opposite Novarro in 'Son of India.'" "Oh, really, darling, how wonderful! Why didn't you tell me over the phone! You naughty girl! Darling, I'm giving a party this week-end, lots of important movie people and stars you should meet—you must come, now don't say n—o" "No," said Madge. The woman still calls Madge regularly and invites her to parties to meet "important movie people" but Madge still says "No."

As soon as the papers got around to publishing the fact that Madge Evans, ex-child star, was in Hollywood with a Metro contract all the other dear divine people who had been so busy rushing out of town got around to calling Madge up, simply bursting with enthusiasm, and there were invitations galore, but Madge had been too badly hurt by then, and once Madge is hurt she never gets over it.

Hollywood is very much like an exclusive private school where the newcomers are eyed askance and given the frigid treatment until they become one of the gang. If you're the least bit sensitive it's an awful initiation. Irene Dunne went through it when she arrived from New York, ("when will these New York actresses stop coming out here and taking jobs away from our Hollywood girls" was a regular comment in the daily columns), and so did Claudette Colbert, and dozens of others from the New York stage; but Madge having far more than her allotted share of pride and sensitiveness got the works. It was during this period that the famous Madge Evans-Una Merkel friendship

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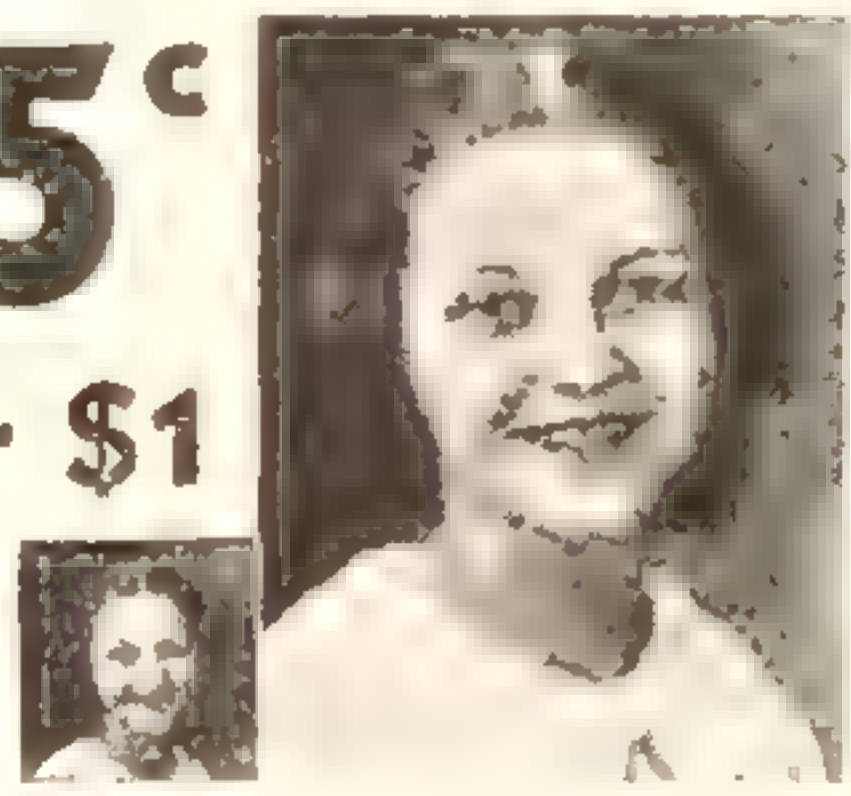
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started. Una, one of the grandest people in the world, was the only player on the Metro lot who gave Madge a warm greeting and a friendly hand. And an Evans never forgets. "I thought I was coming to sunny California," said Madge. "Imagine

my surprise when I found myself in Little America."

I was under the impression for quite a long time that I had met the shyest person in captivity when I met Barbara Stanwyck, but compared with Madge, Barbara is Lady Godiva on a white horse. One cold quizzical look can shrivel Madge completely. A bit of snootiness and she is lost forever. She wasn't born that way, though. Oh no, Madge remembers very definitely that as a child star she must have been an awful little brat. "Much worse than Fannie Brice's Baby Snooks," says Madge. "Adults were always gushing over me and telling me how pretty I was and if I cried they gave me the world. Naturally I thought I was pretty smart." She faintly remembers, and wishes she didn't, that after a certain picture the director said, "And now, little Madgie, you've been a good little girl, and I'm going to give you a great big beautiful doll." "I don't wanna doll," snapped good little Madgie, "I wanna wrist watch with diamonds." Well, you can just imagine what poor Mrs. Evans thought she had on her hands. A gold-digger, no less. But strangely enough Madge did all her digging before the ripe old age of ten. The Evans jewels today have been bought by Miss Evans. Madge's inferiority complex came from being a child star. Everybody made such a fuss over her for several years and then all of a sudden she became a gangly little girl, she lost her contract and no one made a fuss over her. "A grown-up," says Madge, "could have understood it. But I was only a child. I am sure I was more humiliated over losing that contract than any man has ever been over losing a job. To have all the flattery in the world, and then suddenly not a word of praise from anyone. I couldn't figure it out. My pride was hurt and I became abnormally shy and sensitive."

When she was fifteen she decided to try to make her "come-back" on the stage, (Madge has one of those burning loves for the theatre that not even an inferiority complex can dampen), so her mother went with her on a tour of the casting offices in New York. Madge would meet the directors and producers who remembered her as a child star, (and resented the fact that she had grown up—just like I today resent Jackie Cooper being such a big boy in "The Devil Is a Sissy"), and they would be just as cold and detached as were those dear divine friends in Hollywood several years later. "Madge," her mother once said to her, "you act like a hick from the coun-

try who has just stepped off a train. You must talk to these agents. You never open your mouth." Well, that became a gag line with the Evanses. Even to this day when Madge is being particularly quiet in a large party of people Mrs. Evans will turn to her offspring and say, "Madge, when does the train get in?" Immediately Madge will perk up just as she did at the age of fifteen in those casting offices and start a bit of nonsensical prattle.

Madge is crazy about fortune tellers—not that they ever tell her anything she wants to hear, but she's always hoping they will. "They're always finding a husband and a home and babies for me," says Madge, "and I don't want a husband and a home and babies. I want a career." Right after the glorious success of "Piccadilly Jim" she heard about a "new" fortune teller down at Santa Monica so she promptly dropped in to have her future read in the cards. "I see something marvelous for you," said the woman, "it's wonderful." "Wh-what?" gasped Madge, "a good picture?" "No," said the woman, "a good husband." "Oh," said Madge.



Acme

Of course you remember Wilma Banky and Rod LaRocque! Here they are, happy husband and wife, seen visiting in England.

They Have the Most Fun

Continued from page 57

picture making it over, everybody sits around and talks pictures, and Miriam is interested in other things. So as soon as the last take is in the can, (me being technical), Miriam *avec* entourage scrams out of here as fast as she can. Last spring when she had finished "These Three" for Sam Goldwyn she decided practically overnight that she would like to go to China—she had never been to China and it seemed a nice place to go. So she made reservations for herself and Michael, (her four-year-old adopted son), and Mademoiselle and Lennart, (nurse and butler who always accompany La Hop on her safaris). Then the day before the boat sailed she decided she wouldn't go to China after all but she would like a boat trip so she dashed down to San Pedro *avec* entourage just in time to catch a boat for New York via the Canal. On the boat she happened to pick

up some pamphlets describing the fascinating lure of old Mexico so Miriam caught a plane in Panama and flew to Mexico City in time to celebrate several fiestas with the first families. Then back to Hollywood again where she re-opened her beach house at Santa Monica and in a moment of softness persuaded herself that Hollywood wasn't so bad and she would spend a spring here, and have all the charming people she knew down for scrambled eggs and champagne breakfasts at two in the afternoon. But unfortunately Miriam went to a Hollywood party, and as usual every one started talking pictures and griping about contracts; so Miriam began to think longingly of New York in the spring, the apple trees in bloom in Central Park, the gay lights and merry noises on the East River, and the liver and onions with the special mustard at "21."

Miriam took the next plane for New York. She opened up her house in Sutton Place, called up a lot of interesting people to come on over and have some fun, sent at least a dozen wires to a dozen producers back in Hollywood informing them that she wasn't the least bit interested in appearing in their pictures, and took in every theatre, every art exhibition, and every smart night club in town. This went on for about two weeks. Then Miriam said: "So much is happening abroad, and I am missing it. Paris in the spring. London in the spring. When does the Normandie sail?" Up went the shutters in Sutton Place.

Miriam hadn't been to Europe since 1930 when she had played in London in Belasco's "The Bachelor Father," so she was keen to visit all her old haunts, the quaint little restaurants in Soho, and renew old ac-

quaintances, (including King Edward), and see Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Eugenie Leontovich in "Tovarich" and Noel Coward's tri-day festival which is running in New York now. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was right there at her elbow to see that she didn't lack an escort any place. And then followed the grand tour. In the short space of six weeks she visited Paris, Nuremberg, Munich, Oberammergau, Vienna, Budapest, Warsaw, Moscow, Leningrad, Berlin, Rome, Amsterdam, and back to Paris. Most of the jumps were made by plane, and it was lucky she carried with her only two suitcases and a hat box. Miriam hates to travel with a lot of useless luggage.

The highlight of her trip to Germany was being in Berlin on Hitler's birthday. As a guest of the American embassy she took part in the giant celebration. She was in Rome on the day the Ethiopian war ended and witnessed a spectacle the likes of which she had never seen before. Back in London once more she decided the most fun would be to make a Korda picture, so in a jiffy she was settled in a house in Denham and had sent for Michael and the entourage to join her. Rather breathless—but it gives you a good idea of Miriam. Whenever Miriam wants an excuse for travelling she will say, "I want my soul to catch up with my pocketbook."

On the boat returning to America she met the famous European director, Anton Litvak, who was on his way to Hollywood; and what with this and that it's been a *bona fide* romance ever since. In New York she tarried long enough to pack up her Picassos, Degas, and Van Goghs as she felt she needed them with her in Hollywood. One morning a week after her return she got up too early, saw a low fog over the ocean, immediately decided the beach was too damp, moved out of the beach house and into a Beverly Hills house which is haunted by Marlene Dietrich who lived there last. Little Michael has been to and from New York so many times in his brief four years that he knows personally every pilot on the air line. In fact they often take him into the cockpit with them and let him pilot the plane, (make-believe). Michael, like his mother, gets a lot of fun out of life.

"Work is one thing," says Irene Dunne, "and life is another." When Irene works she gives everything she has to the part she is playing, (when Theodora Dunne "goes wild" she goes completely nuts); but the minute the picture is finished and previewed she sees no reason why she should sit around Hollywood discussing pictures and worrying over her box-office appeal. The first minute she can get away from the studio she is on the Chief bound for New York. (Of course the fact that her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, lives there might have something to do with her eagerness to get to New York). Unlike Miriam there is none of the Bohemian about Irene, which has always interested me because after all Irene is a prima donna and really should be up to her ears in music-lovers. But whereas Miriam surrounds herself with people who are accomplishing things in the world, writers, painters, sculptors, actors, singers, architects, designers, etc., Irene definitely steers clear of all *artistes*—and she doesn't care a hang-nail for those quaint little places in Soho and Greenwich Village. The literati she finds almost as depressing as the people who discuss pictures continuously.

Irene belongs to what for a better name we have to call the society crowd of Los Angeles and New York. Her idea of a lot of fun is to go out to the Los Angeles Country Club, (no picture people allowed), of a morning with several Bel Air matrons and play eighteen holes of golf; then luncheon at the club with a lively discussion of *petit point* and Queen Anne furniture,

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Little Charlene Wyatt's new studio contract is approved by Judge Swain of the court that passes on contracts for minors, so Charlene signs on the dotted line. Witnesses are Ann Shirley, left, and Priscilla Moran, on the right.

(you'd never guess Irene was a movie star), followed by eighteen more holes of golf in the afternoon. Irene, as you have probably suspected, is Hollywood's most rabid, and best, woman golfer. Except when Dr. Griffin is in town Irene goes out very rarely to night clubs and premieres, but she loves to go to dinner parties given by "private people," who are faintly aware that Irene does something at the studios but they aren't sure exactly what. But the minute Irene registers at the Hotel Pierre in New York, where she usually stops, she becomes the gayest of the party girls; with her husband and his friends she goes to a play every night, (she adores the theatre), to the smart Park Avenue restaurants and night clubs, all done up in white fox and looking too beautiful for words. While her contemporaries back in Hollywood are worrying over pictures, and contracts, and Simone Simon, Irene is having the time of her life in a gay metropolitan social whirl. Three times since their marriage Irene and her doctor have gone for a romp in Europe—last summer they did England and France with a special visit to Madame Curie, and months ago they booked reservations on the Queen Mary for the Coronation. That, my dears, is enjoying life. You don't catch Irene sitting around Hollywood with a long face trying to solve the picture problems; she's out having fun with a lot of gay, charming people.

"Worry?" says Clark Gable. "Say, my pal Bill Powell does all my worrying for me. He likes to worry. Me—I can't be bothered." There, boys and girls, is a merry gentleman. Mr. Gable doesn't worry about anything, and least of all about his career. He's awfully glad you like him on the screen, and he hopes you'll continue to like him, but he just can't be bothered with taking it big because if he spent all his time being a big movie star he wouldn't have any time for fun, and nobody enjoys fun like Gable. Oh, he works all right when he's in a picture; and when the di-

rector tells him to smile and show his dimples he does just that; but as soon as the picture is finished he refuses to let Mr. Mayer and the M-G-M studio live his life for him any longer; he's perfectly ca-



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Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, who announced their marriage will take place in the spring, board a plane for San Francisco.

pable of living it for himself. He always celebrates the end of a picture by putting on his oldest clothes, (in comparison a tramp would look chic), and driving, usually alone, to the Kaibab Forest in Arizona for a hunting spree. He knows personally a lot of the old-timers who have shacks in the hills and they put him up for a week or so at a time. Naturally the talk is all about game and grub without one single syllable about pictures. And Gable loves that. When he can't get off long enough to go to Arizona Clark will go fishing up in the High Sierras; recently when he could escape from "Parnell" for a week-end he has been going duck-hunting with Bob Taylor, which sort of belies all those rumors that Clark is jealous of Bob's sensational popularity. Clark's too busy having fun to be jealous of anyone. If there's going to be several hours between his scenes at the studio he, unlike our other darlings of the celluloid, does not sit around the set crabbing about his lines, or mouthing with the cameraman over his close-ups, or glaring with the leading lady because she upstaged him; no, our Mr. Gable jumps in his Duesenberg with the cut-out on and drives like mad to Santa Monica where he shoots clay pigeons until it is time to return to the studio. Clark is the best skeet-shooter on the Coast. And then, of course, there's Miss Lombard. It was inevitable that those two should fall in love; both have the grandest sense of humor; both like to do nutsy things; and both get a deal of fun out of being alive. It's a common sight to see them on the front seat of the most dangerous roller coaster in Venice, shrieking like a couple of crazy hoodlums, or walking along hand in hand stuffing tamales in Olvera Street. Some fun, eh? I bet you'd like to hold hands with Missy Lombard and wipe bits of tamales off her cheeks.

Next to Clark I suppose Freddie March takes himself and his career as casually as possible and gets a lot of fun out of life. Freddie likes both roughing it in the woods and dressing it in the city. He can either be the worst-dressed or the best-dressed man you may ever see. After the long schedule of "Anthony Adverse" and "Mary of Scotland" Freddie decided that all work and no play was making Freddie a very dull boy, so he bought a trailer and with his wife, Florence Eldridge, and a trainer took a trip through Oregon that lasted for weeks and weeks. He fished and hunted and chopped wood; and every time his trainer wasn't looking took a good sleep, and Florence cocked and puttered about and caught up on her back reading, and they had a perfectly marvelous time. The idea of the trip was to get away from the telephone—it seems the telephone was getting Freddie down—and in that respect the trip was a complete success. Now he can face one again without turning pale. Freddie, as you know, is a free-lance actor now, and could work every week in the year if he wanted to and if he wanted to make a big pile of dough; but he figures he makes enough as it is and it leaves him plenty of time to play. As a contrast to the Oregon tour after a brief stop-over in Racine, Wisconsin, his home town, he went on to New York arriving in time to attend the very swanky opening of the Gielgud "Hamlet" which was quite the social event of the season. Freddie, immaculate in white tie and tails, was almost as big a success in the audience that night as Mr. Gielgud was on the stage. The Marches get a big kick out of New York and the theatre and as soon as they can find a play to do together, *à la* Lunt and Fontanne, they expect to return to the stage, and if successful will divide their time after that between Hollywood and New York.



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PETS? *Sealyhams — mine's named Daffy*

FAVORITE LINER? *The Normandie*

FOODS? *Mushrooms under glass*

CIGARETTES? *Camels — I can't help adding "for digestion's sake!"*

MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3RD, of Philadelphia, New York, and Nassau, photographed in the grand dining salon of the S. S. Normandie. "A meal isn't complete without Camels," Mrs. Drexel says. "They make food more enjoyable, and help digestion too."



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